

Radio MIRROR

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PUBLICATION

JANUARY



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Gargle Listerine to attack cold germs in mouth and throat

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Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office and use it systematically. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for Colds and Sore Throat

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.



10¢



Radio MIRROR

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS,
EDITOR

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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On Sale December 24



Coming in the next issue: The story of how Nelson Eddy became a correspondence school success. You won't believe it, but it's true . . . And watch for his grand portrait on the cover . . . Also an exciting four pages of pictures of all the famous stars when they were very young, straight out of the old family album.

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—PORTRAIT OF GRACE MOORE
 BY TCHETCHET

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THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

MAGIC KEY OF RCA—Last year we had the Amateur Cycle. This year it's the opposite extreme—the dials are so full of top-notch celebrities that you can't hear President Roosevelt without missing Mischa Elman and Schumann-Heink. The Celebrity Cycle reaches its highest point in this show, which plucks the plums from all over the globe. In dizzying rapidity you hear the world's most famous voices from Manila, Berlin, Tokyo, Geneva, or wherever they happen to be. A round-the-world trip every Sunday in the best company.

NBC 2:00 P. M. Sun. 60 min.

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN—Up to the time this is written, Leslie Howard's script hasn't given him any dramatic morsels which would be worthy of Ken Maynard's Tarzan. As one of the best actors in this or any other country, Howard deserves better material than has yet been written for radio. This Adverse character who talks inanely to himself in O'Neill asides doesn't answer to that description.

CBS 8:30 P. M. Sun. 30 min.

THE NEW PENNY—Helen Hayes gets a better break, and from the same author, Edith Meiser. Writing a half-hour show is much harder work than reading it. Hayes and Howard both confine themselves to one show a week—perhaps Miss Meiser should follow their example. And of the two shows, this is by far the safer bet for popularity. Miss Hayes has in Penelope a flesh-and-blood character who does things besides talk. The audience will want to know a lot more about the busy sprite who has original ideas about foundling homes—and life.

NBC 9:30 P. M. Tue. 30 min.

ROBERT L. RIPLEY—The dramatized stories are perfectly swell, Bob—but some of your studio demonstrations of Believe-It-or-Nots come to an unseeing audience merely as a dull thud or an unimaginative Blurp! Please forget you're a pictorial artist and give us something we can get our ears into. You have an outstanding radio personality—Nelson and his band are fine support, and when you get organized I think your air rating is going to creep right up until you find yourself in Major Bowes' hair. Believe It or Not.

NBC 7:30 P. M. Sun. 30 min.

TOWN TOPICS—Lois Long being slightly clever as a mistress of not much ceremony. I heard pages rattling during some of the most delightful informality—but whoever painstakingly prepares the informality does a swell of a job. Anything can happen here, and frequently does. There's no formula. You just throw in a lot of spicy guest-star ingredients, add a few dashes of Mark Warnow flavoring, stir Long, and you've got an astonishing concoction with everything in it but a dull moment.

CBS 3:00 P. M. Tue. 60 min.

VANISHED VOICES—Ordinary crime dramas featuring an invention which brings back dead voices. The fantasy doesn't mix well with the reality—you get neither a Sherlock Holmes nor a Buck Rogers in reverse.

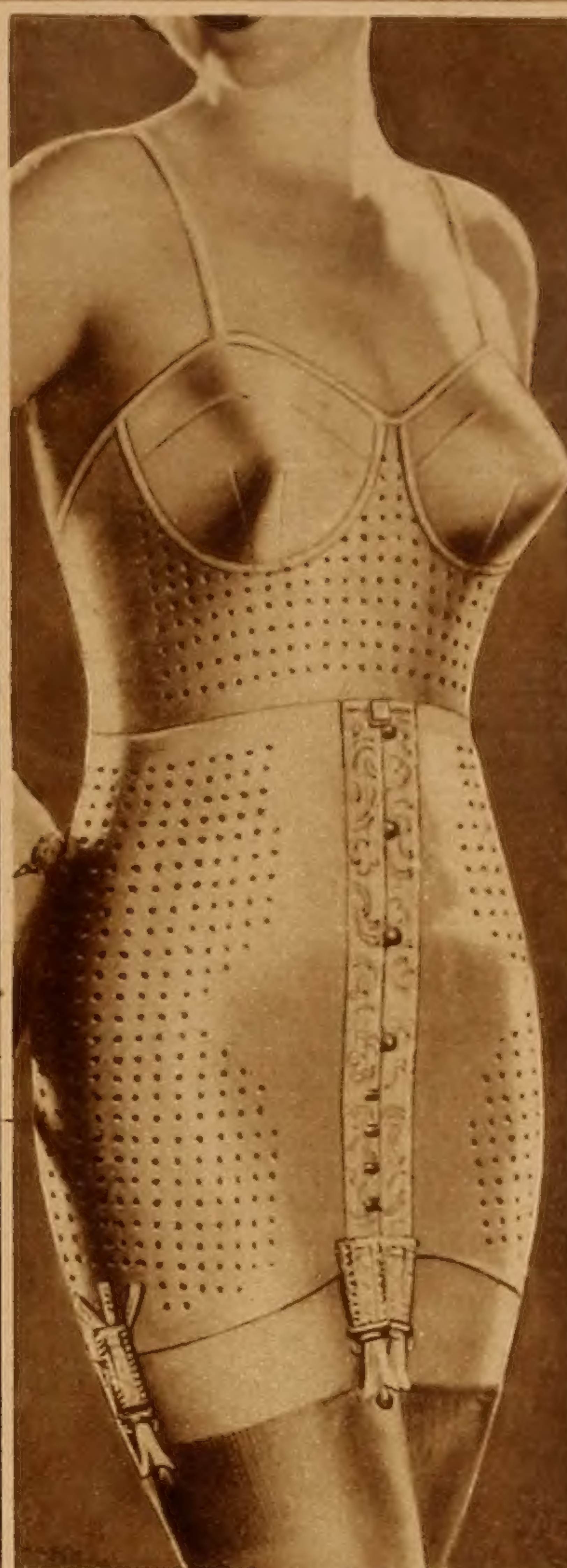
CBS 6:30 P. M. Mon., Wed. 30 min.

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!



Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs



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The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly



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Reduce Your Waist and Hips 3 Inches In 10 Days . . . or no cost!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

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Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . . and at just the spots where surplus fat has accumulated—nowhere else!

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No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

MASSAGE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY

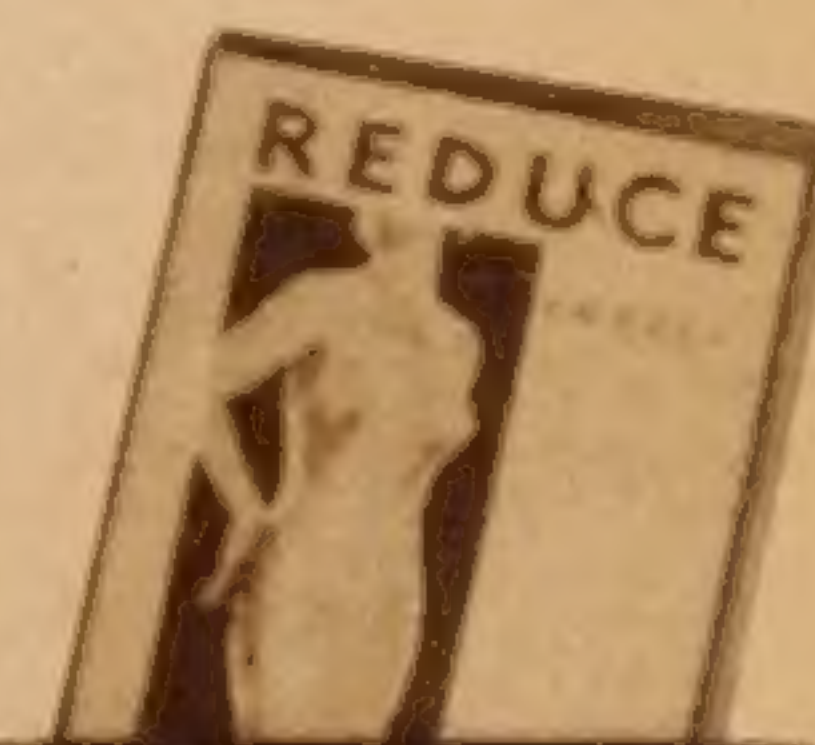
Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" Writes Miss Healy!

"Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "From 43 to 34½ inches", writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF RUBBER!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon now!



PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

FOR PRIZES FOR
BEST LETTERS—

TURN TO PAGE 6

REFLECTIONS IN THE RADIO MIRROR

CONGRATULATIONS of the month to:

The thirty minutes every Thursday night to which artists and sponsor contribute most of their time and services on behalf of that rapidly disappearing cause, Peace. The program is beautifully done, the preachment powerful yet subdued. I've left the show shivering, thinking that it would be a long time before I'd be marching across seas for some foreign cause.

Leslie Howard's "The Amateur Gentleman." If you heard his opening broadcast early in October and thought it well done I can tell you something that will make the whole show seem remarkable. The Wednesday morning before that first broadcast (Sunday, remember) the sponsors and script writers were still without a story. Not until after lunch that day was "The Amateur Gentleman" chosen. First rehearsal couldn't begin until late Thursday. And, incidentally, an hour after the program was finished, Mr. Howard was on a plane on his way to Hollywood.

The half hour over WMCA and its network every Tuesday night sponsored by *Movie Mirror*. The bow should be taken personally by Ernest V. Heyn, master of ceremonies, and the magazine's Eastern Editor.

I have another bit of information which may sadden several fans of The First Nighter broadcasts and which up to now remains inexplicable. It was reported to me a few hours before we went to press that June Meredith and Charley Hughes would soon be leaving the program. Because by the time you read about this you'll be clamoring for information, I can add that the change seems permanent.

From Katherine Albert, one of Joan Crawford's closest friends, comes an eye witness, blow by blow account of Joan's rehearsal and actual broadcast of "Within The Law," which marked her first microphone appearance. I think it's worth repeating because it gives a pretty clear picture of what goes on behind the scenes of those Monday night Lux Theater broadcasts and shows how Hollywood stars take to radio.

"I saw Joan in the Lux dress rehearsal on Saturday. It was, as we know now, the day after her marriage to Franchot Tone. Nothing in her manner disclosed that she was a bride, except, perhaps, that Franchot went with her. He and I sat in the control room with the director, Tony Stanford.

"Watching Joan, I forgot that she was a high salaried

THE EDITOR VOICES HIS FRANK OPINIONS OF PRO- GRAMS AND PERSONALITIES



Read a vivid blow-by-blow account of Joan Crawford's first air appearance for the Lux Radio Theater, which occurred just three days after her sudden marriage to Franchot Tone.

star. She kept looking at the director, asking him if she was all right, more nervous than the bit actors with her. The sound effects amused her. Hardly any of them, I discovered, were faked. When someone was supposed to pick up a telephone, the sound effects man did just that. And he shut real doors and snapped on real lights.

"Strangely enough Joan acted very little with her face. She had been determined to conquer the medium of radio and she knew it must be all done with her voice. Although most famous actors gesture in front of the microphone and make as many faces as they would on the stage, Joan did not.

"At the actual broadcast, she was giving everything to her role as usual. She took it all very, very seriously because she honestly and truly is interested in it and all that it can mean and—here's something for you—actually uses Lux soap!

"When the final rehearsal was over, incidentally, Joan was so exhausted she just lay down flat on the floor. Franchot stayed with me in the control room, preferring to let the director go out and tell her how she was.

"But he told her she was swell. So Joan went home and spent Sunday working on

her role. What a honeymoon!"

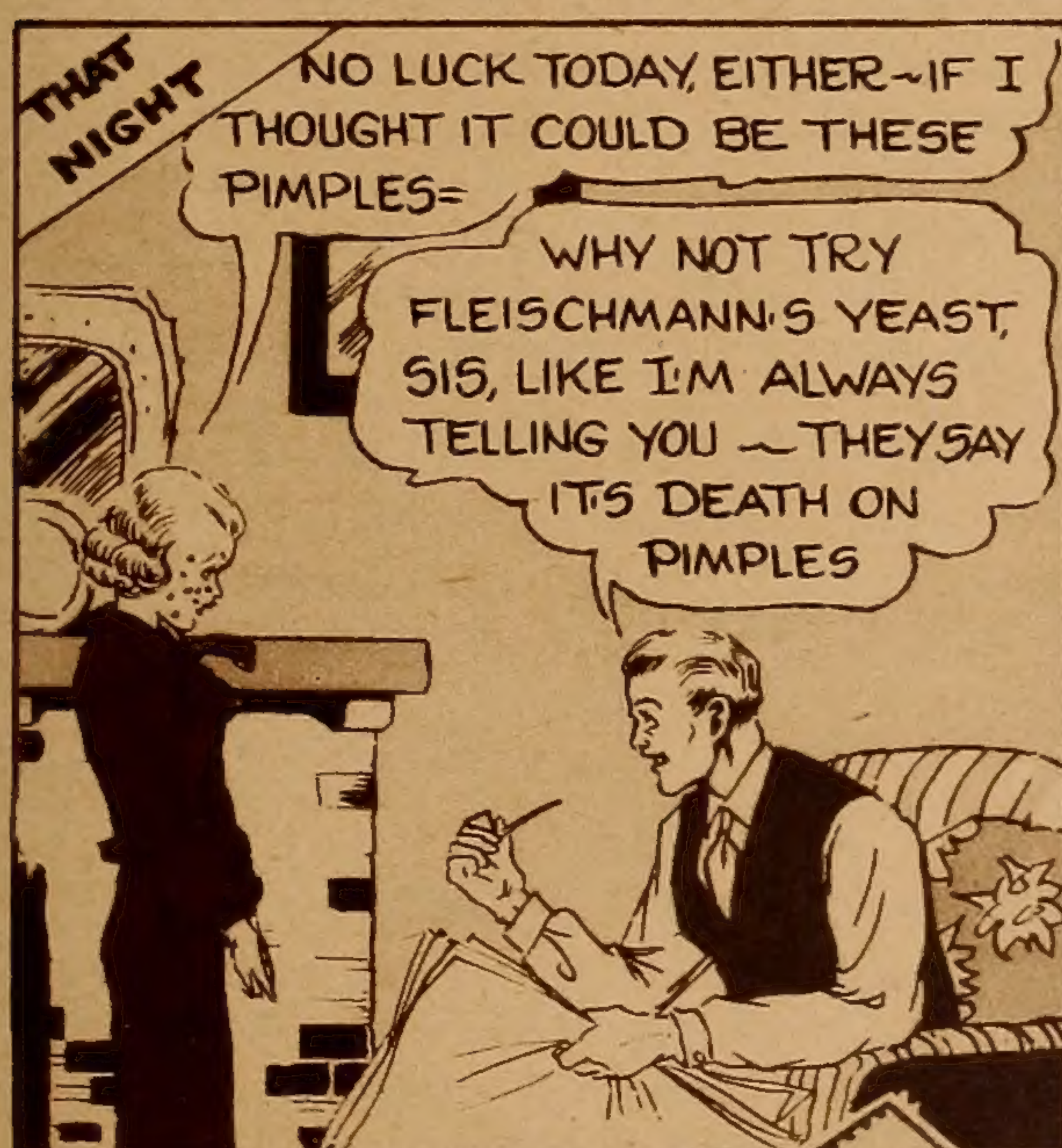
My pet subject came up during a conversation I had not long ago with Hal Kemp and his publicity manager, Dave Albers. We had been talking about radio friendships or rather, the lack of them. And it was agreed that no matter how it may look to outsiders, no real camaraderie is shared in radio.

Why not, I asked, have a real Radio City some place just outside New York City? Westchester, for example, or some spot on Long Island? Hollywood is Hollywood mostly because it is a city of people all bent on one goal—the making of movies. A radio city would throw the same mantle of glamour over radio artists. Perhaps, too, it might serve to introduce the stars of the two networks to each other. You'd be amazed at the lack of introductions right now.

The star of a new comedian is flashing in meteoric rise across the radio heavens. He's Bobby Burns, than whom I've heard no one funnier in a long, long time. Tall, bronzed, friendly, he works at the mike with his big hands stuck in his pockets and shifts nervously from one foot to the other. As long as his stories about his relatives in Arkansas hold out, I predict that we're in for a very pleasant winter of very human and surprisingly sophisticated humor.



Yet in her heart she knew her bad skin was no asset for any job



Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU out of a job!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes over-sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin - and pimples are the result.

For the treatment of these adolescent pimples, doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the blood of the skin irritants that cause pimples.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin is entirely clear.



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?



WANT TO SAY THUMBS UP OR THUMBS DOWN ON SOME PROGRAMS? THEN USE THIS PAGE!

Alexander Woolcott does some writing himself. For "The Town Crier," see page 51—7 o'clock column.

WITH the snow piled against the door and the temperature around zero, you spend most of your evenings with the loudspeaker. How is radio treating you? Is it soothing or jangling your nerves? And whatever it's doing write us a letter now. Win a prize! There are seven prizes in all, \$20.00 for the best letter, \$10.00 for the second best and \$1.00 each for the next five selected. Your letter addressed to the Editor, 1926 Broadway, New York City, should reach us by December 23.

This month these letters won:

\$20.00 PRIZE INTELLIGENT LISTENING

On all sides one hears harsh criticisms of radio. The criticisms supposedly come from the more intelligent class of listeners and one of their chief complaints is the lack of good music. I am tempted to challenge the intelligence of these critics; it looks more like radio snobbishness to me.

For instance, an intelligent person would not go to a newsstand, close his eyes, pick a magazine at random, and expect to get one suited to his particular taste. Yet many persons snap the switch on their radios without regard to time, station, or the program listings in the paper, and then denounce all radio because a dance orchestra is playing a popular song instead of a symphony orchestra playing a classical selection.

Nor should anyone expect to turn his radio on the first thing in the morning, let it run all day and still find it entertaining. Even entertainment has its satiation point.

For intelligent and satisfactory radio listening, one should carefully select two or three programs suited to his particular taste, listen to them and then turn his radio off. And there are programs on the air to suit every taste.

ZELLA BOTELER,
Chevy Chase, Md.

\$10.00 PRIZE OH, THOSE MORNING PROGRAMS!

What ails the morning radio programs! Who decides what women want to hear while they make the beds and wash dishes? Who says it's recipes?

A million of us hopefully listen for something to chew on mentally while we automatically pursue the humdrum routine of housework. What do we get? Some brazen voiced female chirruping about how to break an egg in a cup to a million of us who cook as naturally as we breathe.

Sponsors would earn a warm spot in our hearts if they offered recipes by mail and gave us by radio more Sisters of the Skillet, more witty comments on the doings of the day as Ray Perkins used to on his never to be forgotten morning program.

Tell us, perhaps of some new and thrilling movie in the making, a bit of plot and characterization. Give a scene from some new book. Describe the latest debutante's coming-out party. Sing us lullabies and love songs, if you must, but don't try to make us suffer with some imaginary heroine before the breakfast dishes are done and DO let us forget, if we can, that there is still lunch and dinner to prepare.

MRS. CORA QUINN,
Minneapolis, Minn.

\$1.00 PRIZE THE FARMER'S HUNGRY FOR NEWS

Radio to us rural-ites seems no longer a luxury but a necessity. A necessity to keep us from going "crop crazy" in these days of blights, droughts, and fruit failures. Because I am a typical farmer listener I feel I speak for thousands when I ask for more news broadcasts—EARLY in the day and around supper time which is between six and seven o'clock on the ranch. How hungry we are for news then—the paper's always a day old when dropped by the R. F. D. man at the cross roads box and we are even too weary to look at it then. It's RADIO NEWS BROADCASTS we long for at those hours!

MRS. CLARENCE ROSE,
Sebastopol, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE SUGAR-COATED WORDS

Many intelligent and conscientious mothers must resent, as I do, the efforts of a number of program sponsors to force their way into our homes by appealing in sugar-coated (or should I say *trinket*-coated?) words to the children.

We are willing to agree that "V" Breakfast Cereal, "Y" Whole Wheat Bread and "Z" Chocolate Drink are all reputable products, but to buy enough of each of them to keep up with all the badges, games and pictures our boys and girls are urged to obtain would bankrupt most family purses.

Can't we have the delightful nursery rhyme stories and

songs and the wholesome adventure dramatizations without all the high-pressure pleas for box tops and sales slips?

MRS. HOWARD ATKINSON,
South Bend, Indiana.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A "KITCHEN MECHANIC" COMPLAINS

What do I want to say as a RADIO MIRROR Reader and housewife? Well just this. Pray tell why do we unfortunate K-Ms (Kitchen Mechanics) who have to arise at the hectic hour of 5:30 a. m. in order to start our husbands on their bitter-sweet wage earning daily grind with a nice hot breakfast and who seek a change of comedy via radio, have to suffer through those early morning daily dozen reducing programs when some of us resemble string beans? Then our next best bet, about 7 a. m., is to listen to some minister who hopes to save our neglected souls or as a last resort we can tune in on the market reports or learn how to make mulligan stew or listen to the lost and found column read. Why can't we early risers who are in reality the backbone of the nation be favored with a little indoor sport recreation furnished by our dear faithful radio sponsors such as comedy stars of Hollywood, a good thrilling drama, a snappy popular song vocalist or even direct contact with the Italian-Ethiopian war? Do please come to our rescue and try to help brighten our early morning hours of drudgery which are not always ours from choice.

MRS. H. M. DAVIS,
San Diego, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

WHAT ABOUT PHONOGRAPH RECORDS?

Couldn't something be done about local stations consuming their spare time by playing only phonograph records? It is very disillusioning to hear Bing Crosby's "Boo-Boo" when you realize that he is probably at that very minute playing with the twins. We are in an age now where phonographs are not appreciated except when no other means of entertainment is available. I think when stations have to resort to this, something should be done. Some local talent could do the job!

MAY CROWLEY,
Birmingham, Alabama.

\$1.00 PRIZE

WANTED—A NEW TAP ROUTINE

It seems to me that Fred Astaire is as much a part of radio as stage or screen by now. That indefinable something that IS Fred Astaire, that joyous feeling that radiates through you when you hear or see him in action.

Please don't let him be spoiled, though, by a repetition of the same songs and dances every week, for he is capable of so many. Why not let him work out a new tap routine just for radio? We want something original for the ether waves alone.

Just his name lifts me out of the dumps even if we can't see his flying feet. Hurry up, old man television; we can picture his wonderful interpretation of the terpsichorean art in our imagination. His voice, too, is engaging.

I really can't say enough for the very versatile Mr. Astaire, and sincerely hope that he has a very long run on the radio.

MISS FRANCES DU BOIS,
Sacramento, Calif.

(Continued on page 75)

Words of Wisdom from a

Lovely

Bride of Winter



I don't believe anyone likes it better, or uses it more faithfully. And a Camay Complexion adds to your happiness as well as your beauty.

Sincerely,

*St. Louis, Mo. Marie Louise Thorsen
August 16, 1935 (Mrs. J. Wallace Thorsen)*

"Divinely tall and most divinely fair" ... that describes her! Marie Louise Thorsen's loveliness is the legendary kind. And her skin is just what you would suppose—matchless!

She trusts her skin only to Camay, is devoted to it, and uses it faithfully. She proved to herself that Camay is a gentle, a thorough beauty soap—and there was no more shopping around for *her*. You, too, will find that proof—you, too, will find that Camay

brings your loveliness to light—working small miracles almost from the start. Its fragrant, rich lather cleanses oh-so-thoroughly, and it leaves your skin so fresh, so soft, so young! And you'll be delighted with Camay's low price.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women



WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW

By JAY PETERS

CHANGES in the announcerial staffs of the networks continue. Since the last appearance of RADIO MIRROR there have been two important defections from Columbia, Harry Von Zell and Louis Dean having thrown up their portfolios to become program directors with advertising agencies. As previously noted here Jimmy Wallington, Kelvin Keech and Frank Singiser left their routine posts at NBC to attach themselves to important sponsored shows. Other ace announcers on both webs are planning to become free lancers.

The shifting about of the mikemen brings back to the National studios one of radio's most colorful personalities, Norman Brokenshire, famous for his hearty "How-do-you-do-everybody" greeting. Brokenshire, in his career has had many ups and downs; more downs than ups, in truth.

But now, there being a demand in the studios for announcers with names and the ability Brokenshire undoubtedly possesses when he is himself, he is back in good graces again. As the saying goes, the beloved Broke has turned over a new leaf and everybody who knows this grand character is pulling for his complete reformation.

Meanwhile, another grand announcer who has suffered somewhat of an eclipse by being silent during recent broadcasts of outstanding sports events, is also staging a come-back. Reference is to Graham McNamee, a man whose name is a household word but who has provoked more arguments among listeners by his descriptions of prize fights and baseball and football games than is good for him.

The prediction now made by NBC executives is that Graham's errors, so aggravating to so many sports enthusiasts in the past, won't occur again. Graham's presence this Winter on a half-dozen of the biggest commercial programs is convincing proof of the confidence placed in him by the emperors of the ether.

THE trend of programs, when this was written, was seemingly away from those radio stand-bys of yesteryear, the popular singers. The season has seen stars from the stage, the screen and the opera, first-page newspaper figures and current event personalities commanding attention on the new programs. A check-up showed one time favorite warblers

like Connie Boswell, Donald Novis, Jane Froman, Gertrude Niesen, Morton Downey, Harry Richman, Joey Nash, Sid Gary, Barry McKinley, Larry Taylor and Mildred Bailey were without commercial commitments although some of these were making infrequent guest appearances. Doubtless by the time this RADIO MIRROR reaches the stands some of these will be signed to contracts. But it's a cinch all of them won't so be fortunate.

THIS reporter strolling Fifth Avenue the other night was attracted by the figure of a man, his overcoat collar turned up and his soft hat pulled down over his face, furtively darting into a ladies apparel shop long after business hours. Something familiar about his carriage caused your correspondent to halt and peek through the half-drawn shades of the store window.

And sure enough suspicion was verified when the lights inside revealed the man to be none other than our own Lanny Ross!

Inquiry also disclosed Lanny's secret—he was inspecting gowns and other feminine accessories selected by his recently announced bride and manager, Olive White. Which is considerable of a reversal of form, for this reporter can remember when Lanny wouldn't wear anything until Olive okayed it. Since their marriage it appears Olive now won't wear anything until Lanny okays it. Love sure is a wonderful thing.

Right, bride and groom, Harriet Hiliard and Ozzie Nelson, after their October wedding. Below, the newly arrived daughter of "Em," of the famous Clara, Lu 'n' Em radio team.

Below, Abe Lyman, Eleanor Powell and James "Schnozzola" Durante. Lyman, whose music you hear on both networks, and Eleanor, lead in "Broadway Melody of 1936," recently said they were engaged. Credit the Schnozzola for playing Cupid.



ENGAGEMENTS, MARRIAGES, DIVORCES—NEW FACES, SHOWS—HERE'S ALL OF RADIO'S CHATTER HOT OFF THE PRESSES



THE idea seems widespread that anybody who appears in radio collects a lot of coin for a few minutes' actual work. Fans read of the huge sums paid broadcasting comics, stage, screen and opera stars for a single performance and assume other entertainers are compensated in proportion. The truth is, they are not—decidedly not. Many of them perform on sustaining programs without receiving a thin dime. They appear gratuitously on the theory they will be heard by a potential sponsor and signed to a big fat commercial contract. So before you desert your job paying a living wage fifty-two weeks a year for a radio career reflect upon this actual incident recently occurring on one of the chains:

A physician, a man of standing in his profession, had been speaking on the air three times a week for more than three months. He had made many sacrifices to make his broadcast engagements and had spent much time and care on the preparation of his material. Then one night the futility of the enterprise hit him right smack between the eyes. Casting aside his prepared script he advanced briskly to the microphone and unburdened himself to the world as follows:

"For the past 40 broadcasts I have labored both night and day to make my talks interesting. The reason I did not appear the other night was because the station sold my time to an advertiser. They had promised to get me a sponsor and for 40 broadcasts I was a sustaining feature—that is, broadcasting without pay. They have not kept their promise and tonight I give you my swan-song. But before I go I want to tell you, my friends, broadcasting is nothing but a racket and—"

But at this point the astounded announcer came out of his trance and cut the indignant doctor off the air. A staff pianist, standing by for just such emergencies, thumped out the re-

maining minutes of the period. It was too bad, too, for the audience would have been better entertained—not to say enlightened—by the doctor's inside story of his radio experiences.

WHICH reminds me that radio-ambitious folk, both young and old, flocking to New York to participate in the numerous amateur hours are proving a problem to the Emergency Relief Bureau. Their records show that each week an average of 300 out-of-town seekers of radio fame become stranded in the metropolis. Major Edward Bowes and other conductors of amateur hours do everything to discourage competitors coming from points removed from New York but still they come. His rule is none but residents of Manhattan and immediate vicinity are eligible but the neophytes get around this regulation by making written application from a city address after beating, bumming and hitch-hiking their way to town. It is a very serious situation, indeed.

THERE is great rejoicing in The Lambs, 'famous actors' club, over the success of Helen Hayes and Leslie Howard in etherized dramas. As a result, stage artists, suffering for want of jobs in the evil days that have descended upon the legitimate theatre, envisage a real demand for their services in the studios. The sponsors of Miss Hayes and Mr. Howard found a large audience awaiting their attractions and caught and held their attention by presenting them in vehicles not only adapted to the players' personalities and talents but also especially constructed for aural projection.

The fact that the same author—the expert Edith Meiser previously noted for her "Sherlock Holmes" radio adaptations—creates the material for both stars just about makes her the First Playwright of Radio.



Above, maestro Al Goodman of Palmolive Beauty Box Theater leads his orchestra from the control room. Major Bowes learns a Texas Salute after receiving a commission from the Texas Centennial Rangers.

AND speaking of Leslie Howard, I wonder how well you know this fine artist. Here are some sidelights on his personality which you may not know: Howard is a stage name. His real name is Leslie Stainer . . . His father was a London stockbroker and Leslie's first job was in a bank . . . He plays piano and draws as well as he acts but yearns to be an author . . . Did write one play, "Murray Hill" . . . Has blond curls which he hates and wears clothes on the stage like a fashion plate . . . Off stage is careless about his attire and likes best to lounge about in shorts minus socks and tie . . . Wears horn-rimmed spectacles which he discards when reading or acting . . . Constantly wears a chain around his neck to which is appended an English coin. It was given him at the premiere of "Her Cardboard Lover" and he has never removed it since . . . Another good luck token always found on his hand is a guard ring presented by his mother when he was 16 . . . Hates barbers

COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW Con't.

and rarely eats meat . . . Rides horseback, plays polo and also goes in for swimming and tennis . . . Married Ruth Martin, nearly 20 years ago and has two children, a boy, Ronald, aged 17, and daughter, Leslie, aged 10 . . . Latter made her professional debut with her father in radio last winter.

MARRIAGES, divorces and budding romances kept the tongues of the studio gossips awagging the past month. Some of the weddings were long expected as, for example, that of Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson; some others, like the marriage of Frank Munn, to a New York lady banker, and Vet Boswell, of the Boswell Sisters, to a South American oil man, weren't even suspected.

While the divorce of Ben Bernie came as a surprise to the public, the old maestro's intimates were quite prepared for it. But that didn't mean the gossips didn't have plenty to talk about in their favorite nightclub spots. For the Bernie dissolution brought to light a rather curious situation, to say the least.

Bernie (right name Benjamin Ancelevitz), son of a Bayonne, N. J., blacksmith and one of eight children, married 20 years ago a girl in the same humble circumstances as his own. With her at his side he fought for and attained recognition, rising from obscurity and poverty to fame and fortune. She bore him a son, Jason, now 16 years old. Ten years ago the radio star discovered his ardor for his wife had cooled. His interest turned elsewhere but he tried hard to conceal his real feelings from his wife. Eventually she learned the truth and—another man came into her life.

So, a few days after the divorce was granted in Chicago on the grounds of desertion the ex-Mrs. Ancelevitz married Sergius Rolbein in New York. And the aging maestro has announced he will marry Dorothy Wesley, the swimmer, and his heart interest of many years. The ceremony, probably, will be performed before you read this.

Vaughn de Leath, "the original radio girl", so called because she was the first man or woman to croon on the air from Lee de Forest's experimental station way back in 1919, also got her separation on the grounds of desertion from her artist-husband, Leon Geer. She testified Geer left her Easton (Conn.) home, oddly enough misnamed (in this case) "The Hitching Post," four years ago after they had been united in the holy bonds of matrimony for seven years.

Add to marriages: Will Osborne, the bandmaster once Rudy Vallée's crooning rival, to Jean Heimes, the model . . . The gossips like to couple the names of Harry Salter, the ork pilot, and Rosaline Green, one of the pioneer radio actresses . . .

Ditto Dave Rubinoff and Muriel Love . . . And Charlie Day, of the Eton Boys, recently divorced, and Marjorie Clover . . . But don't place too much credence in that romance of Abe Lyman and Eleanor Powell . . . They are very good friends but it is doubtful if they will ever face the preacher man—together, of course.

Suppose you heard Gracie Allen and George Burns adopted another baby.

This time it's a boy, named Ronald John, to be a playmate for their adopted daughter, Sandra Jean, now 15 months-old . . . The Teddy Bergmans are shopping for a baby-buggy . . . Nino Martini is very much interested in Anita Louise, heroine of "A Midsummer Night's Dream", but for that matter, who isn't? . . . And didja know that Announcer Ted Pearson is the husband of the ex-Mrs. Ted Fio-Rito?

Johnny Green, the composer-conductor and Mrs. Johnny Green (nee Carol Falk), have come to the parting of the ways . . . Patiently awaited is the formal announcement of the marriage of Lily Pons and Maestro Andre Kostelanetz. It is supposed to have happened several weeks ago . . . Lennie Hayton, since his marriage to the former Mrs. Ted Husing, has quit his nightclub meanderings and settled down to a life of domesticity bewildering to his cronies.

And speaking of bandmen (see preceding paragraph) Radio Row is still laughing about what happened on a radio program a few weeks ago when a maestro furnished the musical background for his former sweetheart, a blues singer. Before she sang he played two selections: "I'll Never Forget I Loved You" and "Somebody Stole My Girl". Then she warbled "I'm With the Right Guv Now". Can you beat it? (Continued on page 74)

CHICAGO

By Chase Giles

WHEN WGN opened its new studios, in Chicago, Col. R. R. McCormick hit upon a happy thought. Instead of inviting socialites and business leaders for a gala opening party he turned the entire auditorium studio over to workmen. Architects, artists, electricians, and their families were given all the seats to the special shows featuring stuttering Roy Atwell, beautiful Marion Claire, Harold Stokes' dance unit and Henry Weber's concert orchestra. The colonel got up on the stage to make a speech opening

night. He had a long talk written out. But when he began to talk he simply rambled on and with tears in his eyes bid adieu to the workmen whom he had watched put into stone and steel his dream of the midwest's biggest and best radio studios. He didn't even open up the typewritten pages of his talk.

Bill Cooper who writes the Lights Out, nerve wracking dramas, is going to cherish for a long time a telegram he got the other day:

PLEASE ACCEPT THIS UNSOLICITED CRITICISM OF LAST NIGHT'S SKETCH STOP IT WAS BEST WRITTEN AND MOST NATURAL DIALOGUE I HAVE EVER HEARD ON THE AIR AND MAINTAINED A WELL-NIGH PERFECT SUSPENSE STOP ACTING SPECIALLY FINE STOP REGARDS LEE TRACY.

Greatest mystery of the season is a package which arrived at WBBM addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Pat Flanagan, and containing about three dozen cards of assorted buttons of various colors and sizes. No words of explanation accompanied the strange gift.

Norm Sherr, Chicago CBS pianist, is particularly proud of a concert grand piano, especially built for him by his sponsor, the Starck Piano Company. Norm says that he'll probably have to knock out the side of his home to get the piano in, but that it's worth it. Norm has a fan club named after him at the University of South Dakota. The members are all piano students and are trying to emulate his style at the keyboard.

Morgan Eastman comes from a sailing family in Wisconsin. Ever since the conductor of the Edison symphony and the Carnation Contented (Cont'd on page 55)

You've heard them frequently over NBC from Chicago. Left to right, June, Joan and Jeri, harmony trio, with Jill, who is their accompanist.



COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

PACIFIC

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

THIS is the time of year when radio columnists will be getting out their annual radio team.

I'd like to nominate a one-person team. Who? Ruth Etting. No more charming person has ever graced radio's ranks. She would be the whole show on my all-star 1935-'36 radio team for (a) her beautiful musical tribute at the Will Rogers services (b) showing up and singing at the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce annual radio banquet, cross country via CBS, when all the other big-names didn't show up and (c) giving unstintingly of her vocal ability to entertain a half-dozen plug-ugly radio editors as guests of her sponsors and NBC. She's a swell gal.

New Year resolutions of a few coast radio folks. "Charley Lung," really Barney Davey, who does the Charlie Chan radio characterizations, to write a dog story to end dog stories. Carroll Nye, KHJ news commentator, never to call real estate men Escrow Indians. Dick Powell, Hollywood Hotel star, to still call 'em song pluggers even though the new title is "contactees." Floy Margaret Hughes, NBC actress, to walk up Mt. Tamalpais for exercise. George Godfrey, KOMO drama head, not to see so many movies. Emil Hansen, KJR marimba-phone artist, to build that sailboat.

Tommy Harris, NBC Coast singer, doesn't want to buy a dog owner. But wants a dog. A dog merchant penned Tommy as follows: "You will find the owner of these pups for sale at the lunchstand on the highway just outside San Mateo."

Young Tommy Lee, head of the Don Lee Broadcasting System, is driving his own car again these days. The judge took away his driver's license for a while because of too many traffic tickets. But Tommy has chauffeurs on the staff. And all his girl friends can drive, too.

Jay Sims, new NBC announcer in San Francisco, is twenty-five, tall and dark complexioned. Born in New York, he went

It's her nimble fingers that have carried her to fame. Madge Baldwin, pianist, is on the Going to Towners show over JKF Mondays and Fridays.



to school in Pittsburgh and graduated in Law. Then he enlisted in the Fifty-first Signal Battalion and went to Scofield Barracks in Hawaii.

Leon Belasco has been playing via KNX in Hollywood from the civic auditorium over in Pasadena. Though in New York in recent years, he was long a KFWB favorite in Hollywood before that. He was born in Russia, educated in the Orient, and is a whiz at the violin besides being a conductor. Maybe somebody will tell me what his real name is. I've forgotten it.

Eddie Albright, KNX announcing veteran, now in his eleventh year there, is a smart hombre. He doesn't let any publication use his picture. Souvenir edition of a Hollywood paper, when KNX dedicated its new studios, had pictures of everybody on the station except Eddie. He got tons more publicity than he would have if his mug had been shown.

Kay Van Riper, who writes the gorgeous KFWB historical dramas, has taken up ranch life in the San Fernando valley. Of course she hasn't ten acres, as her press agent said, and the house isn't quite as big as the blurb sheets printed, but one part of it was okay—Kay is really taking up the life of a country gentlewoman and likes it.

Kay Thompson is a sly person. She's been lolling 'round Hollywood while the NBC Hit Parade was on the Coast. Her favorite steed at the riding academy was re-named King. But whom did she name it after? Kay won't tell. But there are the Rhythm Kings, peppy male trio of the Hit Parade; Jerry King, chief of KFWB; the King's Outfitting Company; King's Horses Tavern—and lots more. Oh, Kay. How could you? It was a black horse. Do you suppose it was named for Haile Selassie?

Bill Royle has dropped down from San Francisco, where he was for years with the chain, to KHJ to m.c. its early morning pep hour. The commander-in-chief of the Rise and Shine program was a wartime aviation lieutenant and later a captain in the reserves. He has a young daughter who wants to be an opera singer, but she is only just starting to school.

Robert Olsen is on the air again. This time it's NBC from northern California on the You Name It program. He was born Robert Nelson but uses the Olsen handle for radio. He has two children, a boy about eighteen and a girl of sixteen.

If you've been looking for Ann Leaf, for five years CBS organist in New York, here she is. Nowadays she pulls the stops at KHJ. The tiny brunette made her musical debut in Los Angeles at the age of fifteen. She wrote her theme song, "Song of the Midnight," and a couple more called "Mirage on the Desert" and "Chromatic Cocktail."

Hollywood Meanderings: Jack Benny likes publicity the least of any of the big shot radio names. Eddie Cantor has a barber chair and a grand piano in the parlor of the bungalow on the film lot. Ozzie Nelson didn't do much sightseeing while playing his Ambassador engagement. Sterling Young, youthful band leader, was adopted by the late Lawrence Mott, of Catalina, when the major owned KFWO.

Meet the new NBC Nuts and Bolts comedians. "Nuts" is slim young Kenneth Gillum. "Bolts" is heavy-set Leo Cleary. Both used to be on the Gilmore circus years ago, Cleary as the barker and Gillum teamed with Duke Atterbury. They play the piano, sing and do gag stuff. The boys are slightly cuckoo on their program. That's the way the public likes us, sez the duo.

In case you can use the information, former KOMO staff people now somewhere "in the movies" includes Ann LeVel, Roger Joseph, John Shaughnessy, Frances Farmer and Kaye Brinker.

Hanley Stafford, former Los Angeles radio drama man, now in New York radio circles, writes that he now speaks the best New Yorkese.

The matrimonial ranks haven't been disrupted much lately in coast radio. H. Duke Hancock, KGFJ head, was divorced by his wife, Gladys Mae Hancock, in Reno. Billie Lowe, who brought suit for divorce (Margaret Lowe), filed voluntary bankruptcy petition with assets of \$160 and debts of \$1,150.80.

Grant Merrill, KOMO-KJR continuity head and conductor of the Easy Chair program, has a theme thought of "A word a day keeps the moron away." And somebody says:

I wish I were a moron, as happy as a clam.

I wish I were a moron. My gosh, perhaps I am.

They still relate that True Boardman, KHJ narrator, feverishly paced the hospital corridor and when he heard the cry of his new-born daughter pressed his stop watch. Such is the precision of microphonists.

Pat Weaver, former KFRC program man, now making a name for himself producing in New York, is a Dartmouth man, class of 1930. Twenty-seven years old and single, the red-haired youth says he got into radio by mistake, but intends to stay there.

When you hear the little girl voice on some of these Hix "Strange As It Seems" programs it is Barbara Jean Wong, aged ten, who speaks Chinese and English with equal fluency. Some of these days she will be a find in the films for she both sings and dances well. She was in "Alice in Wonderland" as a little English girl.

Phil Regan, NBC tenor and Warner picture player, one time a New York policeman and a network singer, owns a collie dog and a 12-cylinder car. He was born in Brooklyn in 1908, and his first job was in the navy yard at Charleston, South Carolina.

Carl Kroenke, KFRC character actor, lists coin collecting and hiking as his hobbies. He first came into radio at KFDB, San Francisco, in 1923, and his first regular radio routine was on a crime club program at KFRC.

NBC's new Hollywood studios are now settled down to routine after their swanky opening. The visitors' gallery is smaller than the former quarters. Tendency is for smaller visible audiences, and perhaps gradually the total elimination of audiences with the exception of programs featuring comedians.



WHY *Mary Lou* LEFT THE SHOW BOAT

ONE of radio's sweetest romances has ended. Thursday night's Maxwell House Show Boat has lost one of its most popular performers. Mary Lou is off the air.

Late in September, Muriel Wilson, after nearly two years as the Mary Lou who won the hearts of myriad listeners, stood before the microphone, tears blurring the music in her hands. She sang from memory the Merry Widow Waltz—her swan song on the show.

Singing this song, the same melody with which a few years ago she had scored an overnight success on her network debut, she knew that behind her lay one of the happiest periods of her life; ahead, only uncertainty. One of radio's strangest stories began that night.

Already, as this is being written, fans are demanding to know why the romance they have lived in their hearts so long has been brought to a sudden close. But to Muriel there is a still more important question, for upon its answer depends her entire future.

One reason for Mary Lou's departure from Show Boat has been given over the air—she has gone to New York to study music. To Muriel and to Lanny Ross, another explanation was supplied by the sponsors. The public, for whom the romance of Lanny and Mary Lou had been almost a sacred thing, was losing interest. New life, it had been decided, must be breathed into the program.

The first step was taken when the Westerners, four boys and a girl, joined the troupe. The second celebrated another anniversary of the Show Boat. With due ceremony and pomp, Lanny Ross was installed as the master of ceremonies, and the title of the show changed to "Lanny Ross's Show Boat." The third came that same night, when Mary Lou said goodbye.

It was not, the sponsors revealed to interested reporters, their plan to forget Mary Lou. Some time in the future she would return to face the problem of winning back Lanny's love all over again.

But when I talked to Muriel I learned that the situa-

tion was not so easily clarified. I met her on the Monday after her final appearance, on the fourth floor of NBC's Radio City. With crowds of unheeding sightseers, led by uniformed ushers, swarming past us, we discussed the problem she is facing.

"I tried not to be sentimental Thursday night," she said. "I knew that in radio no performer can afford to let her personal feelings interfere with her work. I told myself that even though my part of Mary Lou had ended, it meant nothing more than the end of a job. Yet it does mean more. You can't identify yourself with a character for two years, as I did with Mary Lou, and still consider it only a piece of work."

"To me Mary Lou was one of the grandest people I have ever known. She typified all I have ever liked and admired. I know from the countless letters I have received that Mary Lou's fans felt the same way."

She hesitated a moment, and then went on, answering me before I could ask. "Why speak of Mary Lou in the past tense? After all, isn't she going to return to Show Boat?"

"And now all that is over. How can anyone expect Mary Lou or at least me, to return? That's why I say no radio performer can afford sentimentalities. If I could, I'd wait, and when they decided to bring Mary Lou back, I'd be ready. But it's obvious why I can't do that."

"In the first place, I have no assurance that Mary Lou really will ever be a part of Show Boat again. In the second place, if she should return, she may be a new Mary Lou and not Muriel Wilson at all. So you can see what I must do. I must do my best to forget Show Boat and begin looking for a new program."

AND that is why, when I talked to Muriel, she was so troubled and doubtful of her future. True, she knew what her next step ought to be—to place herself on another show. Yet there is an almost insurmountable difficulty in her way.

"Imagine," she continued, "what a sponsor's reaction will be when I tell him I am no longer connected with Show Boat. He will shake his head and say, 'You are still Mary Lou to the radio audience. I'd like to present you on a program as plain Muriel Wilson, but I know it wouldn't work. They'd still think of you as that girl who is in love with Lanny Ross.'"

"Not that I agree. Let me tell you what happened to me last week. One of my largest fan clubs is in up-state New York. As soon as the members of the club learned that Mary Lou was going off the air, the president wrote me that they had already voted to change the name from the Mary Lou Fan Club to the Muriel Wilson Club and were planning to send flow-

BY FRED RUTLEDGE



Muriel tried not to be sentimental when she sang her swan song on the Thursday night program, but the tears came nevertheless. Below, with Lanny before they had separated.

Ray Lee Jackson

THE TRUE STORY OF WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MURIEL WILSON SINCE SHE WAVED GOODBYE TO LANNY AND WENT ASHORE



ers to the anniversary program, marked, 'In memory of Mary Lou.'

"A proof of loyalty like that gives me courage. I know that just at first things may be difficult. Many sponsors will give me the same answer, and I may have to wait longer than I think before they realize that I'm not Mary Lou, but Muriel Wilson. In the end, though, things are bound to work out."

Already, as we go to press, Muriel is auditioning for a brand new program, and the NBC Gilbert and Sullivan light opera series which she joined some time ago, and in

which she is introduced as Muriel Wilson, is continuing indefinitely.

Muriel's future is not the only one which has been left unsettled. Even Show Boat's sponsors have not determined what will be the further adventures of this mythical craft and its crew. Show Boat is not the same program that was ushered on the airwaves three years ago in October. After two years of smooth sailing, Charles Winninger, the man who created the role of Cap'n Henry, withdrew and was replaced by Frank McIntyre. Since that time the boat has burned down, a new (Continued on page 58)

IN suburban Lake Forest, just north of Chicago, lives a proud and happy man. His name is Mayer Kubelsky, and his son is Jack Benny.

I found him in the back room of the little haberdashery and tailor shop he founded in Lake Forest. His son-in-law, Leonard Fenchel, is the proprietor now, but Kubelsky still spends most of his time in the store, talking to old friends and to the tailor who has been with him for the past twenty-five years.

Jack Benny's father is slight, thin, upright in bearing. His hair, almost entirely gray, sweeps straight back from a high forehead, and his brown eyes, deep-set, glow with honest pleasure as he greets you. He is full of a simple, unhurried courtesy, combining the dignity of the old world with the warm humanity of the new.

It doesn't take one long, talking to him, to realize what a close bond of affection there is between him and the son who every Sunday evening makes a gift of laughter to millions of people. The inflection of his voice, the expression of his wise, kind eyes, as he speaks of Jack, tells of the sympathy and love each feels for the other.

Yet there was a time when this beautiful relationship could have been ruined forever, when Jack's future happiness and success hung on a single word. Mayer Kubelsky is thankful now that he had the wisdom to conquer the anger and prejudice in his heart, and refrain from speaking that word.

The story goes back to the days when Jack, not yet grown into long trousers, was playing violin in a movie-theater orchestra. That was in Waukegan, Illinois, Jack's birthplace. The Kubelskys had the attitude of their race toward music—as something primarily a part of one's life, not a means of making a living—and the thought of music as a career for Jack had never entered his father's mind.

No, the orchestra job was looked on as a source of pocket-money for the boy—that and good experience. In the meanwhile, he would continue going to school and, when the time came, would take charge of the clothing business.

By **DAN WHEELER**

Since 1885, Kubelsky had been working to build up a prosperous commercial establishment, a worthy

bequest to leave a clever and energetic only son.

Not that young Jack, in those days, showed any particular aptitude for a merchandising career. "I left him alone in the store one day when I had to go to Chicago," Kubelsky reminisced. "When I come back, a policeman meets me at the depot.

"We want you to come over to the station and identify some pants," he tells me. So I go with him to the police station, and there, sure enough, are about a dozen pair of pants from my store.

"I go home and I say to Jack, 'Did you have some customers?' He tells me no, just one man who wanted to look at shoes.

"But," I say, 'you sold some pants, didn't you?' And that makes Jack angry, because he thinks I am accusing him of selling some pants and not giving me the money. 'No, Father,' he says, 'I did *not*, either, sell any pants!'

"And this is how it was," Kubelsky, his eyes twinkling, rose from his chair and demonstrated to me with gestures. "Here is the man sitting down, and right behind him are the pants, and every time Jack turns away to get another pair of shoes, the man reaches behind him and grabs a few pair of pants and puts them into his suitcase. But Jack didn't even miss them when the man left—without buying any shoes, either!"

On another occasion Jack, left in charge of the store, fell asleep, probably from sheer boredom. Once he complained, his nose wrinkling in disgust after he had sold a pair of shoes to a long-unwashed farmer, "Father, you want me to make my living *that way*?"

But, his father thought, the boy would outgrow this distaste for business as he grew older and learned that work is the lot of every man, and he was entirely unprepared when, at the end of his second year in high school, Jack announced that he wanted to go on the stage.

The stage! It was unthinkable to the elder Kubelsky. Every instinct in him rebelled against permitting his son to lead the life of a roving vaudeville performer. His mouth set in grim lines.

"Where do you get this crazy idea?" he asked.

"Miss Salisbury, the pianist in the theater orchestra, says I can play the violin well enough to go in vaudeville," Jack told him, white-faced but determined.

"She should mind her own business," he growled.

For several days they argued the point, the father reiterating his contention that stage folk were bums, riff-raff, immoral, and no good; the son sticking tenaciously to but one argument—that to play his violin in vaudeville was the one thing in life he wanted to do. As Kubelsky realized how serious and determined Jack was, (Continued on page 73)

At the left, Jack's Dad, in Florida where his famous son sends him every year. There was a time though when they almost parted for good. The other man is Jack Pearl's father.

For Jack Benny's program sponsored by Jello, see page 54—7 o'clock column.



Jack Benny's
FATHER TELLS ALL!

FROM THE ONE MAN WHO REALLY KNOWS HIM COMES A MOST



M-G-M Photo

HUMAN AND REVEALING STORY ABOUT RADIO'S ACE COMEDIAN

WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO

ONE MAN'S FAMILY

IF I were privileged to write an open letter to the great American radio public on the subject of One Man's Family, I'd start it like this—

"DEAR FRIENDS, You know not what you do!"

For the fact is, consciously or otherwise, the great American family of listeners has largely controlled the destinies of this drama, which is heard by the nation every Wednesday evening from the NBC studios in San Francisco.

They virtually have directed the unfolding of this simple story of American home life, since the day it got its first trial on the air. If their response at the start had not been what it was the program would have died an early death.

Carlton E. Morse, the bald but young author, told me all about the early days of the program, when it was heard only in the West. He described its evolution into a transcontinental feature two years ago, and the nation's reaction.

He told of the interesting, frequently amusing, and several times semi-tragic consequences of the fan mail One Man's Family has pulled—many more than 1,000,000 replies.

I shall not quote Morse on these points. He is an unusually modest writer, considering the gusto with which America has accepted his brain child. But I will discuss some of the highlights which listener-interest has developed in the script, the amusing mail which has resulted, and the consequent effect in the lives of Henry and Fanny Barbour and their brood.

It might be doubted that a radio program—strictly entertainment and non-political—could incite international reactions. Yet a recent episode warmed the pulse beat of the Canadians and brought a flock of protests from zealously patriotic Americans.

It was the marriage of Claudia Barbour to Capt. Nicholas Lacey, whose role is that of a young British Army captain.

American mothers of American sons hurried to the mails. They demanded

to know
why Claudia

had selected an Englishman. Their almost unanimous question was:

"Aren't there enough fine young American boys from which to choose?"

BUT—And Morse chuckled when he told it—the marriage of Claudia and Capt. Lacey helped vastly to develop a more enthusiastic Canadian audience. Letters of praise literally poured across the northern border.

Mothers throughout the country frequently take the serial as a weekly barometer on many of their own lives' problems. Mother Fanny Barbour receives hundreds of letters, describing daily difficulties in the lives of the writers, and asking for advice.

But the listeners' ardor, so desirable in many respects, has spelled disillusionment, heart-break, and minor tragedy in the lives of three young actresses.

The toughest problem Morse has been called upon to face, one which has proved well-nigh insurmountable,

By **BOB HALL**



Left, the heads of the famous Family, Henry and Fanny Barbour, played by J. Anthony Smythe and Minetta Allen. Below, a new picture of Paul Barbour (Michael Raffetto) and his adopted daughter (Winifred Wolfe).



READ THE AMUSING, OFTEN SEMI-TRAGIC RESULTS YOUR FAN MAIL HAS ON THIS HOUR—HOW YOU ALONE DIRECT ITS DESTINIES

For One Man's Family, sponsored by Standard Brands, see 8 o'clock column, p. 54.

Left to right, beautiful Kathleen Wilson, the Family's Claudia; Barton Yarborough, who is Clifford in the Wednesday night drama; and Helen Stryker, Clifford's new love interest, once played with David Warfield.



is finding a girl for Clifford. The first three brought into Clifford's life literally were "pan mailed" out of the script.

"Many of our listeners have preconceived ideas as to the type of young woman Clifford must have," said Morse.

"In the cases of the first three they had various objections. Sometimes it was the voice—sometimes the character portrayed.

"Whatever it was the audience, in its most scathingly critical mood, swamped us with mail. Most of it found fault with Clifford's girl friends.

"Time after time I've seen these young actresses, geared to high tension by realization they were on trial before a great unseen audience, leave the studio in tears."

And because of uncertainty and the awareness of audience criticism the girls often gave successively worse performances, rather than better. The three had to be written from the script because of audience comment, which probably was well-intentioned.

Clifford's latest flame, Marion Galloway, has lasted longer than the others. The part is played by Helen Stryker, a young Seattle actress of stage experience. Apparently she is "beating the rap." The objections against her are becoming fewer and less insistent. But she, too, often has left the studio with tears streaming from her eyes.

In such cases the other members of the cast really live up to the philosophy of the imaginary family. They've shown their understanding by being pals with the new girls, taking them to lunch. Parties and picnics have been arranged to make them feel at home.

Since inception of the program, One Man's Family has held a high place in the regard of churches, Parent Teachers Associations, and home folk throughout the country. Often the play has been regarded as a moral and uplifting force.

And so—to the listeners—the program became synonymous with wholesome home life. Because of it there resulted last winter an amazing demonstration of the power

Right, Michael Raffetto, Minetta Allen, Winifred Wolfe, Bernice Berwin (Hazel), Kathleen Wilson, Barton Yarborough, Anthony Smythe and Page Gilman. Below, Carlton E. Morse.



of fan mail, when written by irate auditors.

The mail began shortly after One Man's Family became a selling feature for a new brand of cigarettes. Thousands of letters objecting to the affiliation were delivered by Uncle Sam's letter carriers.

Many of the writers did not object to smoking. The protestants claimed it was inappropriate for an uplifting radio characterization of American home life to be followed by a plug for a cigarette. Many thought the drama no longer could be safely recommended to children—that it encouraged their smoking.

When One Man's Family and its sponsor reached a parting of the ways soon after, it was to a large extent directly due to this mail.

Then there was the time Jack, the young son, became wayward. Worried, he sought the advice of a quack doctor. The episode created a mild flurry in the mail bags. While some found the scenes objectionable, others praised the manner in which the subject was handled.

Many mothers wrote they were using the two episodes—concerning Jack's fall from grace and his visit to the quack—as a basis for introducing a discussion of the subject of sex with their own sons.

A psychologist might best analyze the reaction of the fans to Beth Holly, Paul Barbour's young widow friend, who recently was married a second time, after Paul had waited too long.

Either they like her or they don't.

With the men Beth Holly has been a popular character. Morse suspects that those members of her own sex who enjoy her characterization may have had similar experiences of their own. The others, he says, "hate her guts."

As a young, sophisticated widow—her first script husband was killed in a plane crash—she represents the type of person many women secretly fear, says Morse. Often those who dislike her write that "Paul is too high a type for Beth Holly."

As Morse puts it, any girl who has had the experience of marriage, and then become free of its bonds, has a real personal problem. Some men refuse to traffic with women of experience. Others regard them as worthy prey for their clandestine pleasures. All this has helped to make the role of Beth Holly one of the most difficult to write.

Analysis of One Man's Family indicates an almost total lack of plot. Each episode is intended to be but a characterization of routine events, which might occur in the life of any average family.

Through it all the author has tried to inject his own philosophy of living.

Morse was born in Jennings, La., in 1901—without a drop of Southern Colonel blood in his veins, suh! His forebears were Pennsylvania Dutch on his mother's side, and English on his father's.

While still a tot his parents left the oil fields of Louisiana to set-

tle on a large ranch in the Rogue River Valley of Oregon. There Morse worked the business end of a milk cow and helped with the crops.

At the end of his 'teens Morse became a newspaper man, first in Seattle and then in San Francisco. For ten years he pounded beats, wearing holes in his shoes, and pushed a pencil on a copy desk, wearing holes in his pants.

It was the recent financial depression which turned Morse to radio.

Very nearly he wasn't in radio at all, however, for with his wallet and stomach both empty a job was offered on a Seattle daily. He was then in San Francisco. He made a final checkup of bay city studios—having determined to try his hand at writing for the air—and landed a job at NBC.

For two years Morse served his apprenticeship. At first it was simple blurbs and commercial announcements. Then, when KPO called for a series of original half-hour dramas he tried his hand. Morse's material was popular. He dramatized classic myths, a series of sea stories, ghost yarns, and an adventure tale laid in the Mayan jungles.

Morse is naturally shy—even to his associates. And so it was not surprising that after a year of writing blood and thunder his quiet nature rebelled.

One day, even as a harried business man might calm his nerves by playing the piano, Morse wrote three chapters of a skit that was as much as possible the opposite of what he had been writing. He laid the sketch away and forgot it, under a heap of other manuscripts.

Several months later two of his superiors—no longer among those present—called for Morse, told him he was "written out," and suggested he resign. As a last resort he showed them his brief sketch on family life. They laughed—were more certain than before that he was "written out."

Morse appealed for his job to Don Gilman, vice-president of National Broadcasting Company in charge of western division, with headquarters in San Francisco. Gilman had faith in Morse. He told him to stay around—not to resign.

Three months more. Gilman asked Morse to expand the story to six episodes. The play was given a trial. Audience response was decisive and gratifying. The six episodes became thirteen—the first book of One Man's Family, to be followed by thirteen more and again thirteen. The success of the play seemed assured. It became, overnight, a western network feature.

Later New York asked for the play. It became a transcontinental sustaining feature. After its brief affiliation with its cigarette sponsor, aforementioned, the program remained on a nationwide sustaining basis until its present sponsor bought the rights to the play.

A few words about the parents—Henry and Fanny Barbour, played by J. Anthony Smythe and Minetta Ellen.

(Continued on page 79)

Barbara Jo Allen plays Beth Holly, a character about whom you've written thousands of letters of praise and condemnation for her marital experiences.





Robert Muck

LIONEL BARRYMORE

With Christmas less than a month away, one of the world's most famous villains again will stalk to a microphone the afternoon of December 25. Scrooge is coming back, portrayed once more by Lionel Barrymore, whose outstanding work in this role last year won him a five-year contract from the makers of Campbell's Soups.

PRIZE WINNING FEATURES



Bert Lawson



Bert Lawson

G. Maillard KessLèri



Movies and the stage haven't any monopoly on beauty, and to prove it this month RADIO MIRROR presents eight of radio's most beautiful stars. Each was selected for one particular charm. Above, Vivienne Segal can well be proud of her fine figure. Adele Ronson (in circle) is known for her lovely hair. Note how she arranges it, simply, yet charmingly, with a coronet braid. Below Adele is Lily Pons, who in addition to possessing a fine voice has a pair of the most expressive hands in radio. Right, the Countess Albani, popular soprano, is noted for her beauty, but we chose her teeth as most beautiful.





The movies borrowed glamorous Dorothy Page (left) from radio so that her beauty could be seen as well as heard. Two good reasons are Dorothy's shapely lower extremities. Jane Froman's violet-blue eyes struck our fancy. Jane (below) uses little make-up to enhance their beauty. We've never seen finer arched eyebrows than Jane Pickens' (in circle). She's soloist and arranger for the Pickens Sisters Trio. Bottom, Gladys Swarthout's glamor reaches to the tip of her nose, which we think is quite perfect.



Ray L. Jackson

Paramount



Maurice Seymour



PRIZE WINNING FEATURES



Rudolf H. Hoffman

WILLIAM DALY

We're proud to present this new candid portrait of William Daly conducting the current Atwater Kent program over CBS Thursday evenings—the tenth anniversary of the popular series. His music is also featured Monday nights on NBC in the Firestone Concerts. Daly finds time between programs to keep up his study of economy and finance

The Lowdown on DON AMECHE'S ROMANCE

WHEN Don Ameche was fifteen, he met a girl. That wasn't unusual. He was a handsome boy, with serious dark eyes and a charming diffidence; he was always meeting girls, and getting over it. It was usually the girls who didn't get over it.

But this was different. It was while Don—he was Dominick Felix Ameche then—was attending prep school at Columbia Academy, in Dubuque, Iowa. He had plenty of serious ideas in those days, but not about girls. So when a kindly priest, an instructor at the Academy, introduced him to a pretty blonde, Don didn't realize that this was something he would never get over. He didn't know then that one day he and this same girl would stand before the same priest and make a lot of serious promises. To him, she was just a girl to be polite to, a girl named Honore Prendergast.

So he smiled, gallantly and devastatingly, although he was too young then to realize what that smile of his could get him into. And then he promptly forgot the girl. That's what *he* thought.

Half of his mind did forget her, the half that was busy with the natural interests of any fifteen-year-old boy: sailing, swimming, sport in any form, and last but not least, his career. It was not a stage career, the one he dreamed of then, but a legal one. Whenever he saw a movie with a courtroom scene in it, it was he who pleaded with a hard-faced jury. It was he, Dominick Felix Ameche, who de-

livered a fiery oration to save a human life. He knew that some day he would be a great, a well-known lawyer. Which only goes to show how wrong people can be about themselves.

With the other half of his mind Don never forgot the tall, graceful girl with soft yellow curls about her shy, sweet face. There was nothing about her which did not register itself upon his subconscious mind. Even her name was like that of a make-believe princess. Honore. It was musical, legendary and different.

But young men with legal careers to conquer have no time to dream of make-believe princesses. They must devote their thoughts to briefing cases and digesting heavy law tomes. Don saw Honore several

times, he doesn't remember how often. Twice, maybe, on regular dates, but they weren't sweethearts. They were both too busy with school activities. For Honore also had chosen a career. She was intensely interested in anything related to medicine, or nursing, but specifically in the study of dietetics.

When Don graduated from prep school into Columbia College at Dubuque, he was well versed in the intricacies of Blackstone and other legal authorities. Honore Prendergast? Yes, he knew her, but she was just one of the girls. When he left Columbia to transfer to Marquette University, Don hoped he'd see her again. She said the same to him; she was also leaving Dubuque, to enter Michael Roes Hospital in Chicago as a dietician.

Several years flew by, and Don did a little flying about on his own accord, attending Georgetown University for one year and finally landing on the gay University of Wisconsin campus at Madison. By this time he was beginning to wonder vaguely whether a sedate law office was his niche in the scheme of things. He had got over his boyish diffidence and attained poise; he was a good mixer. Friends began to tell him he ought to cash in on his flashing smile and genial personality. He laughed, but just for fun he decided to try out for campus dramatics. At least it might prove a welcome change from the dryness of the law library. And it might also lead to a quicker way of making a living. A law course is a lengthy (Continued on page 72)



HE WAS ALWAYS MEETING GIRLS AND
GETTING OVER THEM—BUT CAME A
TIME WHEN DON FORGOT TO FORGET

By CAROLYN
SOMERS HOYT

Left, Don and Honore Ameche. He has a rival for her affections—Dominick Felix Ameche, Jr., in circle. For Grand Hotel and First Nighter, sponsored by Campana and starring Don Ameche, see page 54, six and ten o'clock columns.



Listen,

For Bing Crosby's program, starting December 5, sponsored by Kraft-Phenix Cheese, see page 54—10 o'clock column. Paul Whiteman will switch to the Woodbury spot early in January.

LISTEN, Bing!

This is straight from the shoulder. It wouldn't be much of an open letter if it weren't. When I heard that you were starting on a new radio show early in December I couldn't keep quiet any longer. You'll be reading this just before you begin broadcasting again, and that's swell, because maybe it will make a difference.

I almost wrote you last spring, but you went off the air for the summer and I let it go. It's still the same subject, though, and what has happened this fall makes the facts more pertinent.

I'm going to level some friendly criticism at you—some advice and suggestions. Perhaps I can point out some mistakes you don't know you've made.

Bing, your programs last spring weren't all they should have been. Not that your voice wasn't as good as ever. It was better, if anything. But still those shows were lacking in polish, unity, and continuous entertainment. The whole tone was too easy going. Even the manner in which you sang your songs was lackadaisical.

Remember those Cremo Cigar programs? You were still learning then and you were trying. We who listened knew it and we went for you all the way. It's only recently that we've begun to wonder. Were you trying last spring, Bing? I doubt it.

On your final broadcast (it was in May, wasn't it?) I'd have sworn you were singing from the studio in your Toluca Lake home and that Georgie Stoll's orchestra was in the regular studio downtown. And Bing, when an amateur in music like myself can detect such a fault, it's a cinch thousands of other listeners caught the same defect.

I'd have waited and told you some time in person only I believe that your fans are feeling the same way and I'd like to hope that I'm speaking for them as well as myself. We're all rooting for you, every last one of us, and you and your sponsor know it, or you wouldn't have been signed on this new contract.

But Bing, do you know this? You're on the spot. I'll tell you why. December 5th, you take the place of the man who really gave you your start. You're going to work for the makers of the cheese that Paul Whiteman has glorified for so long so successfully. And that's why you're on the spot.

You're taking over, and everyone, especially your sponsors past and present, will be watching to see if your show can rise to the high-water mark of popularity left by Paul's

Paramount

Bing!—

YOU NEED SOME STRAIGHT FROM
THE SHOULDER CRITICISM AND
FRIENDLY ADVICE—HERE IT IS

program, which has been one of Thursday night's highlights.

There's another good reason you're on this spot. As you know, Paul starts his new series of shows early in January—for the same sponsor you had last spring. That's what makes it really tough. If Paul does better for the soap manufacturer you used to work for than you did, there'll be a lot of head shaking.

What I'm really getting at is this: when a man is given a job to do, it's human nature to expect he'll do his best. You've been given the job of entertaining a vast radio audience. Give it everything, Bing. I know that life has suddenly become one prolonged song for you. With a swell home and those wonderful kids and a picture contract that would make the president jealous, there's nothing left for you to want except one thing.

That one thing is to keep faith with the public that gave you the chance to have the swell home and kids. You've talked of retiring. I don't think you will for quite a while yet and I can think of one good reason why you shouldn't. There's no one to take your place. It would be different if you could just step down and nominate somebody else to fill your boots. As long as you can't and as long as your voice is better than ever, you've got to keep going.

So when you start your first show in December, remember that it takes more than a good voice to make it a success. It takes what your shows once had—The Crosby personality every minute.

You'll have the orchestra you want to go with that voice and that personality. It's a good one, I know that. I've danced to it and I've heard it on the air. Jimmy Dorsey is an old friend of yours, too, isn't he?

If you read this while you're still rehearsing for that opening broadcast, remember what I've been trying to tell you. Remember that you're on the spot, that there are plenty of people waiting like hungry wolves for the first sign of weakness. And remember too the goal you have to shoot for—the goal set by your former mentor, Paul Whiteman.

I guess that's all, Bing, and here's hoping.

from the editor



20th Century-Fox



For Nino Martini's program sponsored by Chesterfield, see page 51—9 o'clock column.

NINO MARTINI'S HIDDEN SACRIFICES

YOU sit before your loud speaker or settle back in the dark theater and hear the starting thunder of applause as the fine clear voice of Nino Martini dies away on the last notes of a great aria.

And you envy this singing star of the Chesterfield program, this romantic tenor of the new Fox Film, "Here's to

Romance." You envy him the money, the acclaim, above all the satisfaction; that must come to the possessor of such a great gift.

But did you ever stop to think of the other side of such a career, of the countless little homely pleasures lost forever, of the unending hours of self-denial, of the heartache that dimmed even the glory of his great hour of triumph?

Behind the easy, gracious smile of the singer and the

actor there is a Nino Martini you do not know, meeting without flinching, without complaining, the demands which his career has made of him. When you have heard this story of what his career has cost him, perhaps envy will give way to sympathy.

Let us forget for the moment then the Martini of today, piling triumph upon triumph in radio, movies, opera, and turn back the clock to the days when he was a happy-go-lucky school boy in the little northern Italian city of Verona.

There was not much money in the Martini household. Nino's father had died when he was very young. Yet Nino and his sisters were getting the best education that Verona could afford. His mother, Nina, for whom he was named, had seen to that—toiling without sparing herself, continuing her husband's job as custodian of the tomb of Romeo and Juliet, working beautiful hand stitching on dresses for a few extra pennies.

Nino had but one objective in life—to get the money that would lift this burden from his mother's shoulders. Though there was burning in him more than a boy's usual share of love for sports and parties, he was ready to seize the first steady job he could find.

ALL this time he did sing, of course. But only in church choirs. Most Italian boys did that. And he sang at parties. That was all right, too, for it was the custom. But whenever Nino was asked to sing alone, without the accompaniment his friends usually provided, he would shake his head in embarrassment.

"Singing," he would reply, "is silly."

Then at one of these parties, the secretary to Maria Gay and Giovanni Zenatello, the renowned voice coaches, heard him. And in that moment his whole future was changed.

She told her employers about him. The Zenatellos sent for him, heard him sing. There followed a solemn conference. "My boy," said Signor Giovanni, "you have a very wonderful gift. I have behind me twenty-nine years in the profession. I am willing to gamble it all on you, to make your career my career. You understand, of course, that it will mean sacrifices on my part of time and money. I shall ask you to make equal sacrifices, if you decide you want a career. It will be a partnership, you and I together."

He outlined frankly to Nino what he would have to give up. But he also pointed out to him the compensating joy and satisfaction of being the possessor

of the great, well-trained singing voice that could be his.

"You must dedicate yourself to your voice. All else must come after. It is up to you to choose."

That night Nino made up his mind.

The next morning, along with the first sweet taste of anticipation, he knew also the bitterness of sacrifice—sacrifice that he finally made only because his mother insisted. He heard the Zenatellos explain that Nino must come to live with them so that they could better supervise his training, that he must not plan to do any other work.

He heard his mother say to Madam Zenatello with tears in her eyes, "It is only to you that I could let Nino go. I know you will be a second mother to him."

AND he felt an added sadness at knowing that it would be years now instead of weeks, before he could be of help in assuming the family responsibilities.

There began then a rigorous career of self-denial and discipline which has grown steadily more severe as Martini has mounted in the artistic world. The carefree life of the young man about town was ended. No more singing in the streets. No more smoking. No more jolly parties.

Perhaps the hardest thing that Nino had to learn was to take care of himself. The young madcap, who had been expelled from school because of his pranks, who had been accustomed to risking life and limb at his sport, had to learn to care for himself like a baby. He could not take cold. He could not overeat or keep late hours, for over-indulgence was sure to show up in his voice.

The Zenatellos were sympathetic. They knew they were dealing with a gay yet sensitive temperament, one to whom the monastic life did not come naturally, but who, left to his own devices, would have been a sport, a good fellow. Rarely, they said, had they ever met anyone so filled with a zest for living. Their job, then, was to guide this enthusiasm for the experiences of life into new channels, without crushing it.

They took him to the theater, to the opera, the best entertainment that Verona had to offer. They acquainted him with the best in literature. Bit by bit they awakened his interest in these things, showed him their importance.

And before him he had a living example.

Hadn't the Zenatellos (*Continued on page 76*)

LEARN WHAT THIS GREAT STAR'S
CAREER COST HIM — THE HEART-
ACHE THAT DIMMED EVEN THE
GLORY OF HIS HOUR OF TRIUMPH

By
NORTON
RUSSELL

An informal snapshot by Hyman Fink while Nino was in Hollywood making his new Fox film, "Here's to Romance." The girl is beautiful Astrid Allwyn of the movies.



ANOTHER GRAND ARTICLE BY CURTIS MITCHELL, SPARKLING IN ITS INTIMATE

KNOWLEDGE OF THE RADIO WORLD

THIS month I want to tell you about some of the radio marriages I've encountered, some of the gossip that has been spread about them and how these couples have risen above it, to know even greater happiness as their careers have prospered or waned.

Let's start with Ruth Etting and the dynamic, bizarre fellow she married, called Colonel Snyder. Ruth is still the girl who came out of Nebraska's tall corn country ten years ago to conquer the world. In Chicago, she first learned that sweetness and integrity and a golden voice were not quite enough to combat the dangers of the frayed-edged world of the cabaret into which she had stumbled.

In Chicago, she met Snyder. No one knows the story of their romance except Ruth and her husband. No one—except Walter Winchell—has ever printed any stories about him because he has forbidden it. Walter Winchell is a friend of the family.

On Broadway or in Hollywood, Colonel Snyder is a fabulous figure. Tremendously energetic, fearless, rough and direct in voice and manner, as tough as they come when the need arises for toughness, he lives and breathes for Ruth Etting. He found her—and she found him—when she needed him back there in the Chicago cellar cabarets. He has fought for her with show producers, with radio producers, with motion picture makers. Watchdog over the rights he considers hers, he challenges anyone who doesn't accord her the full measure of her star's estate. I met him in this roundabout fashion.

Ruth Etting was making her first appearance in a New York theater. Spotlit on the stage of the tremendous 5,000 seat theater, she looked like an angel. Her singing

SECRETS ABOUT

Radio

already gave promise of the great career she was to find within another year. I went to the manager of the theater who was also my close friend and said, "I want to meet that girl. Take me back and introduce me."

"Not on your life," he told me. "She has a husband nobody plays with."

That was that.

Almost five years later, during which time Ruth had become a top-flight singer and had been starred in movies and musical comedies, I had to write a story about her. People who had worked with her on radio programs told me, "Watch out for her husband. He's a watchdog you can't trifle with."

Wide World



FOR THE FIRST TIME

Left, below, fisherman Jeannie Lang said Arthur Lang was her brother. Next, fisherman Ruth Etting's husband has never been described. Little Jack Little who had a hidden business manager. Right, the Jack Bennys who have their own secret. Right, below, Annette Hanshaw whose relationship with her manager has never been disclosed.

Wide World



Marriages

They lived—and they still live—in a modest two-room suite in New York's Piccadilly Hotel. I knocked on their door.

A short man, in his thirties, reached out a hand that grabbed mine like a vice. "Hi! Come right in." In the next hour and thirty minutes, I learned about hospitality from the man whom nine out of ten Broadwayites fear, Colonel Snyder. When I left, he loaded me down with an autographed photo of Ruth, a carton of cigarettes (remember when she was on the Chesterfield program?), a pint of very rare old whiskey (this was during Prohibition, too) and a gleaming necktie from a Fifth Avenue haberdashery.

It has been something like that every time I have seen them. Ruth sits there, poised and sweet and sure of herself; while he bounces around talking, showing you things, shooting sparks with his incredibly fast mind.

What about his reputed ability with his fists or any other weapon handy? His rough stuff tactics here and there around the town? I've never seen any of either, but lots of things happen I don't see. If he has used a roundhouse right or an uppercut to gain his ends, it's all right with me. Because he's doing it for a Cause, a Cause he's been supporting for ten years, a Cause with deep blue eyes that answers to the name of Ruth.

You've never read about him before because he insists violently that he be kept out of the picture. Ruth Etting is the name to print in the headlines. Hers is the picture to take. This word picture won't please him at all; I'm sure of that. But it will please even less those radio gossips who say radio marriages can't last.

I'm not so well acquainted with Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone but I do know something about Jack that shows clearly enough, I think, the sort of man he is, and why his marriage has always been the happiest I've ever encountered.

This story starts with Harry Conn, his writer. Think back to the days when Broadway's top-hole comedians were just coming on the air.

Jack's two-room apartment in a New York hotel was the scene of a bitter discussion. Jack had signed a contract to do thirteen weekly shows for a radio sponsor. Harry Conn, the writer, was there. So was I. Jack declared with finality,

"It can't be done. There just aren't enough gags in the world to keep feeding out new ones every week. I wish I'd never signed up."

You know, of course, what happened. The shows were good, so good, indeed, that Jack Benny's programs have made him a greater star than he ever dreamed he'd be. But the story I want to tell is this:

Jack Benny paid Harry \$100 for each of those first scripts. Then, as his own salary increased, he added to Harry's pay check. It progressed from \$250, to \$500, to \$750. Just before they went to Hollywood last year, Harry told me he was getting \$1,200 for each script. No other writer in radio was getting anything like that figure. You might think Jack would figure he was doing all right by his script writer. But what he did next is typical of him.

Hollywood offered him a contract, wanted him badly for a picture. Jack agreed to sign on one condition; on the condition that Harry Conn be employed to write all his dialogue in the movie at a salary of \$1,800 a week. And that's the way the contract read when Jack and Harry and Mary went to Hollywood.

All this leads to the point that (Continued on page 70)



HUSHED WEDDINGS AND MANY OTHER STARTLING FACTS ARE REVEALED

ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR DAWN-TO-MIDNIGHT FAVORITES



PHIL BAKER AND STOOGES NO. 4



HARV'S
ESTHER



DREAMER OF SONGS

Left above, Phil Baker's newest stooge, pert little Emily Vaas, sasses her boss. Thirteen, she's the baby of radio's Vaas Family, got the job with Phil because he liked her hat . . . Above, Audrey Marsh, who plays Esther on the Harv and Esther program. Born in New York, she began her career on the stage, playing Rosemary in "Abie's Irish Rose." Never thought she was a singer, but CBS did when she took an audition . . . Left, Dorothy Lamour, the "Dreamer of Songs" over NBC three times a week at 11:00 p.m. She was born in New Orleans and won popularity in the South before coming to New York. She's not married . . . Jacques Fray (below), has turned orchestra leader since his split with partner Mario Braggiotti. He's on NBC Sundays at 6:00. Paris-born, he studied banking, preferred music instead.



PIANIST-CONDUCTOR

BROUGHT YOU IN PICTURES AND STORIES

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES



THE NORSEMEN AND PIANIST

Above, NBC's Four Norsemen—Kenneth Schon, Al Revere, Ed Lindstrom, and Ted Kline, with James Peterson, accompanist and arranger, holding the match. All graduated from the University of Minnesota music school, formed a quartet when none could get solo singing jobs . . . Right, New York's youngest producer, 32-year-old Ted Hammerstein. On the air he runs his own show, the Music Hall, NBC, Mondays at 8:00. He's Oscar Hammerstein's grandson . . . Below, right, Carmela Ponselle, star of Columbia's "Broadway Varieties," sang in choirs and cabarets with sister Rosa on the way to opera. Has brown hair and eyes, was educated in a convent, and is unmarried . . . Below, the source of the cowboy ballads on Show Boat. The Westerners are Harry Wellington, Dott Massy, Milt Mabie, Louise Massey, and Allen Massey. All except Larry, who's a Californian, born in New Mexico, where they own a ranch. Dott and Milt write most of the original songs. Louise Massey will soon have a script romance with Lanny Ross.



MUSIC HALL
M-C



SHOW BOAT'S COWBOY SINGERS



GRAND OPERA STAR

SINGERS, COMEDIANS AND MUSICIANS—YOU MEET THE WHOLE COLOR-



ROBERTA SEMPLE

Left, Roberta Semple, who doesn't let the fact that she's Aimee Semple Macpherson's daughter stop her from carving out her own career via radio. She produces two shows over a Los Angeles station . . . Left below, the mistress of ceremonies on CBS's Women's Page, Tuesdays at 3:00. A minister's daughter, Lois Long graduated from Vassar, worked for *Vogue* and other magazines, is noted for her witty and honest fashion notes . . . Below, Jack Arthur, who plays Harv to Audrey Marsh's Esther. Ran away from school to join the Canadian army, spent three years in Flanders. Tall, dark, and a bachelor. Never takes a vacation longer than one day . . . Left corner, Mrs. 5-Star Jones—otherwise, Elizabeth Day. Born in St. Paul, loved to act as a child, and started her career on the stage . . . Right corner, one amateur show winner who's tops now. Doris Wester stepped from Major Bowes' program last July to the Rainbow Room, swanky New York night-club. A Chicagoan, and unmarried. She came to New York a few years ago.



LOIS LONG



ESTHER'S HARV



ELIZABETH DAY OF "FIVE-STAR JONES"



WINNER DORIS WESTER

FUL CARAVAN OF RADIO IN THESE PAGES.

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES



POPEYE'S
VIC IRWIN

Above, Vic Irwin, whose orchestra provides the music for "Popeye the Sailor" over NBC, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:15. Returned to New York from Hollywood to take over the job . . . Right, Bobby Meeker, who supplies listeners of WGY, Schenectady, with fine dance tunes. He graduated from the University of Chicago and has played in hotels in many large U. S. cities . . . Below, Ted Black, another WGY dance maestro. A youthful case of measles started his musical career—his father gave him a harmonica to keep him amused in bed. Taught himself all he knows about music . . . Below right, Frances Adair, who sings about "Moon Over Manhattan" Sunday mornings at 11:00 over NBC. Left her native Chicago to sing in vaudeville, George White's "Scandals," and movie shorts. Tall and willowy, she has blue-gray eyes and light brown hair and is still unmarried.



WGY'S BOBBY MEEKER



DANCE MAESTRO TED BLACK



FRANCES ADAIR

"HOUSEWIFE AT 40 _

OPPORTUNITY?"

Kate McComb's blue eyes snapped.

"Opportunity is everywhere. Insurmountable handicaps? They don't exist!"

The gallant, gray-haired lady whom you know better as lovable Ma O'Neill of the radio family of O'Neill's, indicated her trim, homey "bachelor" hotel-apartment with an expressive gesture.

"Living as I do," she smiled, "any housewife would say, and justly, that it is easy for me to have a career. No meals to plan, no house to run, my son grown up. My time is my own.

"But don't forget this: I wouldn't have any career today if I hadn't worked at it when I did have a house to run, a family to look after.

"Handicaps? I've known them all. Illness, isolation, responsibilities. There isn't one of them that can't be licked, if it means enough to you.

"So many people seem to think that opportunity is always somewhere else—in New York or Hollywood. Opportunity is where you are—in your own church or school or club. Do the thing nearest at hand, that's the answer."

She laughed. "I wouldn't dare lay down the law like that if I didn't *know*. Remember, I was forty-four when I became a Broadway star. For twenty-four years I had done the thing nearest at hand without the slightest prospect of professional reward or recognition.

"But when I was able to devote all my time to a career, I was ready. I knew my job. I found to my surprise that I knew it better than many who had spent a lifetime in the theater.

"You've no idea how much it means to me now when my other interests are over and I'm afraid I'd find life rather empty without my work. There is a very special reason in my case why I'm thankful I never gave up, a reason I'll tell you later.

"It can be done. Only you've got to work—work endlessly. And you've got to *want* to so much it hurts."

FEW people have had a more promising start in life than Kate McComb. Her heart was set on becoming a concert pianist, and everything seemed to favor her. She had talent, the best of teachers, money to travel. Above all, she had ambition. No hours of practice were too long, no pains too great for her to take.

Then when she was seventeen and just beginning to enjoy the first fruits of her long years of preparation, she fell ill with pneumonia. For many months she was very sick indeed.

One day the doctor found her practicing again. "Kate," he said gently, "this won't do. You might as well know now. You must give up all thoughts of a career. Your health won't stand it."

For a moment she was silent, stunned. Then she said, "But I can't sit around with my hands in my lap. I'm not used to it. Isn't there anything I can do? Can't I act? Or sing?"



"Sing?" he answered. "Of course you can sing. That'll be the finest thing in the world for you."

So Kate, undaunted, started out from scratch in a new direction. Again she showed promise in this new field and presently a whole fresh horizon was opened up to her.

A few years later she fell in love, and before long she was married to John McComb.

But marriage offered no obstacle to her career. Her husband was sympathetic. They would continue living in New York where she could go on with her studies.

Then, just three months after her marriage, John McComb was stricken with cerebral meningitis. When he was out of danger, the doctor put the question of his future squarely up to her.

He could stay on in New York and he might be able to continue with his business without any great danger. But his chances for eventual recovery would be much greater if he were to move to the country.

Move to the country! It would mean the end of all hopes for her career. But she did not hesitate. She was glad enough to make that sacrifice for the man she loved.

Within a few days she had removed her household to the little town of Great Barrington, high up in the blue Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts, dedicating herself to the task of winning her husband's health.

In the years that followed she had more than her share of responsibilities. Although her husband was not entirely an invalid, where he had once looked after her, it was now her job to look after him. There was also her mother to care for. And presently there was her son, Malcolm.

STAR AT 44!



By JOHN SEYMOUR

FOR KATE McCOMB, LIFE
HAD HELD ONLY ILLNESS
AND DRUDGERY—YET ALL
HER DREAMS CAME TRUE

*For the O'Neills, sponsored by Ivory Soap,
turn to page 52—3 o'clock column.*

It seemed almost impossible, under such circumstances, to find the time, the energy and the enthusiasm to continue with her career. And yet she did continue.

THERE were no opportunities, either, when she first came to Great Barrington. Opportunities? She made her own opportunities. She got up concerts and bazaars and vaudeville programs. She staged plays for church and community organizations, sold the tickets, built the props, coached the cast, acted and sang.

"I'd walk down the street," she said, "I'd point a finger at someone I knew and call out 'You're surely coming tonight!'" And they'd come. Enthusiasm—that's what does it. People finally got so they'd come to a show because if Kate McComb was connected with it, they knew it would be a good job.

"Work? I worked when I was so dog-tired I couldn't see straight. I knew what it was to create moonlight in half an hour before show time by stretching a piece of blue oleo over an electric bulb, sticking it up on a step-ladder and covering it with a piece of rag carpet.

"I knew what it was to take a chorus of people who couldn't sing and pound singing into them.

"I knew what it was to drive alone at night in a sleigh



to coach an orchestra at a boys' school.

"I did everything—coaching, producing, acting, singing. I couldn't help myself. There was always that hunger driving me on.

"Besides my life was also the life of (Continued on page 49)

You know gallant Kate McComb as the wise mother of the famous O'Neill family. Upper left, her newest portrait; next, in character; and above, the cast at a rehearsal.



WILL WAR GUNS

No statements made in these articles on the amazing part radio will play in the event of war, Ethiopian or otherwise, is intended to reflect upon the courage or honor of any nation, broadcasting organization or individual. Much of this hitherto unrevealed information is based on statements made privately by officials on the inside of governmental and military affairs, who were endeavoring to cooperate with the author in creating as complete a picture as possible for the good of our citizens. The names of the nations are used only to make the picture clearer to the reader, not to suggest that they would necessarily undertake actions ascribed to them here.—Editor.

ON a cold gray day in December, 1930, the U. S. Submarine O-8 thrust her dripping snout up through the surface of the Atlantic after completing one of the most thrilling broadcasts the world had known up to that time.

As an eye-witness of that broadcast, I too had been thrilled, but I suspected no more than did the NBC representatives or the naval officers present, that some day, in time of war, such broadcasts might be made by some nation, not in a holiday experimental manner, but with a grimness designed to chill the hearts of listeners in an enemy country.

Suppose the spectre of war should suddenly darken this whole fevered world. How would such broadcasts be carried out? What other means would warring nations take to destroy the morale of an enemy nation? What would it mean to you and what could our government do to stop them the moment they threatened our own peace and safety?

You doubtless hope with the rest of us that such things will never be necessary, yet whether or not you believe in military and naval preparedness, these are things which will create emergencies for which you should be ready.

Assume that this nation were facing a grim submarine blockade as it did in the last war. These menacing sub-sea craft might be carrying, not only the latest in torpedo-firing equipment, but a small modern broadcasting station, designed to send us messages on wavelengths on which we usually listen.

Do you remember the warning which the German Imperial government published in the newspapers of this country in 1915? There was no such thing as broadcasting then. But let's let history do its own repeating.

You are seated at your set, nervously twisting the dials, knowing that you will pick up some ominous message from the blockade designed to strike at your morale, hoping all the time that you won't. Suddenly you cut in on a voice speaking in hard, clipped tones.

CONCLUDING THIS AMAZING FORECAST OF WHAT MAY HAPPEN TO



A lost ship. A black hull breaks water—an enemy submarine. Suddenly you hear on your radio this warning: "We are about to sink the S. S. Masterson."

SILENCE RADIO?



ILLUSTRATED BY CARL LINK

BY JEAN
PELLETIER

"... and despite our repeated warnings to the United States, a munitions-bearing ship is at this moment attempting to run our blockade. We are approaching the S. S. *Masterson* which has been separated from her convoy. We have no recourse but to sink her for not having heeded our warning. We hope that the citizens of your nation will realize how futile it is to carry on the war in the face of our blockade. In the interest of humanity and our own self-preservation, we urge you to organize for an immediate peace settlement."

You snap off your loudspeaker and rise in anger. Fighting words? Certainly they are. Give those fellows a taste of their own medicine. But after the third and the fifth and seventh broadcasts of this kind have come to you, you'll begin to wonder, for by then you'll know too well what has been happening out there on the ocean. That submarine broadcasting set will have brought grim descriptions to your home.

Picture it. A fleet of munitions and troopships so camouflaged they might have been painted by drunken sailors. Proud destroyers and fast cruisers form the convoy. A heavy fog at night, and a ship loses its protectors. A relentless dawn finds it alone in the Atlantic.

On the bridge of the vessel, officers, red-eyed from worry and lack of sleep, pace the bridge, straining to see any

slight wake in the waves which might indicate a periscope. A sudden hail from the crow's nest.

"Submarine two points off the starboard bow, sir!"

The bridge is startled into activity. The captain bellows to the quartermaster.

"Full astern! Hard aport!"

The ship trembles under the sudden change in way and course. The captain curses as he watches the submarine's conning-tower break water, as he sees its black hull shake the water from its back. The sub-sea vessel's conning-tower hatch swings open and officers and men pour from it. A gun rises through the forward deck of the craft as a warning. A hail floats across the water.

"Abandon ship within three minutes. We're going to sink you."

The ship's captain can't fight back. The safety of his officers and men means more than the thousands of dollars invested in the ship and its cargo. Hoarse orders hurtle about the doomed vessel. Davits swing out and lifeboats, crowded with men, are hastily lowered into the unfriendly sea.

Five minutes later, the abandoned ship is as helpless as a cow about to be butchered. Suddenly a white streak lengthens rapidly from the submarine in the direction of the rolling vessel. There's a terrific (Continued on page 58)

RADIO IF THE WORLD SHOULD PLUNGE INTO ANOTHER CONFLICT!



Facing the

HAD a fiction writer created this tale of Lucy Monroe, young soprano singing on Ted Hammerstein's Music Hall of the Air, he would be paid only in the sneers of editors. Engaging though this story is, it is too full of confidence to live anywhere but in the world of truth.

Thirty years ago, November 5th, 1905, to be exact, the following advertisement appeared in New York newspapers.

"Hammerstein's Victoria Music Hall (25-50-75-1.00)—smoking at all performances.

"First time in vaudeville, Anna Laughlin, late of 'The Wizard of Oz.'"

That theater was owned and operated by Oscar Hammerstein, grandfather of the Ted Hammerstein you hear every Monday evening. The Anna Laughlin is the mother of the Lucy Monroe you hear singing on that program.

Will Rogers was billed on the 1905 show as an "expert lariat thrower." Oscar Hammerstein too is gone, and his theater has disappeared from Broadway.

But Anna Laughlin lives on to hear the radio triumph of her daughter Lucy.

* * *

THE hot music of which we recently wrote is holding its own. You may have heard the broadcast of the Eddy-Reilly orchestra, and you may hear it again. This is the band which plays at Manhattan's Onyx Club, hangout of many of radio's bandsmen. There's a band which really has to be good, playing as it does to so many critical ears.

Another steam-heater you may hear on the air from time to time is the one conducted by Red Norvo, which plays at another New York night spot, the Famous Door. Red slaps the xylophone around, while the others burn up instruments which include string bass, clarinet, guitar, tenor saxophone and trumpet.

Norvo is the husband of Mildred Bailey, radio's "rocking chair" singer, and former protegee of Paul Whiteman.

* * *

SO THEY SAY

THE musicians call such orchestras made up of blast furnace boys, "jam bands."

All the slang of these instrumentalists is equally colorful. "Swing" denotes music which arouses dancers to some sort or rhythmic frenzy. A clarinet is called a "globe stick;" a harp an "Irish zither;" a saxophone a "button hook;" and a bass viol a "dark house." The term of endearment or condemnation for a conductor, depending on the mood of the musician, is "professor" or "massa."

* * *

And it was Massa Ray Noble who, in describing to his orchestra the manner in which he wanted "The Night Was Made for Love" played, said:

"This number is a mike crawler, and I want everyone to sluice it like treacle."

Translation next month, along with more musicians' slang.

* * *

AFTER rather unsuccessful first attempts in the talkies, Rudy Vallee finally made one that was well received. Hence, he is now engaged in making another. This time, he's doing his posing and playing in the East. Here in New York State, the courts have protected him from further suits by Fay Webb. In California, the property laws are said to leave openings for suits against him by Miss Webb, were he to go to Hollywood.

* * *

YOUR PAL HAL

A number of readers have displayed a not inexcusable curiosity as to exactly what (Continued on page 63)



Music

With JOHN SKINNER
UP-TO-THE-MINUTE NEWS, INSIDE
FACTS AND INTERESTING CHATTER
ABOUT YOUR FAVORITE MUSICIANS

At the top is the
Hal Kemp band,
showing you its
musical set-up with
Hal at the left.

Lucy Monroe (right)
sings on Ted Ham-
merstein's Music
Hall of the Air. Her
mother once starred
for Ted's granddad.
The other girl is
Bernice Claire,
photographed just
after picture-mak-
ing in England.



WHAT THIS GRAND NEW DEPARTMENT GIVES YOU

1. All the latest news and gossip
about popular music and musicians.
2. The exact size and personnel of
famous jazz orchestras.
3. Inside facts about signature songs
and theme songs.
4. Where your favorite radio orches-
tras are playing each month.
5. A chance to get your own ques-
tions about popular songs and
bands answered.

BEAUTY

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING WITH KATE SMITH

These are only a few of the gifts Kate Smith, left, will give away this Xmas. For Kate Smith's program sponsored by the A. & P., turn to page 51—7 o'clock column.

WHAT more exciting present in all the world could one give than beauty? Not just beauty in itself—lovely colors and textures and designs—but the possibility of *being* beautiful. Let's give beauty this Christmas!

Kate Smith and I went shopping together, looking over all the loveliness that is for sale this season, and came back with our arms full of packages and our hearts full of the joy of gift-buying.

"I love to give things to people," Kate said glowingly. "I don't much care whether or not I get anything in return. Oh, of course, I'd be hurt if certain people forget me on important occasions, but I do get so much more fun out of choosing presents for other people and surprising them!"

"Just before Christmas, I ask my mother and my sister and my closest friends and relatives for a list of all the things they want most. Then I try to find out how much of this the rest of the family is getting them, so that I can fill in every other item myself. And I usually plan on something extra as a surprise, something they had no idea of getting."

That's where the perfumes and bath sets and all these little feminine frills that we're going to tell you about this month come in—those extra surprises that thrill the feminine heart (though we have some very nice suggestions for the men, too!).

Kate told me a lot about the principles of her gift-giving. A great deal of thought and care goes into every present she chooses, no matter how tiny or how relatively unimportant. "My sister has a new home," she confided, "and I like to get her the little things to use around the house which she might never buy for herself. Granddad is a gentleman farmer down in Maryland, and I'm always looking for antiques for his lovely old farmhouse. My mother loves garden flowers and perfumes that remind her of them, so I'm constantly on the lookout for new fragrances to please her."

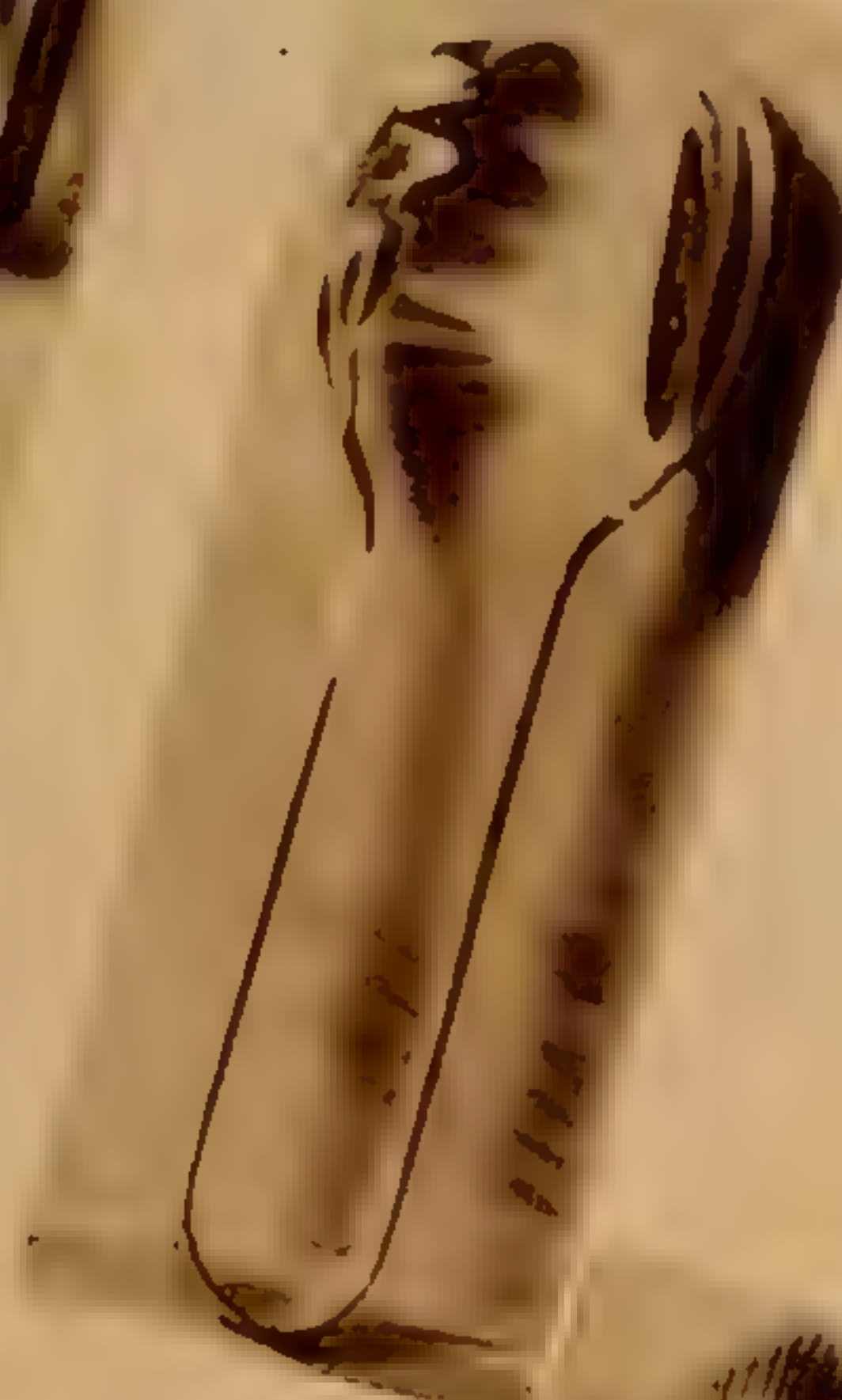
We saw—and smelled!—some lovely and attractively packaged perfumes, new and old, on our shopping tour. Some of these are illustrated on the opening page of this article. That flower-embossed Lalique globe, (Continued on page 71)

By
JOYCE ANDERSON



By
MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

COOKING WITH GADGETS



SINCE the radio stars at this time of year are all busy with their pet recipes for stuffing turkey and making plum puddings—and I know you all know all about those—it seemed a good time to canvass the department and dime stores to see what's new in kitchen gadgets for last minute presents for your kitchen-minded friends, and for yourself, too—there'll be some that you will have to buy in duplicate in order to keep one at home.

The gadget makers have been unusually busy this last year, turning out slicers, choppers, spoons and mixers by the carload, each one more fascinating than the last. There's the wooden mixing spoon illustrated, for instance, which comes to a point and helps you scrape the kettle clean. Another wooden spoon is wrapped with copper wire just where the handle rests on the edge of a hot preserving kettle, doing away with that burned spot that so many of them acquire. There are sets of four and five wooden spoons marked for teaspoon and tablespoon measuring, and our old friends the four composition spoons, linked together on a ring, now come in yellow, orange and other fascinating colors as well as the traditional kitchen hues of green, red and ivory, so that you will be able to match any friend's kitchen. One of the most useful is the monel metal spoon, stainless, with various colored handles, with bowl marked in teaspoon and tablespoon measurements, and notched on both sides for pouring liquid drop by drop.

If you have ever envied the deftness with which a waiter manipulates a fork and spoon with one hand, now is the time to bolster up your self-confidence, by using the serving tongs illustrated. It—or they—is made of chromium, which means polishing difficulties are over, one side a spoon, the other a spoon with notched edge. A second model has bone handles, and a wooden fork and spoon, for salad, are joined by a tiny ivory pin. And while we're on the subjects of tongs, don't forget the strictly utilitarian ones for coralling that last elusive baked potato from the back of the oven, and for many other purposes. A set of four, assorted sizes, will prevent burned fingers.

Slicers, choppers and the like have gone in for more elaboration. Many of you no doubt have the thin bladed notched knife with the extra strip of metal which insures thin slices, but the one illustrated manufactures four such slices and is excellent for lemons, tomatoes, cooked vegetables and hard cooked eggs. A chopping knife has a sharp bladed slot at the side for slicing, another cuts potatoes into strips for French frying with half the usual bother. One of the most fascinating, and I don't see why the Sisters of the Skillet didn't mention it last month, is a left-handed apple corer and vegetable parer. Honest! It's the regulation one made in reverse for use by south-paws. Another slicer not to be overlooked if you have a large sized, bread-and-butter eating family, is made in the size of a quarter pound of print butter and promises to turn out neat slabs of butter for table use

(Continued on page 75)

Meet the Folks!



Above, the entire cast of the National Barn Dance greet you from the stage of the Eighth Street Theater—the Hayloft to thousands of radio admirers—where they present weekly their popular "program" of old-fashioned music. Right, Joe Kelly, the master of ceremonies who runs the two shows, is known as "Jolly Joe."



FIVE years ago there was a forgotten theater on South Wabash Avenue in Chicago. Dark, dusty—a moribund house. Occasionally some one would rent it for a benefit or amateur performance, but you just couldn't pack 'em in at the Eighth Street Theater. There was a "hex" on it.

But now . . . Drop around any Saturday night and watch the crowds standing in line. Listen to the applause, the extravagant praise as people mill about outside after the show, and you'll know the "hex" has been buried.

There is no colossal ballyhoo or fanfare of advertising for the show that's playing there. There isn't even a barker outside yelling, "Hurry, hurry, hurry!" And for that matter, there is no hurry.

If you can't catch the first performance, at 7:30 (adults, 55c, young 'uns 35c), you can make the 10:00 one. It will cost you 20c more if you're an adult, but pshaw, what's 20c compared to seeing Lulu Belle in person? And if you can't get in this year you can next—or five years from now. A show that has had a successful run for nigh onto twelve years isn't apt to fold *that* soon.

It's no "East Lynn" or "Abie's Irish Rose" but a plain radio broadcast which has turned the old Eighth Street Theater into a hey-hayloft and a moneymaker—the National Barn Dance, NBC's Saturday night broadcast, which started its job of rejuvenation just five years ago in March.

How can a mere radio program be so universally loved that its audience not only keeps on listening, but continues to pay to see it? The amazing popularity of the Barn

Dance is the result of the continued use of a dependable formula.

A formula so good nobody dares try to improve on it, any more than you would dare add a single ingredient to that famous gingerbread recipe which has been handed down from generation to generation in your family. A formula as old as the hills from which its homely songs have descended, as down-to-earth as a roller towel and as traditional as a covered wagon.

The air is not the sole use for which this particular recipe has been tried and found true. It's a great vaudeville stunt. Four or five WLS units are on the road constantly, shaking down crowds and shekels. And now, the newest use for the formula: the Barn Dance will soon be made into a feature motion picture. By the time you read this you may be seeing the Sodbusters, Tunetwisters and Hilltoppers on your neighborhood screen.

But that's still not all. The Barn Dance is rapidly becoming a sort of national pastime. WLS has known for a long time that folks in many communities get together Saturday nights to dial the program and do some hey-haymaking on their own. Now the station has put this custom to work for the benefit of both the amateur performers and themselves, sending out experienced directors to stage local Barn Dance shows with rural talent. The proceeds go to schools, clubs, charities, and a small cut to WLS to defray expenses.

So all over the country you'll find miniature Lulu Belles

THEY'RE ALL GRAND PERFORMERS
THESE DOWN-TO-EARTH ENTER-
TAINERS WHO BRING YOU THE
NATIONAL BARN DANCE—ONE
RADIO SHOW YOU PAY TO SEE!



By

DOROTHY ANN BLANK

For National Barn Dance, sponsored by Alka-Seltzer, see page 54, 9 o'clock column.

and potential Uncle Ezras, as well as exhibition square dances and mountain music-makers. These amateur companies contribute a real community service and at the same time have lots of fun. At Goodland, Indiana, some of the players drove more than sixty miles to take part in a local Barn Dance show. At Milford, Illinois, three boys worked in the threshing ring all day, then drove thirty miles to help out. They had participated in another Barn Dance entertainment previously, and, as they put it "just couldn't stay away," giving you an idea of the warmth and enthusiasm these events generate.

This Barn Dance is actually nothing more than a melange, a revue of the features and talent you hear during the week over WLS. But folks who listen to it as faithfully as they go to church on Sunday don't call it by any such new-fangled name. They call it a "program."

If you have ever lived in the country—and if you haven't, you've missed half the fun and good in life—you know about "programs." Whenever a box social or corn show or Christmas festivity is held at the district school or Grange Hall, every person in the neighborhood who has any parlor tricks or accomplishments is put on the program. Mrs. Blank, who studied elocution when she was young, renders "Lasca" with gestures; the Johnson twins sing a duet, mighty sweet; Hank Bell plays his banjo. And later on, everyone joins in a rousing square dance, the Hoyt boys furnishing the fiddling and Ed Salton calling out the figures.

Even if you yourself never lived in a rural community, you enjoy the National Barn Dance because it satisfies a nostalgia for something very real and important in the molding of this country—the real spirit of friendship and neighborliness. There's nothing synthetic about it. There can't be. If the program weren't real, if the songs weren't real American folk music and if (Continued on page 77)



Top of page, the Cumberland Ridge Runners—Ted Foley, Karl Davis, John Law, Hartford Connecticut Taylor and Slim Miller. Next, Verne, Lee and Mary, the Hayloft's crooning trio. Next, red-headed Lulu Belle, singing one of those mean-minded Kentucky ballads. Last, Uncle Ezra leads the Hoosier Hotshots—Kenneth (Hezzie) Trietsch, his brother Paul, Frank Ketterly and Otto (Gable) Ward.

WELCOME WALLACE BEERY!

We've heard you and liked you in your guest star appearances on the air. But now we have you every Saturday on Shell Chateau as the master of ceremonies who took Jolson's place when he got too busy making moving pictures. We understand you've decided to act as well as introduce on the program and to give worthy new talent in Hollywood a break. That's swell. We don't blame you for smiling with such a pretty wife and beautiful daughter and fat radio contract. Good luck, Wally, in your new job.



*Candid shots
by Rudolf Hoffmann*

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



RADIO MIRROR'S ORACLE GIVES YOU THE ANSWERS TO ALL YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT RADIO STARS

The spirit of Christmas has George Burns and Gracie Allen under its spell. Perhaps they're deciding what's likely to please their adopted boy and girl the most.

Tim Frawley is seventy-one years old. I bet that bowled you over!

Mrs. Margaret S., Baltimore, Md.—Francis X. Bushman takes the part of Michael Dorn in "Mary Marlin;" Art Jacobson plays the part of Joe Post and Carleton Brickert portrays David Post.

Mrs. E. K., Temple, Pa.—Some of the stars charge for photographs but most of them don't. I'd suggest that you write for them and you'll find out soon enough. Address Frank Parker, Helen Trent and Nancy of the "Just Plain Bill" program in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Elizabeth K., Wharton, N. J.—The above regarding the charge for photographs will answer your question too, Betty. Just write to Emery Deutsch in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Mrs. William N., Ansonia, Conn.—Ralph Kirberry is known as "The Dream Singer." He's heard over the National Broadcasting airwaves on station WJZ Tuesday mornings at 10:05 and Thursdays at 10:45 A. M.

Claudia B., Plymouth, N. C.—Uncle Charlie's Tent Show is off the air. Sam and Jerry, the comedians who were on that show are real negroes. Little Jack Little and his orchestra are strumming for dancers at the St. Moritz Hotel in New York City.

Dorothy D., Kingman, Arizona—If you read the December RADIO MIRROR, you'll know that Lanny Ross's sweetheart was Olive White but now she's Mrs. Ross. Muriel Wilson was only his Show Boat sweetheart.

Dolly P., Reading, Pa.—Conrad Thibault was born in Northbridge, Mass. on the 13th day of November, 1906. He's five-foot-eleven, dark and handsome.

Beactress Y., San Francisco, Calif.—What I said to Louise R., on Jerry Cooper, goes for you too Bea. You can reach Don Ameche in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill. By the way how did you enjoy the story on Don Ameche on page 23?

Emanuel N. B., Augusta, Ga.—I'm sorry, but we do not supply photographs of the stars. Write to Glen Gray, Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave, New York.

WHEW! It seems that the advent of all the swell new fall programs has resulted in your wanting to know more than ever before about your favorite stars. The mail's been piling up higher and higher and your poor Oracle isn't ever going to hit bottom. But we might as well get started, so here goes. (But first—my address is RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City for all inquiries.)

Evelyn K., Minneapolis, Minn.—I really hate to let you down on this one, Eve, but I couldn't find out for you whether Jackie Heller has a cousin by the name of Martha S. Why don't you write to Jackie, in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill., and ask him about it?

Janet Yo of Texas—Eddie Duchin's birthday is April 1, 1909, he's about six feet tall and was married only recently. If you read September RADIO MIRROR, you saw Eddie's picture with the Missus, former society girl, in the Facing the Music feature. Address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Grace C., Brooklyn, New York—You're right about Lazy Dan. He's really Irving Kaufman whose phonograph records you have been enjoying for years.

Louise R., Syracuse, New York—Jerry Cooper was born in New Orleans, La., April 3, 1907 and is not married. The Roadways of Romance program is off the air, but Jerry is scheduled soon to sing on a new commercial program over the Columbia Broadcasting System. Jerry is all American—his favorite sport is baseball. He was once first baseman for a semi-pro team in New Orleans. Both his father and mother were choir singers and Jerry says he learned to sing before he learned to talk. He sang at night clubs and even led his own orchestra. It was Roger Wolfe Kahn who heard him and arranged for Jerry's radio debut.

Mrs. Bertha S., Reading, Pa.—The Old Ranger in Death Valley Days is none other than T. Daniel Frawley.

It seemed like a Roman Procession driving with Jan down the Avenue.



Amateurs at Life

By FRED SAMMIS

THE amateur team of Mickey Crail and Tad Byron, with Mickey singing and Tad whistling, from Poughkeepsie, was a sensation on the Uncle Jim Riley Amateur Hour in New York City. On a return engagement two weeks later, they even walked off with first prize—a whole week at the Century Theater at a professional salary. But for Mickey both triumphs were hollow. She had discovered during the first week that she loved Tad, and on the heels of that discovery realized she was in grave danger of losing him. A debutante—Marion Van Biddle—had become interested in their act and invited them to a party she was giving at the Van Biddle Westchester estate. The party stretched out three days. Mickey became desperate. She had to get Tad back to Poughkeepsie to carry out his plans for becoming an engineer.

"I'd like to, Mickey," he told her, "but this morning I got an offer to appear on a commercial broadcast. I'm going to stay in New York." And he showed her the letter. Then came their second broadcast and following it the news that they had won the engagement at the Century. Before they started, Mickey secured Tad's promise that after the week he'd return home with her. Time passed quickly until the sixth day, when a certain Les Ahern came to see Mickey, bringing with him the offer of getting her a radio job of her own. But she wouldn't say yes. It was better, she thought, to go back to Poughkeepsie, and she didn't tell Tad about the offer. Finally it was the last night of their week and the final performance was finished. Upstairs, outside her dressing room, she waited for Tad.

"Wasn't it swell?" she said, happy in the knowledge that

at last they were leaving. But something in Tad's look warned her. "Listen," he blurted out, "I'm not going. I'm breaking my promise. I've an offer for a regular afternoon program and a contract for three weeks. I can't go. But maybe it will be better if you return anyway, since you feel the way you do."

And before Mickey could change her mind Marion Van Biddle came up to get Tad and go out. Mickey went into her dressing room and stared at her reflection in the mirror. Was it Poughkeepsie without Tad or New York?

UNTIL this moment home and Poughkeepsie had seemed heavenly sanctuary to Mickey, a haven to which she would flee with Tad. And now, standing before the battered dressing table, she saw the sanctuary vanish, a hopeless mirage. Tad wasn't leaving New York.

Quickly she brushed away two tiny tears that were clinging to her lashes, lone tributes to day dreams that she must give up.

"Quit it!" she said out loud, to nothing in particular, and the very fact that she had spoken made her feel better. There was no longer any choice of what to do.

She was in love, in love with Tad. Tad was in New York. It seemed funny, looking at it that way, to think she had almost decided to go home. It seemed funny, because it was so impossible to imagine sitting on the front porch where

she'd spent so many evenings with Tad, waiting. And for what? Perhaps a word or two from him in the mail. Nothing more, and eventually even his letters would stop coming.

She left the dressing room, ran down the iron stairs, and out onto the street. Turning her back to the midnight crowds of Times Square, she started for her room. She wanted her bed, wanted sleep, for in the morning she was going to call the man from the Gable advertising agency, the man who had said he could get her a job.

At first, walking through the cool night air, she thought she would wait up for Tad and tell him that she wasn't going home. Later she had a better idea. She would wait and see what the agency man had to offer. If it sounded promising, she would tell Tad then.

With her mind made up, Mickey slept a deep slumber that didn't break until nearly nine. After breakfast, she found the number of the agency and called, asking for Les Ahern. He sounded slightly surprised.

"I thought I'd hear from you yesterday," he said, "but come on over anyway."

Mickey went directly to the agency and was ushered down a wide corridor, desks piled high with newspaper clippings, to Ahern's office.

"Hello," he greeted, shaking hands with her. "People aren't usually a day late when they want jobs," but there was no real harshness in his words.

The door opened again behind Mickey and a young man walked in. Vaguely she had the impression that somewhere before she had met him. Though he was of average stature, she thought he was the best looking man she'd ever seen. Ahern jumped to his feet.

"Hello, Jan," he said, "I want you to meet Miss Mickey Crail. Miss Crail, this is Jan Parrish."

Mickey stammered, "H—how do you do?" trying to hide her surprise. Jan Parrish! In all commercial radio, no name was better known, no name reflected a brighter, more glamorous light. Director and star of a variety hour that rivaled Rudy Vallee's in popularity, he stood on the topmost rung of the success ladder.

"Miss Crail," he said formally, in acknowledgment of the introduction, "I heard you at the Century. That's why you're here. We think you have a future in radio. The truth is, I have a spot for you already, if you're interested."

Interested! Mickey gripped the arms of the chair for support. Jan Parrish was saying that he could put her on the air. That was the reason Les Ahern had asked her to come, so Jan could tell her this.

"Please go on," she murmured.

"Well," Jan continued, "a friend of mine runs a guest hour on a local station. I've spoken to him and if you say so, you sing on his program a week from today."

Mickey found herself sitting in mute astonishment, waiting for inspiration. She said, finally, "It sounds wonderful, and I do say so. If you want the truth, just last night I was packed, ready to go home. It looks as if I were staying, though, today."

"Sure you're staying," Jan replied, and Mickey liked the friendliness of his grin.

"All right," she agreed, ending the conference, "but I'm not making any promises about how good I'll be."

"Don't be worrying about that already," Jan said, taking her hand. "I'm glad you came. And don't run away home.

It might hurt the Parrish pride. That means an awful lot."

Mickey didn't walk back to her room. It was something much closer to flying. At least, when she arrived, she wasn't conscious of her feet having touched the sidewalk once.

She hoped Tad would still be sleeping. It would be fun, waking him, seeing his astonishment, sharing with him the glad tidings she bore. She had felt a little like Atlas, before breakfast. And now she felt as he would have if someone had taken the world off his shoulders to let him go to the ball game or whatever he wanted most to do. Her landlady was out sweeping the steps when she arrived, eyeing the world with that dour irascibility New York landladies seem to be born with.

"Is Mr. Byron up yet?" Mickey called.

The broom struck viciously once more at a wet leaf. "Up and moved an hour ago," was the taciturn reply. "He's gone, bag and baggage."

"But didn't he leave any word?" Mickey asked, fighting off the roller coaster sensation in the pit of her stomach.

"Not a word," the woman growled.

"Oh," Mickey managed to reply, running past into the hall. In her room, she slammed the door and hurled her hat down on the bed.

So she'd surprise Tad, would she, and share her good news with him? "The big lug!" she hissed. "a fat lot he cares what Jan Parrish had to tell me." she kicked at a chair leg and bruised her ankle. Tad had gone, without a word. What a man she'd picked to fall in love with! If someone had gone to him with the news that she'd thrown herself in front of a subway train in blackest despair, he'd probably have shrugged his shoulders and murmured, "How absurd!"

All the high elation, all the warm joy that had been bubbling inside her burst into thin air. All she felt was an uncomfortable itching—an itching to show Tad. He'd

told her to go away if she didn't like New York and turned his back to her. All right, then she'd show him he had made a mistake.

"The thing to do now," she said to herself, "is to sit down and write Dad and tell him I'm not coming."

The letter, when she finished, was brief and cheerful. "New York's debutantes seem to have swallowed Tad," it ended, "but don't worry, everything's fine. I'll make them cough him up."

She might have had a forlorn week end, in spite of her resolutions to show Tad up as a lug who couldn't see farther ahead than two inches in front of his own nose, if she hadn't remembered to call Uncle Jim Saturday morning.

"Come out and spend Sunday with me at my country home," he invited and she grasped at the straw he offered.

The days went by rapidly, beginning with Monday. First she had to learn two popular songs for the broadcast on Friday. Tuesday she went to the radio station and met the man whose program would feature her. Wednesday and Thursday she rehearsed.

Friday morning when she went back to the station to rehearse with the studio orchestra, she had the comfort of seeing Jan come in to give his support.

After listening to her second number, he said, "You're okay. Sing like that on the air and you're bound to go over."

The broadcast took place in a (Continued on page 66)

MICKEY LOSES TAD, FINDS ROMANCE AND A JOB—ALL IN ONE BREATH- LESS MOMENT OF THIS ENGROSS- ING STORY OF WHAT HAPPENS WHEN TWO AMATEURS COME TO NEW YORK

RADIO MIRROR'S DIRECTORY

A COMPLETE LISTING OF ALL OF YOUR
LOCAL FAVORITES: BIRTHPLACE AND
DATE; IF MARRIED, TO WHOM; RADIO
DEBUT; ON WHAT PROGRAMS THEY AP-
PEAR; AND WHERE YOU CAN WRITE THEM

ABERCROMBIE, Josephine. Singer, "Family Party", WSFA, Montgomery, Ala.; born Montgomery, March 9, 1910; debut over WSFA, 1934. Station WSFA, Jefferson Davis Hotel, Montgomery, Ala.
AGUE, Jimmie. Baritone, "Reflection" and "Land O' Dreams", WHK, Cleveland, and CBS; born Youngstown, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1906; married Nellie Ague; two daughters; debut over WHK, 1925. Station WHK, 1311 Terminal Tower, Cleveland, Ohio.
ALCOTT, Mary. Blues singer, "French Lick Melody Parade", WLW, Cincinnati; born Chicago, Dec. 4, 1912; debut over CBS, in Chicago, 1932. Station WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio.
ALDERMAN, Gertrude. Commentator and actress, "Intimate Interlude", WFBL, Syracuse, N. Y.; born Utica, N. Y., Oct. 19, 1902; married Bernard L. Alderman; one son; debut over WFBL, 1934. 109 Brookford Road, Syracuse, N. Y.
ALEXANDER, Ben. Movie gossip columnist, "The Hollywood Boulevardier", KFI, Los Angeles; born Goldfield, Nev., May 26; unmarried. Station KFI, Los Angeles, Calif.
ALGOOD, Mary. Singer, "Mary and Paul", WGST, Atlanta, Ga.; born Feb. 11, 1915; unmarried; debut over WGST, 1934. Station WGST, Ansley Hotel, Atlanta, Ga.



Judge Hay



Edna Fischer

ALLEN, Reginald. Announcer, singer, and actor, WBT, Charlotte, N. C.; born Hartford, Conn., June 7, 1909; unmarried; debut over WTIC, Hartford, 1930. 330 S. Tryon St., Charlotte, N. C.
ANDERSON, Robert. Singer and announcer, "Presenting Bob Anderson", WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn.; born Lenoir City, Tenn., Dec. 6, 1907; married; one son; debut over WNOX, 1929. Station WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn.
ANGEL, Pete. ("Mountain Pete") Director of WXYZ Mountaineers, WXYZ, Detroit; singer, actor, and instrumentalist; born Lyon, France, Jan. 7, 1909; unmarried; debut over KDKA, Pittsburgh, 1928. 15486 Quincy Ave., Detroit, Mich.
ARNOLD, Edith. Soprano, WPTF, Raleigh, N. C.; born Fort Union, Va., March 18, 1896; married W. W. Arnold; two daughters; debut over WPTF, 1931. 704 Bloodworth St., Raleigh, N. C.
ARTHUR, Jack. Baritone, "David Mendoza Hour", WOR, Newark, N. J.; born Brooklyn, N. Y., June 21; unmarried; debut over WJZ, New York, 1925. Hotel Knickerbocker, New York City.
AXTON, Baily. Tenor, "Unbroken Melodies", "Music Box Hour", WLW, Cincinnati; born Oswego, Kan., Jan. 8, 1911; married; one son; debut over KMBC, Kansas City, 1927. Station WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio.
BAILEY, Billie. Blues singer, "Stars of the Milky Way", WBBM, Chicago; born Table Grove, Ill., July 19, 1910; unmarried; debut over WISN, Milwaukee, 1931. Station WBBM, Wrigley Building, Chicago, Ill.
BAKER, Tom. Tenor, KMOX, St. Louis; born Red Wing, Minn., Nov. 14, 1905; married Margaret Rehard; one daughter; debut over WCCO, Minneapolis, 1931. Station KMOX, Mart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
BALDWIN, J. Gordon. Organist, WHEC, Rochester, N. Y.; born Wadsworth, Ohio, 1905; married; one son; debut over WHAM, Rochester, N. Y., 1925. Station WHEC, 40 Franklin St., Rochester, N. Y.
BARTON, Bob. Baritone, "Jayne Rohan and Bob Barton", WCKY, Cincinnati; born Cincinnati, June 19, 1911; unmarried; debut over WCKY, 1935. Station WCKY, Cincinnati, Ohio.
BATTERSEA, Wesley. Announcer, "Musical Clock Program", WDAF, Kansas City; born Kansas City, Sept. 26; married; debut over WDAF, 1933. Valentine on Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.
BEARD, Charles. Baritone, "After Dinner Varieties", WDBJ, Roanoke, Va.; born Roanoke, Oct. 26, 1911; unmarried; debut over WDBJ, 1932. 816 Eighteenth St., N.W., Roanoke, Va.
BEDDOES, Arthur. Tenor, "Dinner Serenade", WSPD, Toledo, Ohio; born Juniata, Pa., Sept. 6; unmarried; debut over KREG, Santa Ana, Calif., 1929. Station WSPD, Commodore Perry Hotel, Toledo, Ohio.
RENADRETT, Bea. Dialect singer, "Happy-Go-Lucky Program", KFRC, San Francisco, Calif.; born New York City; unmarried; debut over KGO, Oakland, 1926. 215 Sutter St., San Francisco.
BENSON, Fran and Francis. Singers and comedians, WMCA, New York City; born Houston, Texas; Fran, Sept. 25; Francis, Aug. 6; debut, 1932. Station WMCA, 1697 Broadway, N. Y. C.
BENSHOOF, Vivian. Rhythm singer, WOC, Davenport, Iowa; born Blue Grass, Iowa, Aug. 27, 1918; unmarried; debut over WOC, 1935. Blue Grass, Iowa.
BENSON, Paul. Baritone, "Mary and Paul", WGST, Atlanta, Ga.; born Buena Vista, Ga., Nov. 12, 1912; unmarried; debut over WGST, 1934. Station WGST, Ansley Hotel, Atlanta, Ga.

BENTON, Dorothy. Commentator, WHEC, Rochester, N. Y.; debut over WHEC, 1934. Station WHEC, Rochester, N. Y.
BERCOVITZ, Abe. Musical director and violinist, KGW and KEX, Portland, Ore.; born Philadelphia, Pa.; Sept. 26, 1904; married; one son, one daughter; debut over KGW, 1924. 2611 S.E. Harrison St., Portland, Ore.
BILL, Emil. Tenor, "Garland of Old Fashioned Roses", WMBD, Peoria, Ill.; born Opplenon, Wis., April 18, 1891; married Marie Gibson; debut over WMBD, 1935. 302 N. Adams St., Peoria, Ill.
BINFORD, Pat. Singer and master of ceremonies, WRVA, Richmond, Va.; born Hot Springs, Ark., Dec. 10, 1898; married; three children; debut over WRVA, 1925. Station WRVA, Richmond, Va.
BLUE, Helene. Blues singer, "Home Hour", WSMK, Dayton, Ohio; born Dayton, Nov. 18, 1903; married John Supensky; one son; debut over WSMK, 1926. Station WSMK, Dayton, Ohio.
BOLAND, Joe. Sports announcer and commentator, WSBT and WFAM, South Bend, Ind.; born 1905; married. Station WSBT, Colfax Ave., South Bend, Ind.
BOLEK, George. Pianist, "Bolek Musicale", WCAO, Baltimore, Md.; born Kansas, Aug. 4; married Elizabeth Wells; debut over WBAL, Baltimore, 1925. 615 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.
BOLEK, Elizabeth Wells. Soprano, "Bolek Musicale", WCAO, Baltimore, Md.; born Baltimore, Nov. 22; married George Bolek; debut over WBAL, Baltimore, 1930. 615 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.
BOSWELL, John. Baritone, "Morning Parade", etc., WIS, Columbia, S. C.; born Junction City, Ga., Feb. 24, 1909; unmarried; debut over WJAX, Jacksonville, Fla., 1929. 1500 Laurel St., Columbia, S. C.
BOYLE, Marion. Pianist and director Northwest Salon Orchestra, KHQ, Spokane, Wash.; born Seattle, Wash., June 3, 1910; unmarried; debut over KOMO, Seattle, 1924. Station KHQ, Spokane, Wash.
BROWN, Russell. Baritone, KMOX, St. Louis, Mo.; born St. Louis, Feb. 9, 1913; married Ruth Solon; debut over WIL, St. Louis, 1931. Station KMOX, St. Louis, Mo.



Arthur Beddoes



Katherine Cravens

BUCKLAND, Jack. Tenor, "The Fels Cavalier", WFBL, Syracuse, N. Y.; born Utica, N. Y., April 1, 1914; unmarried; debut over WFBL, 1929. Fayetteville Road, Syracuse, N. Y.
BURNETTE, Jay. Baritone, WFAA, Dallas, Texas; born Dallas, July 10, 1900; married; debut over KLRA, Little Rock, Ark. Station WFAA, Dallas, Tex.
BUTLER, Eddie. Organist, KOIL, Omaha, Neb.; born Council Bluffs, Iowa, July 7, 1910; debut over KOIL, 1931. 301 North Second St., Council Bluffs, Iowa.
CARNEY, Don. "Uncle Don" in children's programs, WOR, Newark, N. J.; born St. Joseph, Mich., Aug. 19, 1889; married Marilyn Mackin; debut over WMCA, New York City, 1927. 25 Lamartine Terrace, Yonkers, N. Y.
CHUHALDIN, Alexander. Conductor "Sinfonietta" and "Melodic Strings", CRTC, Toronto, Canada, and NBC; born Viadivavcas, Caucasus, 1890; married Annette Hillhouse; one daughter; debut in Shanghai, China, 1925. 24 Oswald Crescent, Toronto, Canada.
CLOUTIER, Norman. Director, "The Merry Madcaps", WTIC, Hartford, Conn., and NBC; born Hartford, Dec. 17, 1900; married Claire Nolan; two sons; one daughter; debut over WTIC, 1925. 16 Riggs Ave., West Hartford, Conn.
COLE, Alonzo Deen. Author, producer, and star of "The Witch's Tale", WOR, Newark, N. J.; born St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 22; married Marie O'Flynn; debut over WOR, 1931. Pelham, N. Y.
CONVEY, Robert T. (Bob Thomas). Sports announcer, KWK, St. Louis, Mo.; born Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2, 1911; married Babe Hassell; debut over KWK, 1927. Station KWK, St. Louis, Mo.
COOMBS, Frank. Master of ceremonies, singer, musician, various programs, KJR and KOMO, Seattle, Wash.; born Bedford, Iowa, July 26, 1881; married Muriel Stone; debut over KFOA, Seattle, 1925. 1751 W. 58 St., Seattle, Wash.
CORLETT, Alice. Soprano, "Blend Half Hour", etc., KJR and KOMO, Seattle, Wash.; born Seattle, July 23, 1910; married Jack Davis; debut over KOL, Seattle, 1931. 4548 1/2 Eighth St., N. E., Seattle, Wash.
COWPER, Irwin. Announcer and writer, WTIC, Hartford, Conn.; born Montreal, Canada, Nov. 11, 1903; unmarried; debut over WNAC, Boston, 1928. 126 Capitol Ave., Hartford, Conn.
CRAIG, Francis. Orchestra leader, WSM, Nashville, Tenn.; born Dickson, Tenn., Sept. 10, 1901; married Elizabeth Gewen; two daughters; debut over WSM, 1925. 3822 Whitland Ave., Nashville, Tenn.
CRAVENS, Kathryn. News commentator, "News Through a Woman's Eyes", KMOX, St. Louis, Mo.; born Burkett, Texas, Oct. 27; married Rutherford Cravens; debut over KWK, St. Louis, 1928. Station KMOX, St. Louis, Mo.

CRUM, Sally. Singer and musician, WJAS, Pittsburgh, Pa.; unmarried; debut over WJAS, 1932. Station WJAS, Pittsburgh, Pa.
CRUTCHER, Marian. Actress, "The Play's the Thing", WDAF, Kansas City, Mo.; born Kansas City, June 9; unmarried; debut over WDAF, 1933. 911 West 32 St., Kansas City, Mo.
CULVER, Hal. Baritone, "Blue Room", WMBD, Peoria, Ill.; born Nashville, Tenn., March 6, 1907; unmarried; debut over WSM, Nashville, 204 Perry St., Peoria, Ill.
DADY, Ray E. News commentator, KWK, St. Louis, Mo.; born Basin City, Neb., June 19; married Marcella Hartman; debut over KWK, 1934. Station KWK, St. Louis, Mo.
DALE, Carlotta. Soprano, WCAU, Philadelphia, and CBS; born Ardmore, Pa., Feb. 16, 1915; debut over WCAU, 1933. Station WCAU, 1622 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
D'ALFONSO, Pietro. Orchestra leader, WEAN, Providence, R. I.; born Providence, Jan. 6; unmarried; debut over WEAN, 1922. Station WEAN, Providence, R. I.
DAMERON, Charles. Tenor and dramatic reader, various programs, WLW, Cincinnati; born Catlettsburg, Ky., June 29, 1903; debut over WSAZ, Huntington, W. Va. Station WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio.
DARLING, Denver. Tenor, "Nacor Programs", WWVA, Wheeling, W. Va.; born Indianola, Miss., April 6, 1909; married Garnett Virginia; one son; debut over KMOX, St. Louis, 1926. Station WWVA, Hawley Building, Wheeling, W. Va.
DAVENPORT, Marie. Organist, WBT, Charlotte, N. C.; born Palmersville, N. C., Feb. 16, 1904; married Thomas C. Harill; debut over WBT, 1924. 522 Royal Court, Charlotte, N. C.
DAWSON, Thomas. Bass-baritone, "Sunnyside Up", WCAU, Philadelphia, and CBS; born Devon, Pa., Oct. 10, 1902; unmarried; debut over NBC. Station WCAU, 1622 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
DEITZEL, Alfred. Orchestra director, KWK, St. Louis; born Clearfield, Pa., April 26, 1901; married Elizabeth Schorr; one son, one daughter; debut over KWK, 1934. Station KWK, St. Louis, Mo.
DEWHIRST, Donald. Baritone, "World Traveler", WHK, Cleveland, Ohio; born Harrison, Ohio, Oct. 23, 1904; married; debut over WLW, Cincinnati, 1928. Station WHK, 1311 Terminal Tower, Cleveland, Ohio.
DICKINSON, W. L. Tenor, KTBS, Shreveport, La.; born 1912; debut over KTBS, 1933. Station KTBS, Shreveport, La.
DINWOODEY, Annette R. Contralto, "Jack Frost Melodies", KSL, Salt Lake City, Utah; born Farmington, Utah, Feb. 17, 1906; married Clinton M. Dinwoodey; one daughter; debut over KSL, 1924. 42 Hillside Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah.
DONAHOE, Howard A. Announcer, WSPD, Toledo, Ohio; born Columbus, Ohio, April 27; married Florence Talbott; one daughter; debut over WAIU, Columbus, Ohio, 1929. Station WSPD, Commodore Perry Hotel, Toledo, Ohio.
DRAIN, Bob. Announcer, WSBT and WFAM, South Bend, Ind.; born 1914; unmarried; debut over WSBT, 1933. Station WSBT, South Bend, Ind.



Wanda Edwards



Norman Cloutier

DUNN, Eddie. Announcer and commentator, "Lightcrust Doughboys", WBAP, Fort Worth, Texas; born Rusk, Texas, Nov. 2, 1909; married Josephine Germany; one son; debut over WFAA, Dallas, 1928. 512 Monticello Drive, Ft. Worth, Texas.
DuVALL, Ward. Baritone, WGST, Atlanta, Ga.; born Aug. 24, 1914; unmarried; debut over WTOG, Savannah, Ga., 1929. Station WGST, Ansley Hotel, Atlanta, Ga.
ECKSTEIN, "Billie". Pianist, "Piano Ramblers", CFCF, Montreal, Canada; born Montreal, Dec. 16; debut over CFCF, 1922. Corona Hotel, Montreal, Canada.
EDWARDS, Bill. Actor and announcer, "Come Into the Kitchen", WMBR, Jacksonville, Fla.; born March 30, 1915; unmarried; debut over WBRC, Birmingham, Ala., Station WMBR, Jacksonville, Fla.
EDWARDS, Wanda. Blues singer, WCKY, Cincinnati, Ohio; born Crawfordsville, Ind., Dec. 13, 1916; unmarried; debut over WCKY, 1934. Station WCKY, Cincinnati, Ohio.
EISENBERTS, Joseph. Tenor, "Greater Louisville Program", WAVE, Louisville, Ky.; born Louisville, May 9; married Josephine Keifer; two daughters; debut over WHAS, Louisville, 1926. 225 Franck Ave., Louisville, Ky.
ELLINGTON, Jean. Contralto, "Time on My Hands", KPRC, San Francisco, Calif.; born Richmond, Va., May 5, 1909; married; debut over KFRC, 1931. Dorchester Hotel, San Francisco, Calif.
ELY, Howard. Organist, KMBC, Kansas City; born Ponca City, Okla., July 21, 1909; unmarried; debut over KMBC, 1930. Station KMBC, Pickwick Hotel, Kansas City, Mo.

(Continued on page 60)

"Housewife at 40—Star at 44!"

(Continued from page 35)

my people waiting at home. While not exactly invalids, they were shut-ins. I brought the excitement of the outside world to them. I would go down to New York to see plays so that I could come back and tell about them. I kept in touch with things."

Then, in her early forties, all that personal part of her life came to an end for Kate McComb. Her husband died, and her mother. Malcolm had grown up and gone away to college.

Somehow all the zest had gone out of her little local triumphs. Her audience—the audience which meant more to her than anything else in the world—was gone. Her life, devoid of its responsibilities, had become suddenly empty.

Then it occurred to her that there was no reason now why she shouldn't fulfill her long deferred dreams of a professional career in the theater. No reason except that all the odds were against her.

One hot July day she closed the house in Great Barrington and went back to New York. Her first move was to look up an old friend in the theater and ask his advice.

"See here," he said, "I know you can do it. You've got the stuff. But I wouldn't be shooting square with you if I didn't tell you that you haven't got a chance, because you have no Big Time background."

KATE respected his opinion. She thanked him. She picked up her gloves and went out, down the stairs, into the bright July sunlight.

"So," she said, "that's that." But she couldn't give up. "Why not try, anyway?" she asked herself. First she had to be persuaded that whatever happened, she wouldn't be disappointed. She would go at it in the spirit of a great adventure.

With little hope but a high heart she started making the rounds of the agencies.

Then the miracles began to happen. She got a week's stock engagement playing "St. Elmo," in Waterbury, Connecticut. The thrill of that week is still vivid in her mind. A professional at last, after twenty-four years, putting on her greasepaint, taking her curtain calls like a veteran.

But the week was soon over and she was back on Broadway, making the rounds again. Then she heard that Augustin Duncan was casting "Juno and the Paycock." It had always been one of her favorite plays. The hunger surged up in her overpoweringly. She felt she just had to get a part in that play.

She got an interview with Duncan. In one breathless speech she poured forth her whole pent-up feeling about the play. Duncan let her read the part of Juno. When she had finished he told her that the part was already spoken for. Her heart went down to her boots. Then he added that she could, if she liked, play the part of Mrs. Tancred, and understudy the leading role.

Once more one of the apparently useless million-odd bits of information which she had garnered in her long apprenticeship came to her rescue. She knew the Irish dialect down to the ground. She had learned from old servants of her mother's, from a man who drove a sprinkling cart in Great Barrington. She made a little masterpiece out of that part. Mr. Duncan himself was moved.

Then came the break that every aspiring actress dreams of. The leading lady

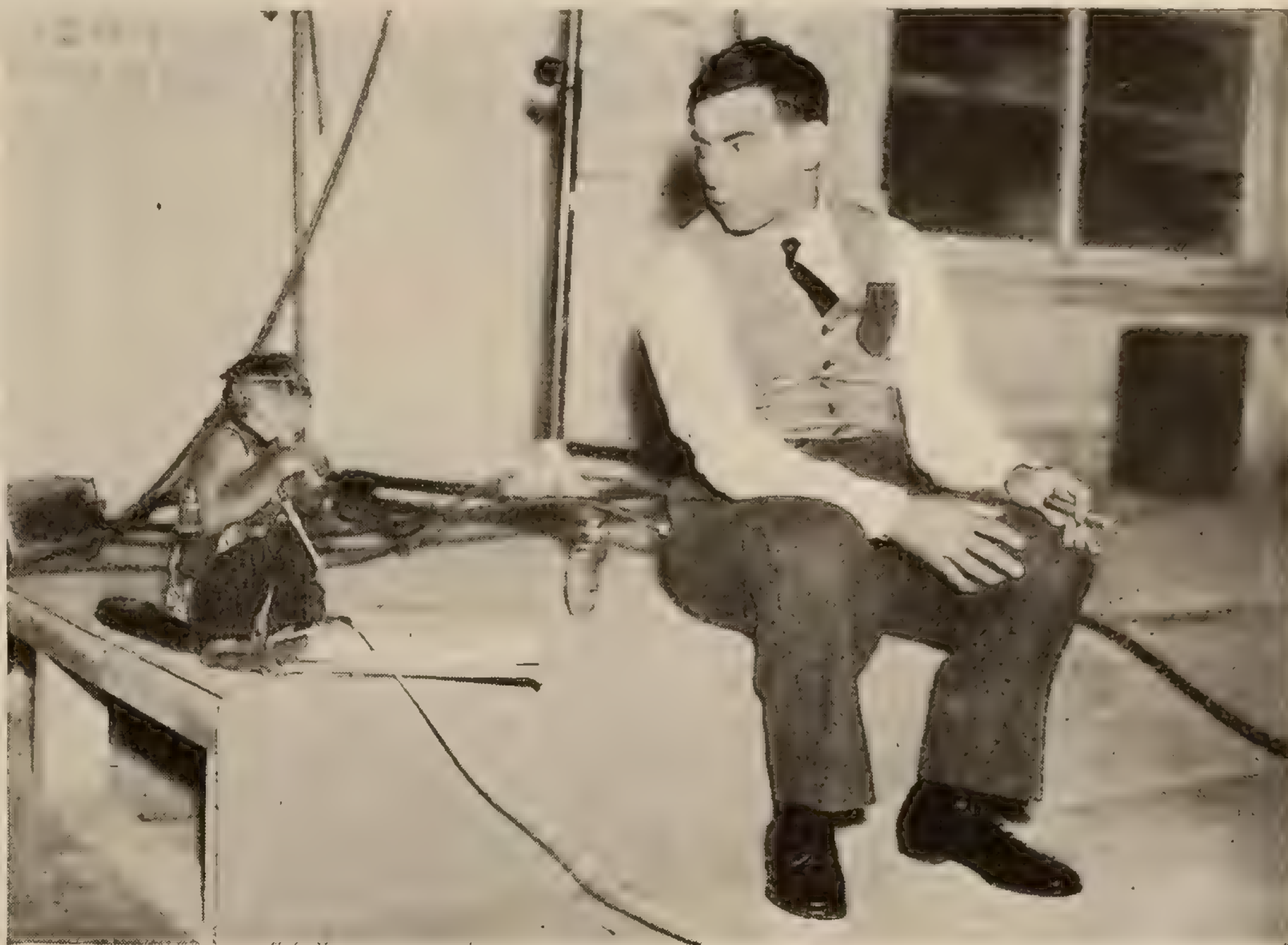
was taken ill. With only an hour's rehearsal, Kate was called in to take her place.

And there she was, her name in lights, a Broadway star, at forty-four. The dream she had hardly dared to cherish at last come true! And when Duncan himself came backstage that night holding out his hands to her, tears in his eyes, her cup of joy overflowed.

Her fight was far from being over. Two weeks later the star returned to her part. The show had its run, and closed.

But Kate McComb had had her taste of glory. She could never return now to private life. For the next few years she

Sam Goldwyn



Eddie Cantor's admiring friend is probably telling him in no uncertain terms what he thinks of the comedian's latest picture, "Shoot The Chutes."

took the theater as it came, little parts, big parts, and sometimes for long periods no parts at all.

"I was working," she said, "working at the thing I loved, and that was the thing that counted. No matter how small a part was, I gave it the best I had."

Then she turned her thoughts to radio. No one's entrance through its portals could have been less noteworthy. She went through a routine audition, and was given the routine notification: "We'll call you when anything turns up."

Finally, when she was called, weeks later, it was to speak two or three lines as the wife of a watchmaker in Prague, one hundred years ago.

That almost threw her. But, good trouper that she was, she went through with it to the best of her ability, and was rewarded, eventually, with a steady part in the "Silver Flute."

The same factor which made it possible for her to conquer Broadway also made possible her success on radio. In the twenty-four years of her apprenticeship, she had learned her job!

When the role of Mother O'Neill came along, she was ready for it, just as she had been ready when she finally got her chance on Broadway.

She loves playing Mother O'Neill, for the part of the warm and humorous matriarch is very real to her. The only hard part comes when she is doing those scenes with Danny, especially when Danny is in trouble. Then it is sometimes difficult for her to keep from breaking. For Danny reminds her so poignantly of her own son, Malcolm, the only one left to her of that little family circle in Great Barrington. And Malcolm has been lying ill in a hospital for many months.

And mention of Malcolm brought her back to that very special reason why she was so very thankful that she had never abandoned her hopes and her ambitions.

"You can imagine," she said, her eyes abnormally bright, "what it means to me to be able to earn the money to give Malcolm every comfort and the best of medical care which I know will eventually bring him back to health. And it is particularly wonderful to be able to aid him through work that I love, work that not only helps me to forget my own troubles, but perhaps helps others for a little while to forget theirs."

There's still hope in this world where there's high courage like Kate McComb's!

Do You Want to Be a Radio Star?

Have you dreamed of quitting your job and seeking your pot of gold at the end of the radio rainbow? Then read in next month's RADIO MIRROR the message of warning from a popular singer to every young hopeful. Watch for "Confessions of a Contest Winner."

LIST OF STATIONS

3 P.M.

1. Find the Hour Column. (All time given is Eastern Standard Time. Subtract one hour for Central Standard time, two for Mountain time, three for Pacific time.)
2. Read down the column for the programs which are in black type.
3. Find the day or days the programs are broadcast directly after the programs in abbreviations.

1. Read the station list at the left. Find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, Coast, and Canadian; NBC—on the following pages—into Red and Blue Basic, and five supplementary groups—Southeast, Southwest, South Central, Northwest, Coast and Canadian.)

2. Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your group is included.
3. If your station is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour columns.
4. NBC network stations are listed on the following page.

6 P.M.

Melodiana: Sun. 1/2
hr. Basic plus WCCO
WHEC CFRB minus
WGR CKLW

Mark Warnow's Orchestra: Fri. 1/2 hr.
WABC and network

Jimmy Farrell: Thurs.
¼ hr. WABC and net-
work

Fri. $\frac{1}{4}$ hr. WABC
WCAO WCAU WDRC
WEAN WFBL WGR

Tito Guizar: Tues.
Thurs. 1/4 hr. WABC
and network

Did you know that Jimmy Farrell, who sings for CBS every Thursday at 5:15, also teaches a course in diction for the New York Schools of Music? . . . Billy Halop, the "Bobby Benson" of radio fame, received rave notices from every critic in town when he appeared recently in a Broadway play.

4 P.M.

4:00
Salvation Army
Band: Thurs. ¼ hr.
WABC and network
The Grab Bag: Fri. ½
hr. WABC and network

4:15
Chicago Varieties:
Mon. $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. WABC
and network
Curtis Institute of
Music: Wed. $\frac{3}{4}$ hr.
WABC and network

4:30
Science Service: Tues.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ hr. WABC and
network
U. S. Army Band: Fri.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. WABC and net-
work

4:45
Three Little Words
Trio: Tues. $\frac{1}{4}$ hr.
WABC and network

The Curtis Institute of Music is with us once more—Wednesday at 4:15—providing the best in chamber and symphonic music. The students who do the playing aren't professionals—yet—but this is certainly no amateur hour either... You're apt to be hearing the Three Little Words trio every now and then at different times. Billie Severance, Frances Joy, and Bath Raborn are the members of the trio, and they all have that southern accent. Herb Cook provides their clever arrangements.

3:00
Philharmonic Symphony of N. Y.: Sun.
 2 hr. Entire network
 minus WGR WJSV
 KFAB KMBC KMOX
 KRNT WCOA WDSU
 WGL WHP WNAX
 WOWO WPG WSFA
 WWVA KTUL

Women's Page: Tues.
 Hour WABC and network

The Oleanders: Thurs.
 ¼ hr. WABC and network

3:30
"Whoa Pincus": Wed.
 ½ hr. WABC and network
Do You Remember: Thurs. ½ hr.
 WABC and network
Down by Herman's:
 Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network

For the first time in its history, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra will play a program selected from votes cast by members of its radio audience. The date is December 1. The occasion marks the 200th broadcast by that august musical group over the CBS system. Otto Klemperer, Los Angeles maestro, will once more be wielding the baton. He'll continue until the return of Arturo Toscanini soon after the first of the year.

2:00
Between the Book-
ends: Mon. Tues. Wed.
Thurs. Fri. $\frac{1}{4}$ hr.
WABC and network
Tito Guizar: Sat. $\frac{1}{4}$
hr. WABC and network

2:15
Happy Hollow: Mon.
Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.
¼ hr. WABC and net-
work

2:30
Between the Book-
ends: Sun. ¼ hr.
WABC and network
American School of
the Air: Mon. Tues.
Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½
hr. WABC and network
Football: Sat. 4 hr.
WABC and network

2:45
Blue Flames: Sun. ¼
hr. WABC and net-
work

Old King Football is responsible for switching "Down by Herman's", popular CBS Saturday afternoon feature, to Fridays at 3:30. Tune in and let its recreation of an old-time German beer-garden make you join in the chorus of "Ach, du lieber Augustine."

1:00
Church of the Air: Sun. ½ hr. WABC and network
Orchestra: Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. WABC and network

1:30
Musical Footnotes:
 Sun. ¼ hr. WABC
 WCAU WBBM WGR
 WHAS WJAS WJR
 WJSV WKRC WNAC
 KMBC KMOX KRNT
 WBNS WCCO WREC
Milton Charles: Tues.
 ¼ hr. WABC and net-
 work
Jan Savitt Orchestra:
 Wed. ¼ hr. WABC
 and network

1:45
Sisters of the Skillet:
 Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus
 WBNS WBRC WBT
 WCCO WDBJ WDSU
 WGST WHEC WHP
 WIBX WICC WMBG
 WNOX WORC WREC
 WTOC KOMA KRLL
 KTRH KTSA coast
 minus WFBL WGR
 WSPD KRNT
Alexander Semmler:
 Mon ¼ hr. WABC and
 network

12:00
Salt Lake City
Tabernacle: Sun.
½ hr. WABC and
network
Voice of Experi-
ence: Mon. Tues.
Wed. Thurs. Fri.
¼ hr. Basic plus
WBT WCCO
WHCE WOWO
WWVA KLZ KSL
minus WKBW
WOKO KFAB
KRNT

12:15
The Gumps: Mon.
 Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.
 Basic plus WBNS
 WBRC WCCO
 WDSU WGST
 WMAS WOWO
 WREC KLRA
 KOMA KRLD
 KSCJ KTRH
 KTSA coast minus
 WADC WFBM
 WKBW WSPD

12:30
"Mary Marlin":
Mon. Tues. Wed.
Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.
Basic plus coast,
WCCO minus
WBBM WGR
WOKO

12:45
Transatlantic
Broadcast: Sun.
¼ hr. WABC and
network
"FiveStarJones:"
Mon. Tues. Wed.
Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.
WABC WBBM
WFB L W H K
W J A S W K R C
W N A C K M B C
K M O X W J R
W B T W G S T
K R L D coast minus
K F P Y K G B K O I N
K O L K V I

12
NOON - 1 P.M.

2 P.M.

7 P.M.

8 P.M.

9 P.M.

10 P.M.

11 P.M. MIDNIGHT

12

6 P.M.

6:00
Amateur Hour with Ray Perkins: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus coast, WBNS WBT WCCO WDSU WGST WHEC WLAC WREC KRLD minus WADC WEAN WGR WNAC WSPD KRNT CKLW
Buck Rogers: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ½ hr. WABC WAAB WCAU WFBL WHK WJAS WJR WJSV WKBW WOKO
Kaltenborn Edits The News: Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network
Frederic William Wile: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network

6:15
Bobby Benson: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WAAB WCAU WDRS WEAN WFBL WGR WHEC WOKO
Og, Son of Fire: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WBBM KRNT KMBC KMOX
Benay Venuta: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Patti Chapin: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Three Little Words: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network

6:30
Smilin' Ed McConnell: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus coast, WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDSU WHEC WLAC KFH KRLD minus WADC WFBM WGR WNAC WOKO WSPD KMBC KFPY KWG

6:35
Vanished Voices: Mon. Wed. ½ hr. WABC WAAB WCAU WCAU WFBL WHEC WJSV WKBW WOKO WORC

6:45
Voice of Experience: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus WBT WCCO WHEC WWVA minus WGR WJSV WNAC WOKO WFAB KMBC KRNT CKLW
Sandra Brown: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network

7:00
Alexander Woolcott: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WCCO KRLD coast minus WAAB WADC WEAN WFBM WKBW WSPD CKLW
Myrt and Marge: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic plus WBT WDAE WDBO WQAM WTOC WWVA minus WAAB WFBM WHAS WKBW KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT
The Atlantic Family: Sat. ½ hr. WABC WADC WCAU WCAU WDRS WEAN WFBL WGR WHK WJAS WNAC WOKO WBIG WBNS WBRC WBT WCOA WDAE WDBJ WDBO WHEC WHP WIBX WICC WMAS WMBG WMBR WORC WQAM WSJS WTOC WWVA

7:15
Vocals by Verrill: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Jimmy Farrell: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Imperial Hawaiian Band: Wed. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Lazy Dan: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WAAB WFBM WHAS WKBW KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT

7:30
Phil Baker: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus supplementary minus WAAB WBBM WKBW WSPD KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT WCCO WESG WIBW WISN WMBD WMBG WNAX WOC WOWO WPG KFH KGKO KOMA KSCJ KTUL KVOR
Singin' Sam: Mon. ¼ hr. Basic plus WCCO minus WAAB WKBW KMBC
Kate Smith: Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic plus WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDAE WDSU WGST WISN WKBW WLBZ WMAS WMBG WMBR WWVA KRLD KTRH minus WAAB WKBW WSPD
Carborundum Band: Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WAAB WADC WDRS WFBM WJSV WKBW WOKO WSPD KRNT plus WBT WCCO

7:45
Boake Carter: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus KOMA KRLD WBT WCCO minus WAAB WADC WFBM WKBW WOKO WSPD KFAB KRNT

8:00
Eddie Cantor: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDOD WDSU WGST WHEC WICC WLAC WOWO WREC KFH KLRA KLZ KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSA KTUL KWKH minus WAAB WKBW
Guy Lombardo: Mon. ½ hr. WABC WCAU WCAU WDRS WEAN WFBM WGR WJAS WJSV WNAC WOKO WBIT WBT WDBJ WDNC WDOD WDSU WHEC WHP WIBX WICC WLAC WLBZ WMAS WMBG WNOX WORC WPG WREC WSJS WWVA KLR A KWK H
Lavender and Old Lace: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WAAB WKBW CKLW
Cavalcade of America: Wed. ½ hr. Basic plus coast, WCCO WDSU WGST WLAC WMBG KRLD minus WAAB WKBW
Harvester Cigars: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WCCO WMAS WSMK minus WAAB WKBW
Red Horse Tavern: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WCCO WHEC WIBW WICC WLBZ WMAS WMBD WOC WORC KFH minus WAAB WKBW
We Americans: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

8:30
Leslie Howard: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus coast, WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDSU WHEC WLAC WOWO WREC KLRA KOMA KRLD KTRH KTUL minus WAAB WKBW
Pick and Pat: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus WBT WCCO WGST WHEC WHP WICC WLBZ WMAS WMBG KSCJ
Packard Presents Lawrence Tibbett: Tues. ½ hr. Entire network minus WESG WFEA WMBD WOWO WPG WSBT WSMK WWVA
Burns and Allen: Wed. ½ hr. Basic plus supplementary minus WAAB WKBW
Atwater Kent Hour: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic plus coast, WBT WCCO WDAE WDBO WDSU WGST WLAC WLBZ WMBR WNOX WQAM WREC KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSA
Broadway Varieties: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus coast, WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDSU WGST WMAS WMBG KOMA

9:00
Ford Sunday Evening Hour: Sun. 1 hr. Entire network
Lux Radio Theater: Mon. one hr. Basic plus coast, CFRB CKAC WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDAE WDBJ WDSU WGST WHEC WICC WISN WLAC WNAX WORC WQAM WREC KLRA KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSA KTUL minus WAAB WGR
Camel Caravan: Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. Entire network minus coast, WAAB WGR WCOA WESG WISN WOC WSMK WWVA KVOR
Chesterfield Presents: Wed. Sat. ½ hr. Entire network minus Canadian, WAAB WGR WESG WSBT WSMK WWVA
Hollywood Hotel: Fri. one hr. Entire network minus WAAB WGR WCOA WALA WBIT WCOA WDNC WDOD WESG WISN WKBW WOC WOWO WSBT WSFA WSJS WSMK WTOC WWVA KGKO

9:30
Fred Waring: Tues. one hr. Entire network minus WAAB WGR WESG WSMK WWVA WMBG
Ray Noble: Wed. ½ hr. Entire network minus WAAB WGR WOKO WDNC WISN WMAS WIBX WSJS WNAX WKBH KVOR
"To Arms for Peace": Thurs. ½ hr. Basic plus coast, WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDOD WDSU WGST WHEC WHP WISN WLAC WMBG WMBR WOWO WREC WTOC KFH KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSA KWKH minus WAAB WGR
Marty May-Time: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

A new sponsored program is the Imperial Hawaiian Band, conjuring up exotic visions of Waikiki and Diamond Head, every Wednesday at 7:15. . . . Have you listened to Sandra Brown yet? She's a new blues singer, on an afternoon sustaining schedule. . . . Virginia Verrill has her own program, too, Monday at 7:15. . . . And the Carborundum Band has started its tenth season on the air, with Francis Bowman as its story-teller and Edward d'Anna putting his men through their musical paces. The actual roar of Niagara Falls is still an important part of the show, too.

10:00
Wayne King, Lady Esther: Sun. Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WCCO WDSU WIBW KRLD coast minus WBBM WEAN WGR WNAC KRNT
Alemite Hour: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic plus coast, WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDBO WDSU WGST WISN WLAC WMBG WNAX WOC WQAM WREC KFH KLRA KRLD KTRH KTSA KTUL minus WAAB WADC WEAN WGR WSPD
Richard Himber with Stuart Allen: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WBT WCCO WGST WSBT KFH minus WEAN WGR WNAC KRNT
Salon Moderne: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

10:30
Benay Venuta: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC and network
The March of Time: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus coast, WCCO WDSU WGST KRLD minus WAAB WGR

10:45
Clyde Barrie: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Mary Eastman: Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

One of the most impressive of the new programs is the "Cavalcade of America", heard at 8 o'clock Wednesdays. With the help of famous recruits from stage and screen, it dramatizes American ideals and traditions. . . . Something new is the "We Americans" program, Saturdays at 8. Walter Pitkin, noted writer and lecturer, is its master of ceremonies, and we hear him talk in an informal, chatty way to representative citizens of the nation—people who might be our neighbors. At the end of the series we ought to have a pretty fair cross-section of the country. . . . Leslie Howard will soon be doing his broadcasts of "The Amateur Gentleman" from New York, while he prepares to act and produce "Hamlet" on the stage.

11:00
Abe Lyman Orchestra: Mon. Sat. WABC and network
Dance Orchestra: Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network

11:30
Dance Orchestra: Sun. WABC and network
Jerry Freeman's Orchestra: Mon. Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network
Dance Orchestra: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. WABC and network

Rebroadcasts for Western Listeners:

11:00
Eddie Cantor: Sun. ½ hr. Coast
Myrt and Marge: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WBBM WFBM WHAS KFAB KMBC KMOX WALA WBRC WCCO WDSU WGST WLAC WREC WSFA KLRA KOMA KRLD KTRH and coast

11:15
Singin' Sam: Mon. ¼ hr. Coast
Lazy Dan: Fri. ½ hr. KMOX WFBM WHAS

11:30
Voice of Experience: Sun. ¼ hr. Coast
Pick and Pat: Mon. ½ hr. Coast
Camel Caravan: Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. Coast plus KVOR
Burns and Allen: Wed. ½ hr. Coast plus KVOR

Little Jack Little has had to suspend all his musical activities, including his popular dance-band broadcasts, for an indefinite period. His physician ordered him to take a vacation. . . . With the various countries of Europe getting madder at each other by the minute, the regular CBS Sunday afternoon transatlantic broadcasts take on an added interest. Headline news may come over them yet before the winter's out. . . . Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra includes thirteen former soloists and concertmasters. . . . Ray Noble's program with Babs Ryan and her brothers on Wednesday evenings has temporarily crowded the fast-moving western, "Six-Gun Justice", off the air, but it may be back on another schedule by the time you read this.

12 NOON 1 P.M. 2 P.M. 3 P.M. 4 P.M. 5 P.M. 6 P.M.

BLUE NETWORK

12:00
American Pageant of Youth: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WCKY WMAL WSYR KDKA
Simpson Boys: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
12:15
Merry Macs: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Genia Fonarova, soprano: Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
12:30
Radio City Music Hall: Sun. Hour—network
National Farm and Home Hour: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. one hr. WJZ and network

1:30
Highlights of the Bible: Sun. ½ hr. network
Orchestra: Mon. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Castles of Romance: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Old Skipper: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network

1:45
Happy Jack: Mon. Tues. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.

2:00
The Magic Key of RCA: Sun. 1 hr. Basic Blue plus entire supplementary plus CFCF
Words and Music: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network

2:30
NBC Music Guild: Mon. Thurs. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Golden Melodies: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and network
National Congress of Parents and Teachers Association: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and network

2:45
General Federation of Women's Clubs: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

3:00
The Silver Flute: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and network

3:15
Pine Mountain Merry-makers: Sun. ½ hr. Basic blue plus northwest minus WCKY WLS
Sketch: Wed. ¼ hr. network
Herald of Sanity: Thurs. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

3:30
Vaughn de Leath: Mon. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Nellie Revell: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Music Magic: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Spotlight Revue: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and network

3:45
The King's Jesters: Mon. Tues. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Norsemen Quartet: Thurs. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

4:00
Sunday Vespers: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Betty and Bob: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic blue plus northwest, coast, KVOO WOAI WFAA WKY minus WCKY WFIL WLS WMT WREN KSO
Teddy Hill's Orchestra: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network

4:15
Songs and Stories: Mon. ¼ hr. network
Jackie Heller: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

4:30
Fascinating Rhythm: Tues. Wed. Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network
NBC Radio Guild: Thurs. one hr. WJZ and network

4:45
Strolling Songsters: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

Ben Bernie and a new program turn up on the Blue network—with all the lads. A can company payrolls . . . For more serious listeners, NBC offers Warden Lawes of Sing Sing, Wednesday at 9:30, and "America's Town Meeting", on which famous people discuss problems of the day, same time Thursdays.

5:00
Roses and Drums: Sun. ½ hr. Basic blue minus WCKY WLS
Junior Radio Journal: Mon. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
American Medical Association Program: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and network

5:15
Jackie Heller: Sat. ¼ hr. network

5:30
Bob Becker: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic blue network
Singing Lady: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WFIL WGAR WHAM WLW WMAL WSYR WXYZ CFCF CRCT KDKA

5:45
Gabriel Heatter: Sat. Sun. ¼ hr. Basic blue plus south central
Little Orphan Annie: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Blue minus WCKY WENR WLS WMT WREN KOIL KSO KWK

LIST OF STATIONS

BASIC BLUE

WJZ
WBAL
WBZ
WBZA
WCKY
WENR
WFIL
WGAR
WHAM
WLS

WMAL
WMT
WREN
WSYR
WXYZ
KDKA
KOIL
KSO
KWK

BASIC RED

WEAF
WBEN
WCAE
WCSH
WDAF
WEEI
WFBR
WGY
WHIO
WHO
WJAR

WMAQ
WOW
WRC
WSAI
WTAG
WTAM
WTIC
WWJ
KSD
KYW

SUPPLEMENTARY

(Used by both Red and Blue networks)

SOUTHEAST

WFLA
WIOD
WIS
WJAX
WPTF

WRVA
WSOC
WTAR
WWNC

SOUTHWEST

KPRC
KTBS
KTHS
KVOO

WBAP
WFAA
WKY
WOAI

SOUTH CENTRAL

WAPI
WAVE
WJDX
WMC

WSB
WSM
WSMB

NORTHWEST

KFYR
KSTP
WDAY

WEBC
WIBA
WTMJ

COAST

KDYL
KFI
KGO
KGW

KHQ
KOA
KOMO
KPO

CANADIAN

CFCF

CRCT

RED NETWORK

11:30
Major Bowes' Capitol Family: Sun. one hr. WFAF and network

12:15
Honeyboy and Sassafrass: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

12:30
University of Chicago Discussions: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Merry Madcaps: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. Network

1:00
Road to Romany: Sun. ½ hr. WFAF and network

1:15
Orchestra: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

1:30
Words and Music: Sun. ½ hr. WFAF and network

1:45
NBC Music Guild: Tues. ¾ hr. WFAF and network

2:00
Bible Dramas: Sun. ½ hr.
Revolving Stage: Mon. ½ hr.
The Magic of Speech: Fri. ½ hr.

2:30
Vox Pop, The Voice of the People: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Red
The South Sea Islanders: Mon. ½ hr. WFAF and network
Rhythm Octette: Tues. ½ hr.
NBC Music Guild: Wed. ½ hr. WFAF and network
Airbreaks: Fri. ½ hr. WFAF and network
Weekend Revue: Sat. 1 hr. WFAF and network

3:00
Pat Kennedy: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

3:15
Oxydol's Ma Perkins: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus coast northwest WLW WLS KPRC KVOO WBAP WKY WOAI KFYR minus WHIO WJAR WMAQ WSAI KSD WIBA

3:30
Vic and Sade: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus coast WLW KPRC KVOO WBAP WKY WOAI KFYR KSTP WEBC minus WHIO WSAI
NBC Music Guild: Sat. ½ hr. WFAF and network

3:45
The O'Neills: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus coast, WLW WTMJ KSTP WEBC WDAY minus WHIO WSAI

4:00
Temple of Song: Sun. ½ hr. WFAF and network
Woman's Radio Review: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. WFAF and network ½ hr.
Lucille Manners: Sat. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

4:30
Dorothy Dreslin: Sun. ¼ hr. WFAF and network
Girl Alone: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network
Our Barn: Sat. ½ hr. WFAF and network

4:45
Grandpa Burton: Mon. ¼ hr. WFAF and network
Betty Marlowe and her Californians: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WBEN WCAE WDAF WHIO WMAQ WOW WTMJ WWJ KSD CFCF CRCT KPRC KVOO WFAA WKY WOAI plus coast

With a new load of baffling questions to ask unsuspecting victims, Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson are back on their Vox Pop program, Sundays at 2:30 . . . Tune in NBC's new singing star, Lucille Manners, Saturday afternoons.

5:00
Penthouse Serenade: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Red plus entire supplementary list minus WHO KSD WFAA WTMJ CRCT KGW
Al Pearce and His Gang: Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. Basic Red plus coast
Boston Civic Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. WFAF and network.

5:30
Temple of Song: Sat. ½ hr. WFAF and network
Dream Drama: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHO WOW WHIO KSD
Tom Mix Program: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus KSD WDAF WHO WOW WMAQ WTIC

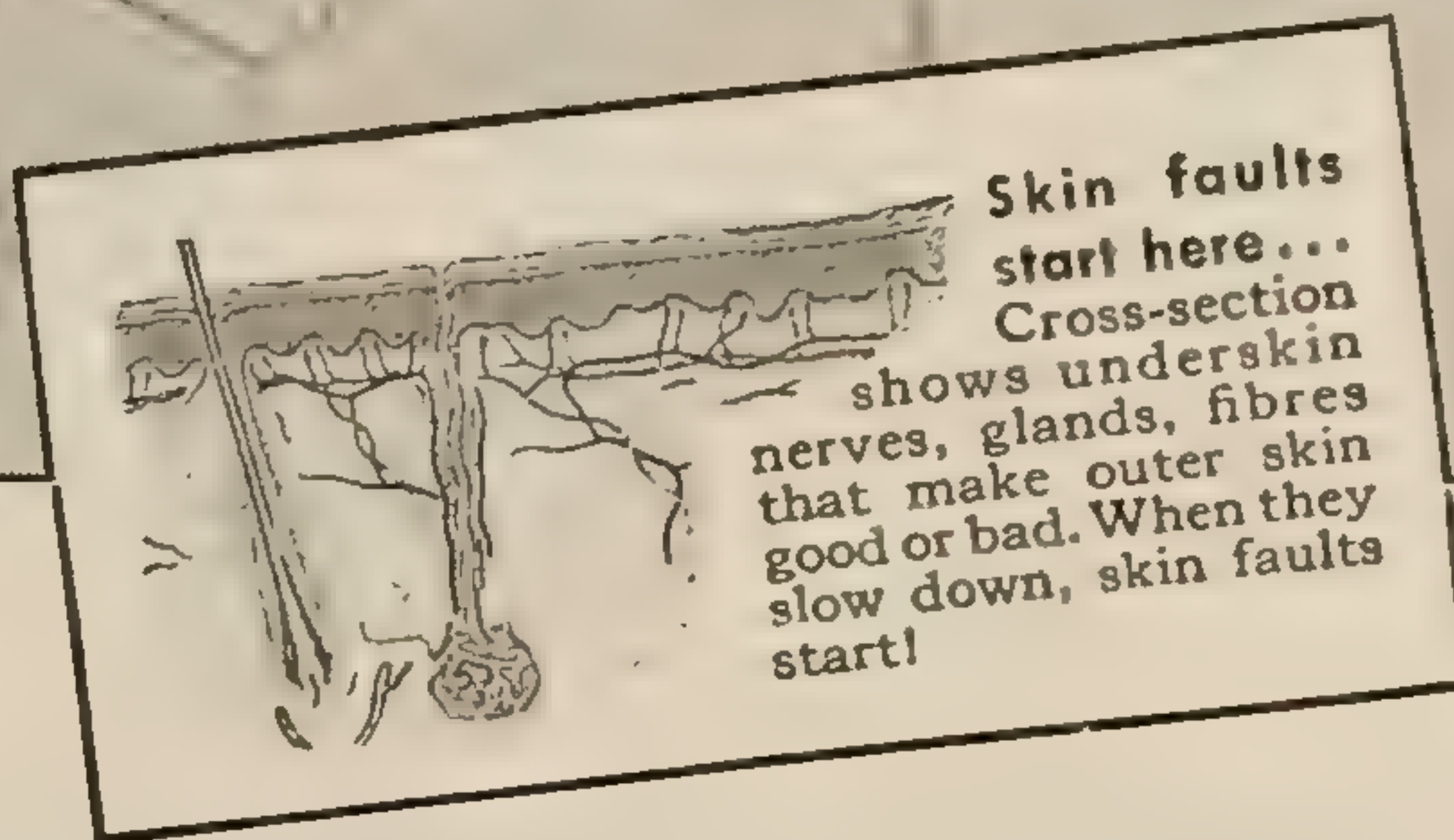
5:45
Music by Al Goodman: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus WIRE
Clara Lu 'n' Em: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus entire supplementary list minus WJAR WMAQ WBAP

Penthouse Serenade has moved to a 5 o'clock schedule . . . Bing Crosby's new show will take over Paul Whiteman's former hour on December 5 . . . N.T.G. and his girls have switched to the Red network, Tuesday at 9.

"BAD SKIN" means—A Lazy Under Skin



Miss Helen Mitchell Stedman, of an old Boston family, says:
"Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin much finer. Pores don't show!"



Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III

Not a single flaw in the skin of this beautiful young Society woman! She says: "The last thing before bed—every morning, too—I use Pond's Cold Cream. It stimulates and tones up my skin . . . Blackheads and blemishes just never come!"

Underlying glands, nerves, fibres . . . need rousing with this deep-skin cream

TODAY, stand close to some girl you know. Gaze right at the skin on her nose, on her chin. Isn't it awful?—the way coarse pores and blackheads stand out!

Your own face gets the same "third degree" every time you're at arm's length. People think, Why don't you *do something* about your skin?

Yet it's not the skin they see that's at fault. It's your lazy *underskin*! Tiny glands are overtaxed . . . The oil they give off is thick . . . clogs the pores on its way out. What follow are the blackheads, coarse pores that ruin your good looks!

Even heartbreaking lines and sagging contours are just the outward signs of an underskin "let-down"!

Stop Skin Faults . . .

But you can quicken that underskin—rouse it, set it to work. Yes, you can!—with this deep-skin cream of Pond's.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go straight to the underskin. Even as you smooth it on, you see it go in, come out—thickened with grayish dirt, stale make-up. Now your skin is clean. Clear to its depths!

Now smooth on more Pond's Cold Cream. Pat it in sharply with firm finger tips. This way you rouse that lazy underskin. Nerves, glands and fibres "step lively" . . . flush your skin with new fault-fighting vigor! Keep this up. See how quickly bad skin becomes "a good complexion."

Tip-ends of blackheads loosen. Deep-lodged matter comes out . . . fine texture takes the place of every blemish. Even critical eyes can't find anything wrong!

For a Beautiful Skin

Every Night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly. Your underskin *feels* it . . . gets awakened. Your outer skin *shows* it . . . blooms fresh, unblemished!

Every Morning, and always before make-up, renew this newly-won freshness with Pond's Cold Cream. See it brighten your skin—soften it. Now powder can't possibly catch or flake!

Try this cream without delay. Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids*

POND'S, Dept. A131, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

6PM

7PM

8PM

9PM

10PM

11PM

12
MIDNIGHT

6:00

Tony and Gus: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network
U. S. Army Band: Mon. ½ hr. network
Animal News Club: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

6:30

Grand Hotel: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus KSTP WEBC and coast
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. WJZ network

6:40

Morin Sisters: Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

6:45

Lowell Thomas: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WLW WMAL WSYR WXYZ KD KA WFLA WIOD WJAX WOOD WRVA WTAM CRCT

7:00

Jack Benny with Johnny Green's Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus entire supplementary list minus coast WCKY WLS WAPI WBAP KTHS
Easy Aces: Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic Blue plus coast minus WLS WREN
Message of Israel: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network

7:15

Ivory Stamp Club: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Blue minus WLS WREN
Phil Regan: Thurs. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

7:30

Bob Ripley with Ozzie Nelson: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus entire supplementary list minus WENR WFIL WIS WSOC WAPI WAVE KTBS KTHS WBAP
Lum 'n' Abner: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBZ WBZA WSYR WENR WGAR WLW
Jamboree: Sat. ¾ hr. WJZ and network

7:45

Dangerous Paradise: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Blue minus WCKY WFIL WGAR WHAM WLS WMT WXYZ plus WAVE WJDX WMC WSB WSMB KTBS
Mario Cozzi: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

8:00

NBC Light Opera: Sun. ¾ hr. WJZ and network
Fibber Mc Gee and Molly: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus south central, southwest, northwest, and coast, minus WENR KWK WAPI KTHS WBAP
Eno Crime Clues: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW minus WCKY WENR KWK
Rendezvous: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus CRCT
Nickelodeon: Thurs. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Irene Rich: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Blue plus WAVE WMC WSB WSM WIRE KTAR and coast

8:15

Bob Crosby: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic blue network

8:30

Evening in Paris: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Blue network
Welcome Valley, Edgar A. Guest: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW minus WCKY WENR
House of Glass: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW and southeast minus WCKY WENR
Kellogg College Prom, Red Nichols: Fri. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus KTAR KFSD and coast minus WCKY WENR

9:00

Life is a Song: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW
Sinclair Minstrels: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WJDX WMC WSB WSM WSMB KOA KDYL WLW, southeast, southwest, and northwest
Ben Bernie: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW southeast, southwest
John Charles Thomas: Wed. ¾ hr. Basic Blue plus WIRE and coast
Death Valley Days: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW
Palmolive Beauty Box: Fri. one hr. Basic Blue plus WIRE KPRC KTBS WFAA WKY WOA1, Canadian southeast, south central

9:30

Walter Winchell: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic
Princess Pat Players: Mon. ½ hr. Basic
Helen Hayes: Tues. ½ hr. Basic
Warden Lawes: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus coast
America's Town Meeting: Thurs. 1 hr. WJZ and network
National Barn Dance: Sat. Hour Basic Blue plus WIRE WOOD, south central, southwest.

9:45

Niela Goodelle: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic

10:00

Sunday Evening at Seth Parker's: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Raymond Knight: Mon. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Wendall Hall: Tues. ¼ hr. Basic Blue plus WIRE WOOD CFCF minus WLS
Meetin' House: Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and network

10:15

Ray Heatherton: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

10:30

Soft Lights and Sweet Music: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Armco Ironmaster: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW minus WCKY WLS
Heart Throbs of the Hills: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Jimmy Fidler: Wed. ¼ hr. Basic Blue plus southwest, coast, minus WLS KVOO WBAP
Highlights in Harmony: Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Carefree Carnival: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network

11:00

Dorothy Lamour: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.

11:15

Shandor: Sun. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Ink Spots: Mon. Wed. Fri. WJZ and network

Rebroadcasts for Western listeners:

11:00

National Barn Dance: Sat. 1 hr. northwest, coast, WLW KGU

11:15

Walter Winchell: Sun. ¼ hr. south central, southwest, coast, KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR
Lum and Abner: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Coast

11:30

Jack Benny: Sun. ½ hr. Coast, KGU KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR
House of Glass: Wed. ½ hr. south central southwest, northwest, coast, WIRE
Palmolive Beauty Box: Fri. 1 hr. WLW KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR and coast

12:00

Life is a Song: Sun. ½ hr. coast
Helen Hayes: Mon. ½ hr. coast

12:30

Eno Crime Clues: Tues. ½ hr. coast

1:15

Rendezvous: Wed. ½ hr. coast

RED ↓

NATIONAL

↑ BLUE

6:00

Catholic Hour: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Flying Time: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

6:15

Mid-week Hymn Sing: Tues. ¼ hr. network

6:20

Mary Small: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

6:30

Echoes of New York Town: Sun. 1 hr. WFAF only
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

6:35

Stanley High: Mon. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network
Connie Gates: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

6:45

Billy and Betty: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. WFAF only
Religion in the News: Sat. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

7:00

K-7: Sun. ½ hr. network only
Amos 'n' Andy: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WBEN WCAE WCSH WEEI WFBR WGY WJAR WLW WRC WTAG WTIC KSD CRCT
Thornton Fisher: Sat. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE WLW KOA KDYL, Southeast, south central, southwest, northwest, minus WHO WSAI KTHS KVOO WFAA WTMJ

7:15

Uncle Ezra's Radio Station: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Red minus WHO WTIC WWJ KSD
Popeye, The Sailor: Tues. Thurs. Sat. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE and northwest, minus WEEI WHO WTIC WTMJ

7:30

Sigurd Nilssen, basso Graham McNamee: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE minus WEEI WHO
Music is My Hobby: Thurs. ¼ hr. WFAF and network
The Sizzlers: Sat. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

7:45

Sunset Dreams: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus WLW WIRE CRCT CFCF minus WEEI WSAI
You and Your Government: Tues. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

8:00

Major Bowes Amateur Hour: Sun. Hour Basic Red plus entire supplementary list plus WBZ WBZA WLW KTAR, minus WEEI WHIO WSAI WSOC WAPI KTBS KTHS WBAP WIBA
Hammerstein's Music Hall: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Red
Leo Reisman: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Red plus entire supplementary list minus coast
One Man's Family: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WLW WIRE KTAR plus entire supplementary list
Rudy Vallee: Thurs. Hour Basic Red plus WLW KTAR CRCT CFCF, coast, northwest
Cities Service: Fri. Hour—Basic Red plus CRCT KOA WIOD WRVA KPRC KTBS KTHS WFAA WKY WOA1 KSTP WEBC WTMJ
The Hit Parade: Sat. 1 hr. Basic Red plus supplementary WLW WIRE KGIR KGHL KFSD KTAR KGU

8:30

Voice of Firestone: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE CRCT CFCF, southeast, south central, southwest, northwest
Lady Esther, Wayne King: Tues. Wed. ½ hr. Basic Red, plus WIRE WTAR, south central, southwest, northwest

9:00

Manhattan Merry Go Round: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Red plus northwest, coast, CFCF
A and P Gypsies: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus WIRE
N. T. G. and His Girls: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE, south central, coast
Town Hall Tonight: Wed. Hour—Basic Red plus WLW, southeast, south central, southwest, northwest
Show Boat Hour: Thurs. Hour—Basic Red plus supplementary plus WIRE KGHL KGIR KFSD KTAR
Waltz Time: Fri. ½ hr. Basic Red
Rubloff and His Violin: Sat. ½ hr. Basic red plus all supplementary plus WLW WIRE KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR

9:30

American Musical Revue: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Red plus all supplementary
Grace Moore: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WLW WIRE KFSD KTAR KGIR KGHL plus all supplementary
Jumbo: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WLW KFSD KTAR KGHL plus all supplementary
True Story: Fri. ½ hr. Basic Red plus coast KFSD KTAR
Shell Chateau: Sat. 1 hr. Basic Red plus coast, northwest KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR

10:00

General Motors Concerts: Sun. Hour Basic Red plus WIRE KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR KGU and all supplementary minus KSD KVOO WFAA
Contented Program: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Red plus coast, southeast, CRCT CFCF WMC WSB WSM KPRC WFAA WKY WOA1 minus WHIO WSOC
Swift Hour with Sigmond Romberg and Deems Taylor: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WLW CRCT, coast, northwest, southwest, minus WSAI KVOO WFAA
Log Cabin Show: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Red plus Coast, southwest, minus WHO KVOO WBAP
Bing Crosby: Thurs. Hour Basic Red plus all supplementary plus WLW KTAR minus WHIO WSAI WAPI WFAA
Campana's First Nighter: Fri. ½ hr. Basic Red plus coast WLW KTAR KFSD WFLA WIOD WJAX WRVA WWMC WMC WSB WSM WSMB KPRC KVOO WFAA WCKY WOA1 KSTP WEBC WTMJ minus WHIO WSAI

10:30

Elgin Campus Revue: Fri. ½ hr. Basic Red plus all supplementary minus WHO WAPI WSM KTHS WBAP

11:00

Orchestra: Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Sat. ½ hr.
John B. Kennedy: Thurs. ½ hr. WFAF and network
George R. Holmes: Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

11:15

Orchestra: Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.

11:30

Orchestra: Sat. Sun. ½ hr.

11:45

Jesse Crawford: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and Network
Rebroadcasts for Western listeners:

11:00

Sunset Dreams: Sun. ¼ hr. Coast, southwest, KFSD KTAR minus KVOO WFAA WOA1
Amos 'n' Andy: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Coast, south central, southwest, WMAQ WOW WDAF KSD WHO minus WAPI WAVE WJDX KTHS KVOO WFAA

11:30

Voice of Firestone: Mon. ½ hr. Coast, KGU KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR
Leo Reisman: Tues. ½ hr. Coast, KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR

12:00

Town Hall Tonight: Wed. 1 hr. Coast

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Chicago

(Continued from page 10)

orchestras can remember, his family have had boats and sailed them. With the progress of the years and growing affluence Morgan finally gave up racing sailboats and bought himself a large power yacht, a comfortable and gorgeous thing. Came the day when he steamed proudly into the home harbor. At the dock he met a hard bitten old sailor he'd known since his childhood.

"Hello, Mac," called Morgan. "Don't know me? I'm Morgan Eastman."

The old timer looked over Morgan's trim white flannels, blue coat and master's cap. Then he looked at the yacht's gleaming white.

"Yeah, I know ya. It's lucky you waited till yer dad was dead before ye came sailin' in here with that dressed up tin can!"

* * *

Milton Charles, Chicago CBS singing organist, says that the nicest letter he received is from a Chicago listener requesting him to sing an appropriate number for new-born twin boys named "Milton" and "Charles." Milt dedicated "His Majesty, the Baby" to these tiny radio fans during his WBBM program.

* * *

Betty Lou Gerson, the NBC starlet who admits having a terrible complex about ghosts and bogeymen, recently was cast in a Lights Out script which concerned a girl who was killed in a taxi when a bridge went up with the car still on it. After the show, Betty took a cab home and just as they reached Chicago's famous Michigan Avenue bridge, it started lifting. Superstitious Betty deserted the cab and hoofed it the rest of the way home. Half an hour later, her cab driver was killed in a crash which occurred less than a half a mile from her home.

* * *

"Merrill Mouse," a new inhabitant of the Chicago CBS continuity department, is an unusually small mouse which appeared in the office occupied by Merrill Myers and C. D. MacMillan, continuity writers, and has been adopted by them as a mascot. He lives in the waste basket, is of a shy but amenable disposition, and the boys say that he is a real inspiration to them.

* * *

Herbert Futran is back in Chicago with an almost unbelievable story from the mountains of Tennessee. Last season Herb wrote Dr. Bundesen's broadcast both over NBC and on WLS. Now he's doing the Milky Way horse race sketches over WGN. Wanting real color for his race horse stories, he went down south to visit the racing stables of his present sponsor. In the nearby hills he found an old timer who had never in his forty years visited town, only eight miles away. True, he did go every week to the foot of the mountain to a general store for groceries. He wasn't sure but he thought a chap named Teddy Roosevelt was president.

And he had a radio!

His only reading was the mail order catalog. In it he'd seen this radio machine, a battery receiver since there isn't any electric power in these mountains. The radio was a strange contrivance. Yes, there was music in it. But when Herb told him that music came out of the air he refused to believe. The music was IN the box not OUT of the air. Yes, he did know names like Rudy Vallee, Paul Whiteman, Amos 'n' Andy. But they weren't people. They were just names for

NOW-NO BAD BREATH

Behind her Sparkling Smile!

AND THEY USED TO PITY HER AT PARTIES

YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, MISS ALLEN, I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE!

WHY MUST SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL HAVE SUCH A BREATH!

POOR PEGGY-ANOTHER PARTY SPOILED

HE WAS HORRID TO ME-I HATE HIM! AND WHY DO YOU TALK ABOUT MY TEETH-YOU KNOW HOW CAREFULLY I BRUSH THEM!

JUST THE SAME, THEY SAY BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH IT WON'T HURT TO ASK DR. MOORE.

YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM-ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE...AND MAKES THE TEETH BRIGHTER, TOO!

I'LL TRY IT, DOCTOR. I'LL GET SOME COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TODAY.

IT'S WONDERFUL HOW NICE AND CLEAN COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL, MOTHER!

..YOU SHOULD SEE PEGGY NOW

COME ON, PEGGY... JUST ONE DANCE!

GO 'WAY...THIS IS MINE!

THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE'S. I'LL NEVER BE CARELESS AGAIN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE sure you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund **TWICE** what you paid.

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much,
35¢

One Grand Fudge!



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FUDGE

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 1/3 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 3 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1 cup nut meats (optional)

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F.-240° F.). Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

- Let others have their fudge failures. You needn't. This recipe is never granular—never anything but creamy-smooth perfection. Clip it. Try it.
- But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Sales Co., Inc., Dept. MWG-16, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

(Print name and address plainly)

This coupon may be pasted on a penny postcard.



WHO ARE RADIO'S ROVER BOYS?

Coming in next month's RADIO MIRROR a thrilling feature on the unknown, unsung special events reporters—those intrepid announcers who bring you the world's floods, earthquakes, fights almost before they happen. It will give you the lowdown on the rivalry between the aces of the two networks. All in one fascinating story, "The Rover Boys of Radio."

music that odd looking radio box made. He had looked the box over but he couldn't find what made the music. Herb wanted to know what he'd do when it needed new batteries or tubes.

"Do? Well, I'll never again mess with that thing. It ain't natural and I don't fool with things that ain't natural. We'll leave it in the front room. It looks kinda purty thar."

* * *

Stan Thompson, Chicago Columbia announcer, was working on crutches recently. Not long ago Stan escaped unharmed from what might have been a bad airplane smashup. Then he walked across the floor of a railway station, slipped and broke his ankle!

* * *

The telegraph operator must have been rather amused at this exchange of telegrams which occurred the other day:

ELEANOR WEEMS
CHICAGO

DEAR EMMY PLEASE FIND MY MORNING SUIT AND RUSH IT TO PHILADELPHIA THEATRE TED

TED WEEMS
PHILADELPHIA

MORNING SUIT ON THIRD HANGER YOUR BLACK TRUNK STOP WHY DON'T YOU PHONE EMMY

ELEANOR WEEMS
CHICAGO

FOUND SUIT OKE STOP TRIED PHONE BUT DON'T KNOW OUR NEW NUMBER AND CHICAGO INFORMATION REFUSED TELL ME TED

TED WEEMS
PHILADELPHIA

YOU'RE TELLING ME STOP INFORMATION REFUSED GIVE ME MY OWN HOME NUMBER STOP HAD TO CALL PAT GILCHREST WHO CAN REMEMBER TELEPHONE NUMBERS

EMMY SCHMALTZ WEEMS

* * *

Although Jesse Crawford, NBC organist, played in moving picture theaters for seventeen years, he never became a real flicker fan until he left the movies completely. Now he is a regular visitor to the film houses. When he played in them, he never watched the shows, couldn't and do justice to organ, he said. Most of his years were spent, however, doing solo numbers and he wasn't required to be in the theater while the picture was being exhibited.

* * *

Eddie Guest, the poet who doesn't want to be called Edgar A., decided to buy something for Henry Klein's new home when Henry, the producer of Eddie's Welcome Valley broadcasts, built his own house. So Eddie bought a stove. Only trouble was the range was so huge Henry had to dismantle the door and a window to get it in the house at all!

* * *

Not until recently did anyone discover that the Mills Brothers do just as good harmonizing when one of their number is absent. When they started their new NBC series out of Chicago no one noticed that one of the "brothers" was quite a bit older than the others. Then it developed that the older man was really "Pops," or more formally John Mills, Sr. John Mills, Jr., who is really one of the brothers, was in a New York hospital when the series began so "Pops" took over his work.

* * *

During the time Wayne King played

at the Aragon ballroom in Chicago, the guest book was signed by visitors from London, Paris, Berlin, Cairo, Moscow, Peiping, Capetown, Nome, and Manila.

* * *

A part of a recent Junior League benefit was a radio contest which was announced in local papers. Along came a small, elderly, quaint-looking fellow with a violin case under his arm. He wanted to enter the radio contest but the manager of the benefit explained as kindly as possible that the contest applicants were limited to members of the Junior League. And then the old man, in all his innocence, asked, "Well, what do I have to do to become a member?"

* * *

November 13th is the date of the 1313th Myrt and Marge show.

* * *

Jim Poole recently turned on the amplifier for his microphone to make his regular noonday livestock market report over WLS. There was a flash of fire. Then a pungent odor. And the set went dead! Jim investigated. He discovered a mouse had crawled in the amplifier. When Jim turned it on it was curtains for Mr. Mouse, but it also kept a very important broadcast off the air that day!

* * *

In the story of a recent automobile accident in which Earl Burtnett, the orchestra leader, was badly hurt, appeared among others injured the name Lyman Cole of Kalamazoo, Mich. Lyman is better known in radioland as Lynn Cole who sang last season with George Olsen's orchestra at College Inn and who this summer had his own commercial broadcast out of Chicago.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Gosden (he is Amos of Amos 'n' Andy) are among the new tenants of 209 Lake Shore Drive. Until Amos 'n' Andy did a special broadcast for an automobile concern recently I didn't know that Gosden was once an auto salesman. He proudly boasts that in one month in Petersburg, Va., in the year 1920, he made \$700 profits at it—he sold four trucks to the father of his best girl!

* * *

The Westerners, who are now part of the Maxwell House Show Boat troupe, have been popular in Chicago for a long time as staff artists of WLS.

* * *

Recent national convention of the Sigma Chi fraternity in Chicago listed among guests of honor Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink (a Sigma Chi mother), Lum and Abner, announcer James Wallington, Roy Chapman Andrews, George Ade and John T. McCutcheon, cartoonist.

* * *

We all know that WLW in Cincinnati always announces itself as the Nation's Station. But only the other night a Chicago newspaper editor explained how the name came to be born. He was publicity man for WLW at the time the station raised its power to 50,000 watts. Naturally a big party and many special broadcasts were planned and the man had to write reams of copy glorifying the event, the station and everybody concerned. Finally the ballyhoo he was grinding out got his goat. He turned to another member of the publicity department and said, "Next thing you know they'll be calling this the nation's station." The other publicist liked the idea and took it to Powell Crosley. The next day WLW was the Nation's Station, and has been ever since.



“...and then I found that Mary buys her spaghetti ready-cooked!”

“I COULD hardly believe my ears. My sister-in-law, Mary, the prize cook of the family, using *ready-prepared* spaghetti! It *must* be something very much out of the ordinary. And Franco-American most decidedly is! I doubt if the best home cook in the world could make as fine a sauce as it has. No more complaints about spaghetti in my home now. My husband fairly beams when I serve Franco-American.”

A superb sauce

Skilled hands prepare it. Quality ingredients go into it—*eleven* in all! Tomato purée—velvet-smooth, lusciously rich and flavorful. Cheese—a specially selected Cheddar,



aged to just the right degree of sharpness. Plenty of spices and seasonings, yet so subtly blended that there's no strong over-seasoned taste, but instead, the most delicate, delightful piquancy imaginable.

Would *you* like to go to all this bother at home? No—and you can thank your lucky stars you don't have to! Just say to your grocer, “Send me Franco-American.” Then heat, serve and enjoy.

It never costs more than three or four cents a portion. That's *less* than you'd pay for all your different ingredients plus the cost of cooking them. And isn't the *time* you save worth something, too? Order Franco-American today.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Why Mary Lou Left the Show Boat

(Continued from page 13)

one has been built, a rival program has caused a momentary flurry and then vanished, and Lanny Ross has taken command.

It's useless to try to explain why public interest in the Lanny Ross-Mary Lou love story has waned—if, as the sponsors say, this is the case. There are certain concrete facts, however, which may have brought this situation to pass and placed Muriel in her present perplexing position. One is the sudden and unexpected announcement last Christmas of Muriel's engagement to Fred Hufsmith. Another is the equally unexpected revelation last

summer of Lanny's marriage to Olive White. These two events proved to listeners that their Mary Lou-Lanny love affair was purely fictional and reserved solely for Thursday nights.

Still there are many followers of Show Boat who can remember once before, when Muriel left and a new Mary Lou took her place. She was gone for four months, and in that short space of time, two singers were offered to, and refused by, loyal fans who insisted on Muriel's resuming the role. It's hard to believe that those same fans will be content to let her go, this time for good.

Will War Guns Silence Radio?

(Continued from page 37)

roar, a spout of water. The torpedo has struck.

Eight minutes later, the submarine closes its hatches to the gull-flecked gray sky and sinks beneath the waves. Nothing but oily wreckage and the scattered lifeboats is left to show a short time before a sturdy ship was cutting through the waves.

Bad enough when you read of this sort of thing in the newspapers? It would be much worse were you to hear an actual description of the sinking as broadcast from a submarine. That such an occurrence is not improbable is not denied by authorities whose job it is to consider such possibilities.

Whether such broadcasts would tend to demoralize a nation or whether it would rouse it to greater fighting fury has not yet been determined. Like battleships against bombing planes, it has not been put to the test. Yet governments all over the world are deeply concerned about the effects of the entirely new types of propaganda which radio could spread.

For example, before this country entered the World War, the only means which Germany had for communicating her side of the story to us, was her wireless transmitter at Nauen. The Allied governments had all their cables, their ships, as well as their wireless stations. That is the reason we were flooded with news favorable to the Allied cause long before we entered the conflict.

But with the powerful broadcasting stations possessed by all great nations today, what might be the net result of all propaganda with which they would try to change your views, to break your moral resistance? They might, admit experts, be terribly effective, or they might be so grotesquely amusing that they would act as one of the greatest stimulants for a peace movement the world has ever known.

Here's what those experts mean. Possibly by the time you read this, strife among nations may have reached such a point that something such as the following may be happening.

Let's say that Italy and England have declared war. The world is avid for news and the two nations are not slow to give it—in the manner in which they want it presented.

Again you snap on your loudspeaker. A precise, British voice clips through the surging roar that so often accompanies transatlantic broadcasts.

“... and so we, the British people, charge that the Italian government has

used the movements of our battle fleet, sent into the Mediterranean solely as a defensive measure, as a flimsy excuse to invade our colonial possessions in Africa. The American people should understand that. . . .”

Sudden squeals and hisses drown out the message of the spokesman for the English government. Somewhere, some enemy transmitter is deliberately interfering. You swing the dial away from the horrible catcalls. Another voice, touched with a Latin accent, comes through.

“Hello America! Hello America! Rome calling. Listen, citizens of the United States. The Italian government, in declaring war upon Great Britain, wishes the people of America to realize that it has done so only under the greatest provocation. England deliberately threatened our nation by . . .”

Again a hideous chatter of noises bursts through the speaker, and you snap off your set in disgust.

What would be the net result of such propagandizing as it developed into a pitched battle for your attention?

SOME experts think that hearing both sides of the question would make the average intelligent citizen of a neutral nation so conscious of the discrepancies between the two sides of the argument, that he would quickly see the folly of the whole dispute, and that it would not take long for him to realize the childish exaggerations to which nations resort in order to sway their own and other nations to their causes.

But what if England were able to get more propaganda through to the listeners of this nation than were Italy. It would be human nature for us to incline toward the British cause. Soon there would be movements, organizations urging us to aid the English. What then, would our government do to keep us from wanting to get into the other fellow's fight?

Certainly it wouldn't order us, as Germany did its citizens, to use only sets capable of receiving broadcasts originating in its own country. In the first place, it would be impossible to police the millions of sets in this nation. In the second place, there is no law which controls the use of receivers in the United States. Were such a law proposed, there is little doubt that it would be fought bitterly as hampering free speech.

Could we appeal to the nations sending out the propaganda to cease infringing



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It's this *under-surface dirt* that frequently causes “faded skin,” pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores and shiny skin, and it's this particular kind of dirt that DRESKIN removes so effectively. DRESKIN *neutralizes alkali*—keeps the pores clean—lets the skin *breathe naturally*. DRESKIN is rapidly replacing old-fashioned skin cleansing methods. Make the famous “ONE-TWO-THREE” Dreskin Test. It's explained in every package. Send 3c in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage for FREE Travel Size Bottle—enough for a week or more.

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upon our rights as a neutral? Before hostilities began in Ethiopia, the German government made representations to Switzerland, charging that anti-Nazi broadcasts directed at German listeners had originated there. They obtained no satisfaction.

Undoubtedly, however, the United States would use whatever power it has to avert such dangers by controlling broadcasting at home, rather than through representations to any nation. What are the powers we possess?

The only control we could exercise would be over any of our own stations which might rebroadcast war propaganda. The chances are that little such foreign material would find its way through our stations in critical times. Broadcasting is organized on too sound a basis, it feels its responsibilities to listeners too strongly, and furthermore, it is directly under the control of the Federal Communications Commission. That body's power lies largely in the section of the radio law which rules that if a station does not operate "in the public interest, convenience and necessity," its license may be revoked and it must cease broadcasting. The Federal Communications Commission does not hold what is strictly termed a power of direct censorship.

Then, if the peace or the morale of our nation were threatened by any of the potential circumstances I have mentioned in this and the preceding article—namely: broadcasting of action at a war front, so censored as to present a picture dangerous to our listeners; use of our broadcasting stations by spies; the spreading of vicious propaganda by foreign nations, or interference with propaganda disseminated in the interests of peace, or even the broadcasting from a submarine blockade were we at war—what could be done?

THE responsibility for taking action devolves largely upon the President. What you might expect in the event of the spread of war, is best judged by reading an excerpt from the act regulating radio communication in the United States.

"Upon proclamation by the President that there exists war or a threat of war or . . . in order to preserve the neutrality of the United States, the President may . . . cause the closing of any station for radio communication . . . or he may authorize the use or control of any such station . . . by any department of the Government. . . ."

How would our broadcasting facilities be controlled then? It is probable that if such a critical stage were reached, military and naval intelligence officers would be stationed in the headquarters of broadcasting organizations, to watch with keen eyes for any information the broadcasting of which would be harmful to this country's security.

As for broadcasts from foreign transmitters, about the only thing the government could do would be to set up a powerful broad-wave sending set, close the switch and sit on it so hard the interference would blanket everything coming through the air from outside our country.

Will war guns silence radio? They might, if this nation is flooded with vicious propaganda. But if we keep it under control, as no doubt we will with conscientious organizations at the helms of the networks and most independent stations, then radio may become a power mightier than the pen or the sword in the interests of keeping peace in this country.

If you want to fight for anything, fight for that.

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DEEPERSUDS! Richer, creamier, full-bodied suds! Suds that make dishes sparkle, glassware glisten. That's Silver Dust . . . and here's the test that proves it:

First, a level teaspoonful of another packaged soap is put in a dishpan with a half pint of warm water. Next, the soap is swished around with the fingers for fifteen seconds. Then both water and suds are poured into a quart jar. Now the same thing is done with Silver Dust. See the deeper, richer, full-bodied suds. They make dishwashing quicker, easier.

Prove it yourself. Try Silver Dust today.

Keep your hands smooth, white, youthful.



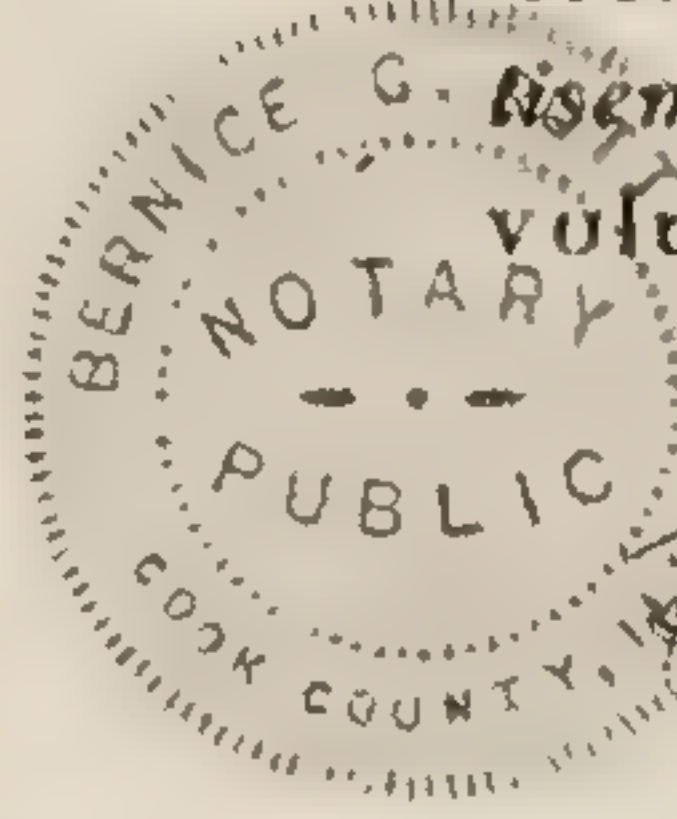
A WHITE SUDSY SOAP FOR DISHES AND LAUNDRY

Radio Mirror's Directory

(Continued from page 48)

So Ashamed Of Her Skin!

Every quotation in this advertisement is from an actual and voluntary letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.



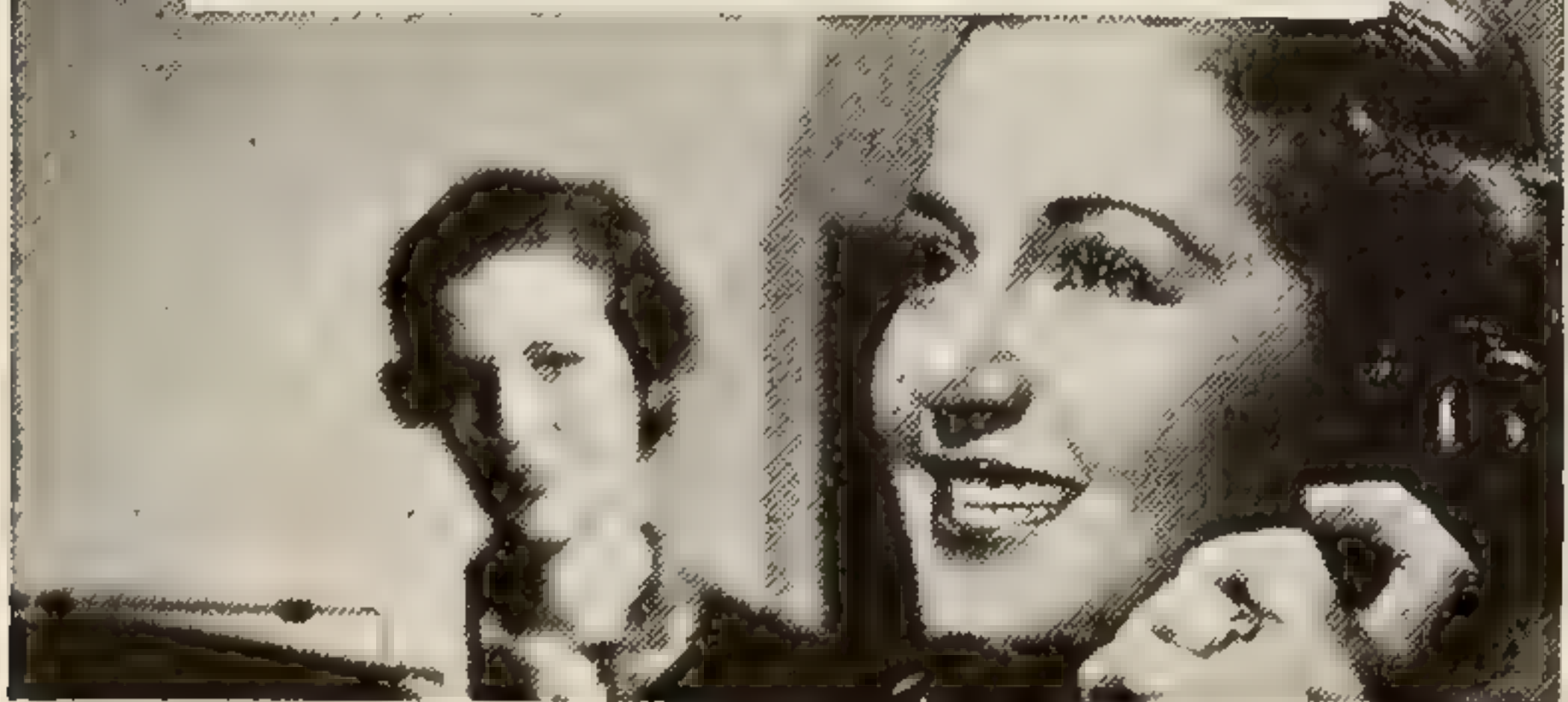
"I was ashamed of my skin: so many pimples I couldn't get work."



"I heard about Yeast Foam Tablets from a friend and decided to give them a trial."



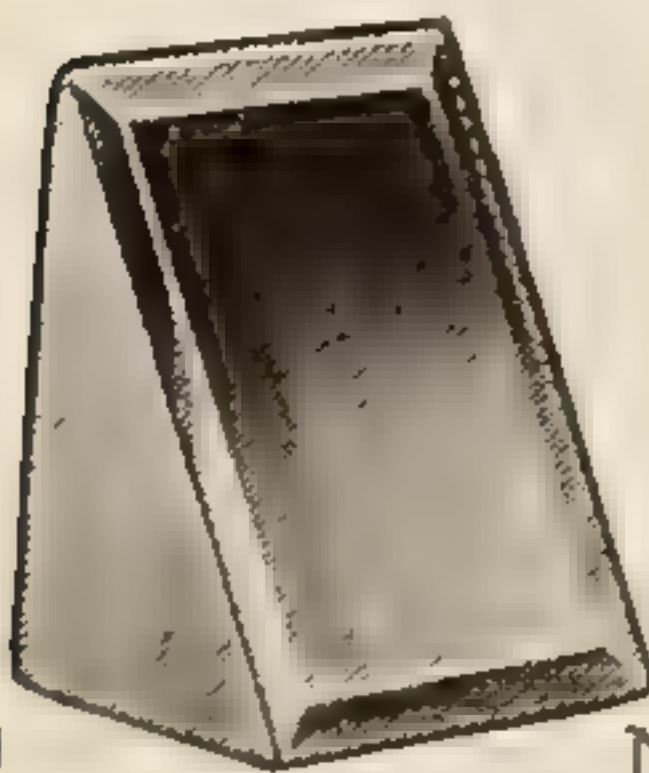
"They did wonders. I now have work and there is not a blemish on my face."



NO ADVERTISING copywriter invented the story above. It's a true experience—one of hundreds reported to us by grateful users of Yeast Foam Tablets.

What these pleasant yeast tablets have done for others they should do for you. Why don't you try them today? Their rich stores of precious corrective elements will quickly help to rid your body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many common skin troubles. And you should *feel* better as well as *look* better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.



FREE! Lovely Tilted Mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Free for coupon with empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton.

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I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send the handy tilted make-up mirror.

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Name _____
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ENGLEHART, Geraldine Kay. Soprano, various programs, and Golden Girls Trio, WHK, Cleveland; born Cleveland, Dec. 21, 1916; unmarried; debut over WHK, 1935. Station WHK, 1311 Terminal Tower, Cleveland, O.

ERICKSON, Bjarne. Tenor, WEAN, Providence, R. I.; born Norway, Sept. 6, 1901; married Florence Smith; two daughters; debut over WEAN, 1920. Station WEAN, Providence, R. I.

ESCHEN, Frank. Announcer and actor, KSD, St. Louis; born Hannibal, Mo., July 30, 1909; unmarried; debut over KFRU, Columbia, Mo. 1243 Oakley Place, St. Louis, Mo.

EVANS, Richard L. Announcer and commentator, KSL, Salt Lake City, Utah; born Salt Lake City, March, 1906; married Alice Thornley; one son; debut over KSL, 1929. Station KSL, Salt Lake City, Utah.

FARRELL, Gwendolyn. Soprano, WBIG, Greensboro, N. C.; born Aug. 7; married R. Dewey Farrell. 821 N. Elm St., Greensboro, N. C.

FARRIOR, Louis W. Announcer and actor, WSFA, Montgomery, Ala.; born Montgomery, Sept. 4, 1915; unmarried; debut over WSFA, 1926, Montgomery, Ala.

FENTON, Carl. Orchestra leader, WMCA, New York City; born New York City, Sept. 10, 1896; married; debut in New York City, 1924. Station WMCA, 1697 Broadway, New York City.

FISCHER, Edna. Pianist, "Kay Troubadours", KPO, San Francisco, Calif.; born San Jose, Calif., Aug. 6; married Milton Hayes; debut over KFRC, 1928. 950 Franklin St., San Francisco.

FLANAGAN, Pat. Sports announcer, WBBM, Chicago; born Clinton, Ia., April 11, 1893; married Hazel Rieman; debut over WOC, Davenport, 1926. Station WBBM, Wrigley Building, Chicago.

FLANNERY, Harry W. News commentator, "Views on News", KMOX, St. Louis; born Greensburg, Pa., March 13; unmarried; debut over WOWO, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 1932. Station KMOX, St. Louis, Mo.

FLIPPEN, Col. Jay C. Master of ceremonies, "Amateur Hour", WHN, N. Y. C.; born Little Rock, Ark., March 6, 1899; unmarried; debut over CBS, 1931. Station WHN, Broadway and 45th St., New York City.

FLOHRI, Virginia. Coloratura soprano, "Friday Afternoon Recital", KFI, Los Angeles, Calif.; born Staten Island, N. Y., July 2, 1901; married Carl Haverlin; one daughter. Station KFI, Los Angeles, Calif.

FOLMER, Walter. Narrator and actor, "Pipes of Pan", etc., WHEC, Rochester, N. Y.; born New York City, 1900; unmarried; debut over WHEC, 1930. Station WHEC, Rochester, N. Y.

FRASER, Jack. Sports reporter, WMCA, New York City; born Lawrence, Mass., Feb. 4, 1908; unmarried; debut over WEAN, Providence, 1931. Station WMCA, 1697 Broadway, New York City.

FULLER, Sammy. "Uncle Sammy", Kiddies Klub and popular singer, KDKA, Pittsburgh; born Pittsburgh, July 3, 1909; married Evelyn Kohler; debut over KDKA, 1932. 5649 Phillips Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

GARBER, Anna. Contralto, WMBG, Richmond, Va.; married Henry Garber; four sons. Montebello, Richmond, Va.

GOERCH, Carl. Commentator, WPTF, Raleigh, N. C.; born Tarrytown, N. Y., June 10, 1891; married Sybil Wallace; two daughters; debut over WPTF, 1932. Station WPTF, Raleigh, N. C.

GOHRING, Russell. Baritone, "Vagabond Troubadours", WSPD, Toledo, Ohio; born Frankfort, Ind., Aug. 16; unmarried; debut over WSPD, 1929. Station WSPD, Commodore Perry Hotel, Toledo, Ohio.

GREER, Bob. Actor, leading role in "Uncle Don's Dr. Pepper Adventure's Club", WSMB, New Orleans, La.; born Oct. 9, 1905; married Ruth Newman; one daughter; debut over WGN, Chicago, 1926. 3343 Esplanade Ave., New Orleans, La.

GRIERSON, Tom. Organist, WHAM, Rochester, N. Y.; born Carlisle, England, June 14; married Mable Stethens; one son, one daughter; debut over WGR, 1927. Station WHAM, Rochester, N. Y.

GUEST, Helen. Mezzo-soprano, KFI, Los Angeles; born Los Angeles, May 7; unmarried; debut on first program broadcast from KFI. Station KFI, Los Angeles, Calif.

GUILAROFF, Vera. Pianist, "Piano Ramblers", CFCF, Montreal, Canada; born London, England, Oct. 26; debut over CFCF, 1922. Station CFCF, Montreal, Canada.

HAABE, Little George. Harmonica soloist, "Corn Cob Pipe Club", etc., WRVA, Richmond, Va.; born Richmond, Aug. 4, 1914; unmarried; debut over WRVA, 1925. Station WRVA, Richmond, Va.

HAIG, Jean. Soprano, "Road to Yesterday", CRCT, Toronto, Canada; born Toronto, Sept. 18; married Dr. Harvey Doney; debut over CFCA, Toronto, 1926. 36 St. Clair Ave., West, Toronto, Canada.

HAISLIP, Barbara. Child singer, WBIG, Greensboro, N. C.; born Louisville, Ky., May 29, 1929; debut over WHAS, Louisville, 1931. 510 W. Market St., Greensboro, N. C.

HALLIDAY, Jack. Baseball announcer, WSMB, New Orleans; born New Orleans, Oct. 4, 1904; unmarried; debut over WSDU, New Orleans, 1927. 308 S. Olympia St., New Orleans, La.

HANLEY, Lee. Sports announcer, WSBT and WFAM, South Bend, Ind.; born 1905; unmarried. Station WSBT, South Bend, Ind.

HARDIMAN, William M. Violinist, KSL, Salt Lake City; born Detroit, Mich., June 16, 1900; married Lucile Buchholz; debut over CFCA, Toronto, 1924. 605 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

HARDMAN, L. Glenn. Musical director and pianist, WSPD, Toledo, Ohio; born Pittsburgh, Pa., June 27; married Adeline Tanner; one son debut over KDKA, Pittsburgh, 1922. Station WSPD, Commodore Perry Hotel, Toledo, Ohio.

HARRINGTON, John. Sports announcer, KWK, St. Louis, Mo.; born N. Y. C., June 28, 1908; married Mildred Pearson; debut over KWK, 1929. Station KWK, St. Louis, Mo.

HART, Jimmie. Pianist and organist, WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn.; born Knoxville, Aug. 20, 1914; unmarried; debut over WROL, Knoxville, 1931. Station WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn.

HAY, George D. "Solemn Ole Judge", master of ceremonies "Grand Ole Opry", WSM, Nashville, Tenn.; born Attica, Ind., Nov. 9, 1895; married Lena Jamerson; two daughters; debut over WMC, Memphis, 1922. 127 Kenner Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

HEDLUND, Guy. Director, WTIC Playhouse, WTIC, Hartford, Conn.; born Middletown, Conn., Aug. 21, 1898; married Blanche Wadlund; two daughters; debut over KFI, Los Angeles, 1931. Hartford, Conn.

HEIMUELLER, Louise. Soprano, "Romance in the Air", KSD, St. Louis, Mo.; born St. Louis, Nov. 2, 1910; married Oran G. Wheeler; debut over KWK, St. Louis, 1925. 5451 Neosho St., St. Louis, Mo.

HINTON, Gayle. Blues singer, "Hollywood Previews", WMBD, Peoria, Ill.; born Donovan, Ill., Jan. 23, 1912; married John O. Thomason; debut over WHA, Madison, Wis. 410 Hanssler Place, Peoria, Ill.

HOGAN, Harlan. Pianist and orchestra leader, WSBT and WFAM, South Bend, Ind.; born 1910; unmarried; debut, 1930.

HOLTON, "Brick". Tenor, "Time on My Hands", KFRC, San Francisco; born Portland, Ore., Jan. 14, 1910; married; debut over KEX, Portland, 1925. Dorchester Hotel, San Francisco, Calif.

HYDE, Alex. Musical director, WHN, N. Y. C.; born Hamburg, Germany, Feb. 7, 1898; married Jerrine Grove; debut in Berlin, 1924. Station WHN, Broadway and 45th St., New York City.

IOSET, Clifford. News reporter, "Golfing News", WSPD, Toledo; born Toledo, Feb. 19; married Carol Lynn; one son, one daughter; debut over WJK, Toledo, 1922. Station WSPD, Commodore Perry Hotel, Toledo, Ohio.

JACKSON, Joseph Henry. Commentator, "Reader's Guide", KGO, San Francisco; born Madison, N. J., July 21; married; one daughter; debut over KGO, 1924. 1156 Keeler St., Berkeley, Calif.

JACKSON, Ray. Singer, WJAS, Pittsburgh, Pa.; born Pittsburgh. Station WJAS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

JENKINS, Olive. Contralto, WMCA, N. Y. C.; born Dec. 23; unmarried; debut, 1934. Station WMCA, New York City.

JOHNSON, George. Tenor, "Bright Lights", WCAU, Philadelphia, and CBS; born Philadelphia, March 22, 1913; unmarried; debut over WCAU, 1933. Station WCAU, 1622 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

JONES, Raymond L. Baritone, WBZ, Boston; born Brockton, Mass., Aug. 18, 1910; unmarried; debut over WEEI, Boston, 1932. 10 Williams Place, Brockton, Mass.

KALIL, George. Singer, WMBG, Richmond, Va.; unmarried; debut over WMBG, 2509 Kensington Ave., Richmond, Va.

KEARNS, Joe. Announcer and actor, KSL, Salt Lake City; born Salt Lake City, Feb. 12, 1904; unmarried; debut over KSL, 1932. Station KSL, Salt Lake City, Utah.

KEATING, Lawrence. Announcer and actor, KEX and KGW, Portland, Ore.; born St. Paul, Minn., April 13, 1899; married; two sons; debut over KGW, 1934. 2215 47th Ave., N. E., Portland, Oregon.

KELLY, Dan. Irish Tenor, "Household Music Box," WCAU, Philadelphia, and CBS; born Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1908; unmarried; debut over WCAU, 1935. Station WCAU, 1622 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

KEMP, Everett. Author and leading character, "Uncle Ezra of Happy Hollow," KMBC, Kansas City; born Cairo, Ill., Nov. 2; married Louise Lockwood; one son; debut over KMBC, 1926. Station KMBC, Pickwick Hotel, Kansas City, Mo.

KERRIGAN, Jack. Baritone and announcer, WOC, Davenport, Iowa; born Davenport, Sept. 19, 1915; unmarried; debut over WOC, 1930. 320 W. Fourth St., Davenport, Iowa.

KINCAID, Bradley. Tenor, "Folk Songs," WBZ, Boston; born Point Leavell, Ky., July 13, 1897; married Irma Forman; two daughters, two sons; debut over WLS, Chicago, 1925. 99 Somerset St., Garden City, N. Y.

KIRLEY, Lucile. Soprano, Vagabonds Quartet, KPO, San Francisco; born Henderson, Ky., Oct. 7, 1906; unmarried; debut over KGW, Portland, Ore., 1925. 65 Spencer Ave., Sausalito, Calif.

LANE, Betty. Actress, "Come Into the Kitchen," WMBR, Jacksonville, Fla.; born April 14; unmarried; debut over WMBR, 1935. Windsor Hotel, Jacksonville, Fla.

LANE, Sally. Commentator, "Social Column of the Air," WSMK, Dayton, Ohio; born Phillipsburg, Ohio, July 15, 1907; married Spencer Whedon; one son; debut over WBEN, Buffalo, N. Y., 1933. Station WSMK, Dayton, Ohio.

LAVISH, Ernes J. Bass violinist, "Mid-Day Merry-Go-Round," WCAE, Pittsburgh; born Shonestown, Pa., Dec. 29; married Anne Marie Johnson; debut over KDKA, Pittsburgh, 1921. Station WCAE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LAWRENCE, Harold. Pianist and baritone, WRVA, Richmond, Va.; born Richmond, Jan. 17, 1898; married Mildred White; two daughters, one son; debut over WRVA, 1925. Station WRVA, Richmond, Va.

LEE, Laura. Actress, "Come into the Kitchen," Paterson, N. J., Sept. 8; married Marjorie Udell; debut over WHEC, 1925. Station WHAM, Rochester, N. Y.

LEE, Laura. Actress, "Come into the Kitchen," WMBR, Jacksonville, Fla.; born Oct. 15; married R. A. Saunders; one son; debut over WMBR, 1935. Jacksonville Beach, Fla.

LOPEZ, Joseph T. Baritone, WICC, Bridgeport and New Haven, Conn.; born Sept. 13; married May Horne; debut over WNAC, Boston. Stratfield Hotel, Bridgeport, Conn.

LOPEZ, Maria. Mexican soprano, WFAA, Dallas, Texas; born San Antonio, Texas, Feb. 2, 1913; unmarried; debut over WOAI, San Antonio, 1929. Station WOAI, San Antonio, Texas.

LOWRANCE, Bcomar. Sports commentator, WSOC, Charlotte, N. C.; born Charlotte, May 9, 1912; unmarried; debut over WSOC, 1934. Station WSOC, Charlotte, N. C.

LOWRY, Ed. Master of ceremonies, "Broadway Melody Hour," WHN, N. Y. C.; born Feb. 1, 1898; married Irene Prince; one son; debut in London, 1927. Station WHN, Broadway at 45th St., New York City.

MACGUGH, Edward. Baritone, "The Gospel Singer," WBZ, Boston; born Dundee, Scotland, May 26, 1893; unmarried; debut over WEEI, Boston, 1926. 134 Langdon St., Newton, Mass.

MACKENZIE, Helen. Soprano, WOC, Davenport, Iowa; born Davenport, Feb. 19, 1919; debut over WIBF, Rock Island, Ill., 1934. 2810 Iowa St., Davenport, Iowa.

MACMILLAN, Lowell. Sports reporter, WHAM, Rochester, N. Y.; born Rochester, July 17, 1904; married Esther Fisher; debut over WGR, Buffalo, 1929. Station WHAM, Rochester, N. Y.

MACNEIL, Thelma Jean. Organist, "Vagabond Verses," WFBL, Syracuse, N. Y.; born Boston, May 21, 1907; unmarried; debut over CNRO, Ottawa, Canada, 1925. 211 Onondaga Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

MACY, Jeannine. Blues singer, WLW, Cincinnati; born Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1916; married Tom Richley; debut over WHAM, Rochester, 1931. Station WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MANGUM, Claybourne. Tenor, WPTF, Raleigh, N. C.; born Durham, N. C., Nov. 19, 1906; unmarried; debut over WPTF, 1930. 1114 Newbern Ave., Raleigh, N. C.

MANSFIELD, Rankin. Actor, "True Detective Hour," WMCA, N. Y. C.; born Muscatine, Iowa, May 9, 1905; unmarried; debut in Binghamton, N. Y., 1929. Station WMCA, 1697 Broadway, New York City.

MANZI, Adeline. Contralto, "Sweet Adeline of the Air," WICC, Bridgeport, Conn.; born July 6, 1912; unmarried; debut over WICC, 63 Park St., West Haven, Conn.

MARTIN, Halloween. "Voice" of Musical Clock, WBBM, Chicago; born El Paso, Tex., Oct. 31, 1900; married LeRoy Kurtzeborn; debut over WEBB, Chicago, 1925. Station WBBM, Wrigley Building, Chicago.

MARTIN, Nancy. Singer and pianist, WCAE and KDKA, Pittsburgh; born Wheeling, W. Va., July 15; married Philip Schiefer; debut over WBIG, Greensboro, N. C., 1933. 4181 Center Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MAXTED, Stanley. Tenor, CRCT, Toronto, Canada, and NBC; born Folkstone, England, Aug. 21, 1896; married Olga Juhler; one son; three daughters; debut in Montreal, 1925. Royal York Hotel, Toronto, Canada.

MAYERS, Truesdale. Announcer and writer, "Home Sweet Home," WKBN, Youngstown, Ohio; born Poland, Ohio, June 26; unmarried; debut over WKBN, 1931. Poland, Ohio.

McALLISTER, John. Singer and actor, WBT, Charlotte, N. C.; born New York City, Oct. 23, 1903; married Dorothea M. Sullivan; debut on WGBB, Freeport, N. Y., 1926. 601 Royal Court, Charlotte, N. C.

McGIBENY, Donald. News commentator, WMAQ, Chicago; born Independence, Iowa, Sept. 26, 1892; married Ruth Thompson; debut over WKBF, Indianapolis, 1933. NBC Studios, Merchandise Mart, Chicago.

McIVER, Allan. Pianist and orchestra leader, "Dominion Stores," CFCF, Montreal, Canada; born Thetford Mines, Quebec, Jan. 17; married; two sons; debut over CKAC, Montreal, 1924. 1120 Bernard Ave., Montreal, Canada.

McKINNEY, J. Walton. Tenor, "Morning Joys," etc., KIIQ, Spokane, Wash.; born Seattle, Wash., Sept. 6, 1905; unmarried; debut over KOMO, Seattle, 1924. Station KIIQ, Spokane, Wash.

METCALF, John. Baritone, "The Hymn Evangelist," WNAC, Boston, and Yankee Network; born Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Jan. 21, 1911; unmarried; debut over WJAM, Cedar Rapids, 1925. 157 Hemenway St., Boston, Mass.

METZ, Esther. Soprano, "Greater Louisville Program," WAVE, Louisville, Ky.; born July 9; married Herbert F. Boehl; debut, 1926. Weissinger-Gaulbert Apartments, Louisville, Ky.

MEYER, William G. Baritone, "Greater Louisville Program," WAVE, Louisville, Ky.; born St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 8; married Alma Schlegel; one son; debut over WHAS, Louisville, 1926. Station WAVE, Louisville, Ky.

MILLER, Lois. Singing organist, KDKA, Pittsburgh; born Pittsburgh, April 17; unmarried; debut over KDKA, 1925. 1319 Tennessee Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MILLER, Paul J. Organist, WWVA, Wheeling, W. Va.; born Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 24, 1904; married Vivian McDonald; debut, 1918. Station WWVA, Wheeling, W. Va.

MONROE, Frank. Tenor, WFAA, Dallas, Texas; born Waco, Texas, June 10, 1910; married; one daughter; debut over WFAA, 1929. Station WFAA, Dallas, Texas.

MOODY, Beatrice. Singer, WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn.; born Knoxville, Feb. 18; debut over WNOX, 1935. Station WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn.

MORGAN, Dick. Tenor, WGST, Atlanta, Ga.; born Asbury Park, N. J., Jan. 18, 1913; unmarried; debut over WGST, 1935. Station WGST, Ansley Hotel, Atlanta, Ga.

MURPHY, Thelma. Dramatist, "Home Sweet Home," WKBN, Youngstown, Ohio; born New York City, May 6; unmarried; debut over WLW, Cincinnati, 1928. 213 Park Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

MUTH, Billy. Organist, "Top o' the Morning," WBAP, Fort Worth, Texas; born Allentown, Pa., June 5, 1902; married Pearl Sarah Moyer; one son; debut over WBAP, 1933. 3814 Harley St., Fort Worth, Texas.

NEARY, Edmond. Tenor, WICC, Bridgeport, Conn.; born May 21, 1911; unmarried; debut over WICC, 454 Ridgefield Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

NEESE, Erlu. Tenor, WBIG, Greensboro, N. C.; born Greensboro, Nov. 7; unmarried; debut over WBIG, 1930. Greensboro, N. C.

NEFF, Russell. Lyric Tenor, WXYZ, Detroit, and Mutual Network; born Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 30, 1902; married Thelma Otto; one son, one daughter; debut over WBAP, West Virginia, 1923. 819 Webb Ave., Detroit, Mich.

NORRIS, Marion W. Musical director, WSOC, Charlotte, N. C.; born Augusta, Ga., Dec. 1; married Nell Padgett; one son; debut over WSE, Atlanta, Ga., 1925. Mecklenburg Hotel, Charlotte, N. C.

NOWICK, Manuel. Juvenile actor, play "Scrappy" in "Mr. Bob and Scrappy," WDAF, Kansas City; born Kansas City, Mo., June 4, 1920; debut over WDAF, 1930. 3800 Brooklyn St., Kansas City, Mo.

O'DANIEL, W. Lee. Announcer and commentator, "Hill-Billy Boys," WBAP, Fort Worth, Texas; born Malta, Ohio, March 11, 1893; married Merle Butcher; two sons, one daughter; debut over KFJZ, Fort Worth, 1930. 2230 Warner Road, Fort Worth, Texas.

O'KELLEY, William. Pianist, WPTF, Raleigh, N. C.; born Raleigh, Oct. 3, 1911; unmarried; debut over WPTF, 1928. 21 Enterprise St., Raleigh, N. C.

O'LEARY, Alice. Contralto, "Spotlight Review," WNAC, Boston, and Yankee Network; born Jan. 21, 1910; married Arthur O'Leary; one son, one daughter; debut with Paul Whiteman, 1931. 47 Sheridan Ave., Medford, Mass.

OLIVER, Bryce. News commentator, WHN, New York City; born July 21, 1895; married Lillian Norris; debut over WHN, 1935. Station WHN, Broadway at 45th St., New York City.

O'TOOLE, Terry. Baritone, WNAC and WAAR, Boston; born Ballymena, County Antrim, Ireland, Feb. 20, 1911; unmarried; debut over WEEI, Boston, 1931. 36 Temple St., Boston, Mass.

O'TOOLE, William J. "Uncle Bill"; announcer and character actor, WCAO, Baltimore, Md.; born Baltimore, Sept. 20; married Nell Louise Spitznagle; one daughter; debut over WCAO, 1928. 4101 Westview Road, Northwood, Baltimore, Md.

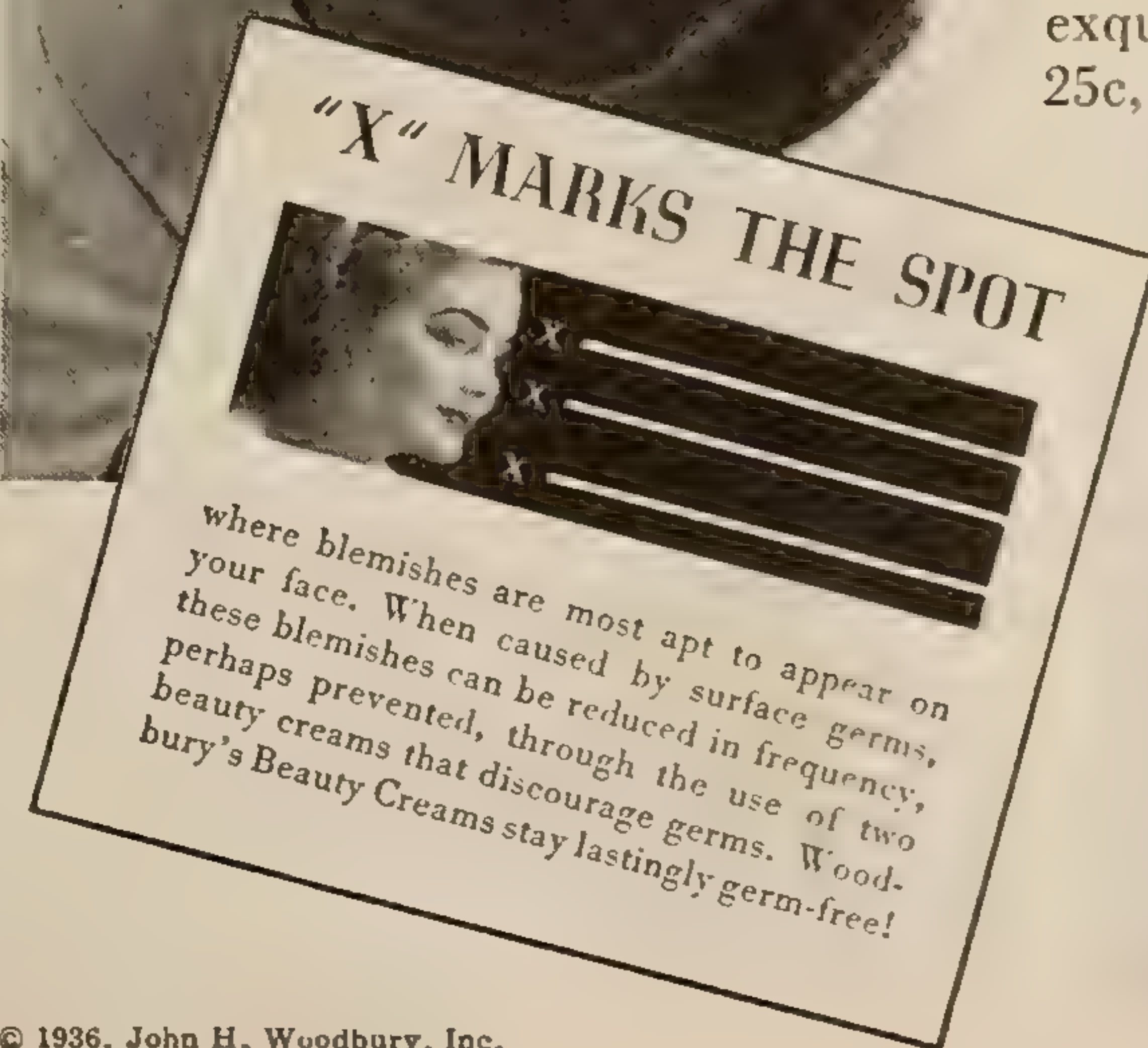
OWENS, Doie H. (Tex). Cowboy singer, KMBC, Kansas City; born Belton, Texas, April 4, 1901; unmarried; debut over KMBC, 1931. Station KMBC, Pickwick Hotel, Kansas City, Mo.

PALMER, Pete. Tenor, "Two Jolly Dentists," WMBD, Peoria, Ill.; born Troy, N. Y.; June 8; married Dorothy Pilling; one son, three daughters; debut over WDAF, 1920. 409 Fredonia St., Peoria, Ill.

PATTERSON, Walter. Tenor, "Weaver of Dreams," WWVA, Wheeling, W. Va.; born Bluefield, W. Va., July 18, 1911; married Wilma Rusbolt; debut over WBOW, Terre Haute, Station WWVA, Hawley Building, Wheeling, W. Va.

PERKINS, George. Reader, "Vagabond Verse," WFBL, Syracuse, N. Y.; born Canoga, N. Y., July 23, 1910; unmarried; debut over WSYR, 1930. 222 Stinard Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

PETRANKA, Joseph. Violinist, WSFA, Montgomery, Ala.; born Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 27, 1911; unmarried;



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Internal
Treatment**



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debut over WIBZ, Montgomery, 1924. 425 Adams Ave., Montgomery, Ala.

PHILLIPS, Mary. Singer and pianist, WEAN, Providence, R. I.; born Leominster, Mass., Aug. 23, 1914; unmarried; debut, 1933. Station WEAN, Providence, R. I.

PHIPPS, Amos. Singer and pianist, WSYR, Syracuse, N. Y.; born Sittingbourne, County of Kent, England, Oct. 12, 1898; married Bessie Crocker; two sons; one daughter; debut in Pittsfield, Pa., 1925. 913 Tallman St., Syracuse, N. Y.

POORE, Hugh. Baritone and guitarist, various programs, KOMO and KJR, Seattle, Wash.; born Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 4, 1893; debut over KOMO, 1929. 10453 66th St. South, Seattle, Wash.

RICARDO, Pablo. Violinist, KGO, San Francisco; born San Francisco, March 15, 1910; unmarried; debut over KGO, 1931. 60 21st Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

RICHARDSON, Dick. News reporter, WSOC, Charlotte, N. C.; born Boston, Mass., May 4, 1904; married Frances Archibald; debut, 1928. 1821 Beverley Drive, Charlotte, N. C.

RIGGS, Tommy. Child impersonator and singer, "Uncle Tom and Betty," KDKA, Pittsburgh; born Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 21, 1908; married Mary Lou McIntyre; debut over WCAH, Columbus, 1928. 2135 Wightman St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ROBERTS, Dave. Musician, singer and actor, "The Singing Milkman," WSYR, Syracuse, N. Y.; born Trenton, N. J., Sept. 26, 1911; married Marian Gaughen; debut over WJAY, Cleveland, 1927. 1530 E. Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y.

ROHAN, Jayne. Contralto, "Jayne Rohan and Bob Barton," WCKY, Cincinnati; born Lexington, Ky., Feb. 17, 1920; unmarried; debut over WCKY, 1934. Station WCKY, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ROSS, Rita. Mistress of ceremonies, "Household Club," KSD, St. Louis, Mo.; born Chicago; married R. C. Long; debut over KSD, 1933. 605 Clara St., St. Louis, Mo.

RUPP, Carl. Orchestra leader, "Bandbox Review," etc., WXYZ, Detroit; born Chicago, 1896; married Jane Johnson; debut in Chicago, 1921. Birmingham, Mich.

RUSSELL, Alden. Commentator, "Ted Malone" of "Between the Bookends," KMBC, Kansas City; born Colorado Springs, Colo., May 18, 1908; married Verla Short; one daughter; debut over KMBC, 1925. Station KMBC, Pickwick Hotel, Kansas City, Mo.

RUSO, Anthony. Baritone, "Merry-Go-Round," WEAN, Providence, R. I.; born Providence, May 8, 1914; unmarried; debut over WEAN, 1933. Station WEAN, Providence, R. I.

SEARS, Mary. Commentator WBAP, Fort Worth, Texas; born Fort Worth, Sept. 14, 1902; unmarried; debut over WBAP, 1932. 912 Fifth Ave., Fort Worth, Tex.

SENSABAUGH, Ludi Mae. "Sugah"; singer, actress and pianist, WFAA, Dallas, Texas; born San Diego, Calif., July 15, 1913; unmarried; debut over KVOO, Tulsa, Okla., 1929. Station WFAA, Dallas, Texas.

SETTLE, Katie. Soprano and pianist, "Smile Girl," WDBJ, Roanoke, Va.; born Roanoke, July 16, 1902; married Byron Settle; two daughters; debut over WDBJ, 1929. 1022 Sherwood Ave., Roanoke, Va.

SHADWELL, Clair. Actor and musician, "Dixie Minstrels," WBT, Charlotte, N. C.; born April 16, 1896; married Wava Marie Wilson; two sons; debut over WBT, 1929. 221 Hawthorne Lane, Charlotte, N. C.

SHARP, Irving. Baritone and novelty pianist, "Variety Half-Hour," WDBJ, Roanoke, Va.; born Roanoke, Nov. 18, 1915; unmarried; debut over WDBJ, 1933. 1619 Watts Ave. N. W., Roanoke, Va.

SHELLEY, Glenn. Organist and pianist, KGW and KEX, Portland, Ore.; born Portland, Jan. 25, 1903; married; one daughter; debut over KTBR, Portland, 1930. 7025 S. E. 36th Ave., Portland, Ore.

SHERILL, Judy. Contralto, "Aunt Judy's Neighborhood Party," etc., WHK, Cleveland; born St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 8, 1906; married John H. Nichols; one son; debut over WJAY, Cleveland, 1930. Station WHK, 1311 Terminal Tower, Cleveland, Ohio.

SILBERSTEIN, Herbert. Violinist and director, "Musical Miniatures," WOC, Davenport, Iowa; born Davenport, May 14, 1907; unmarried; debut over WOC, 1922. 114 Kirkwood Blvd., Davenport, Iowa.

SILVA, Mario. Baritone, KSD, St. Louis; born Budapest, Hungary, Oct. 15, 1901; married Awreatha Pickering Fahys; one son; debut over WHN, New York City, 1926. Park Plaza Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.

SMITH, Beckley. News reporter, WJAS, Pittsburgh; born Huntington, W. Va.; debut in Huntington, 1928. Station WJAS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SMITH, Russell A. Tenor, "Mid-day Merry-Go-Round," WCAE, Pittsburgh; born Braddock, Pa., May 25, 1904; married Gertrude B. Smith; debut in Erie, Pa., 1923. Station WCAE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SPARNON, Ken. Orchestra leader, WSYR, Syracuse, N. Y., and NBC; born Chatham, N. J., Dec. 8, 1897; married Arabella Simiele; debut over WJZ, New York City, 1928. 132 Castle St., Syracuse, N. Y.

STAFFORD, Carrie. Contralto, WBIG, Greensboro, N. C.; born Aug. 24; unmarried; debut over WBIG, 1931. Guilford College, North Carolina.

STEMMLER, Nick. Sports commentator, "The Sports Observer," WSYR, Syracuse, N. Y.; born Syracuse, Nov. 21, 1910; unmarried; debut over WSYR, 1929. 178 Hastings Pl., Syracuse, N. Y.

STEPHENS, Harold. Tenor, WPG, Atlantic City, N. J.; unmarried; debut over WPG, 1927. Station WPG, Atlantic City, N. J.

STEWART, Caldwell. Musical director, WSFA, Montgomery, Ala.; born Troy, Ala., Nov. 10, 1907; unmarried; debut over WIBZ, Montgomery, 1924. Station WSFA, Montgomery, Ala.

SWITZER, David. Director children's programs, WICC, Bridgeport, Conn.; born June 11, 1893; unmarried; debut over WICC, 1933. 207 Golden Hill St., Bridgeport, Conn.

TAYLOR, Clarence. Baritone, WIS, Columbia, S. C.; born Columbia, April 23, 1915; unmarried; debut over WIS, 1930. 1812 Sumter St., Columbia, S. C.

TEAL, Ray. Orchestra leader, WSMB, New Orleans; born San Francisco, Jan. 12, 1905; married Louise Laraway; debut over KPO, San Francisco. Jung Hotel, New Orleans, La.

TEN EYCK, Sidney. Master of ceremonies, "Man on the Street," WSMK, Dayton, Ohio; born Harrisburg, Pa., July 22, 1904; married Dorothea Tretter; debut in Covington, Ky., 1929. Station WSMK, Dayton, Ohio.

TERRY, Sarah. Singer, "The Carolers," WGST, Atlanta, Ga.; born Atlanta, Aug. 28, 1916; unmarried; debut over WJTL, Atlanta, 1931. Station WGST, Atlanta, Ga.

THOMAS, Tommy. Musical director, "Romance Time," etc., KOMO and KJR, Seattle, Wash.; born Buffalo, N. Y., May 11, 1905; married Dorothy Bush; debut over WFI, Philadelphia, 1925. Camlin Hotel, Seattle, Wash.

THUE, Norman. Organist and pianist, "Morning Melodies," KHQ, Spokane, Wash.; born Sedro-Wooley, Wash., Aug. 20, 1904; married; debut over KWSC, 1925. Station KHQ, Spokane, Wash.

TOLMAN, Clarence. Singer, "Me and My Shadow," KGW and KEX, Portland, Ore.; born Fish Creek, Idaho, March 18, 1896; married; one son, one daughter; debut over WOR, New York City, 1926. 7232 S. E. 32nd St., Portland, Ore.

TOTTEN, Hal. Sports reporter and commentator, WMAQ, Chicago; born Newark, N. J., July 28, 1901; married Catherine Simons; one son, twin daughters; debut over WMAQ, 1924. NBC Studios, Chicago, Ill.

TOURTELLOTT, Wesley. Organist, "Twilight Reveries," KECA, Los Angeles; born Holyoke, Mass., Feb. 16; unmarried; Station KFI, Los Angeles, Calif.

TRUXELL, Earl. Pianist and musical director, WCAE, Pittsburgh, Pa.; born McKeesport, Pa., July 13, 1893; married; one daughter; debut over KDKA, Pittsburgh, 1922. Station WCAE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

TUCKER, Sophie. Singer and mistress of ceremonies, WHN "Music Hall," WHN, New York City; born Jan. 17, 1889; formerly married; one son; debut as guest with Rudy Vallee, 1931.

TURNER, Lucille. Singer of mammy songs, WRVA, Richmond, Va.; born Lynchburg, Va.; married Lawson Turner; three children; debut over NBC, 1931. White Gables, Lynchburg, Va.

VAN WART, Donald. Pianist, "Phantom Fingers," etc., WNAC, WAAB, Boston, and Yankee Network; born Woodstock, New Brunswick, Canada, Oct. 5, 1906; unmarried; debut over WGI, Medford Hillside, Mass., 1924. 7 Glenwood St., Malden, Mass.

VARNY, John. Organist and pianist, "Morning Musical Clock," WCAO, Baltimore, Md.; born Baltimore, March 11; married Mabel Virginia Roller; debut over WFBR, Baltimore, 1929. 6017 Bellona Ave., Baltimore, Md.

VICK, Melva Husak. Contralto, "Greater Louisville Program," WAVE, Louisville, Ky.; born Louisville, Jan. 11; married Williams Layne Vick; debut over WHAS, Louisville, 1929. 2024 Speed Ave., Louisville, Ky.

VINYARD, Estelle. Piano-acordionist, "Melody Aces," etc., WDBJ, Roanoke, Va.; born Roanoke, March 11, 1909; married Claude Vinyard; debut over WDBJ, 1934. Route No. 3, Roanoke, Va.

WADDINGTON, Geoffrey. Musical director, CRCT, Toronto, Canada; born Leicester, England, Sept. 23, 1904; married Mildred Baker; two daughters; debut over CHNC, Toronto, 1922. 71 Chatsworth Drive, Toronto, Canada.

WADE, Fred. Announcer and soloist, "Merry Madcaps," WTIC, Hartford, and NBC; born Springfield, Mass., Aug. 14, 1900; married Thelma Spaulding; one daughter; debut over WBZ, Boston, 1921. 117 Mapleton St., Hartford, Conn.

WALLENSTEIN, Alfred. Violin-cellist and musical director, "Wallenstein's Sinfonietta," WOR, Newark, N. J.; born Chicago, Oct. 7; married Virginia Wilson; debut over WGN, Chicago, 1923. Station WOR, 1440 Broadway, N. Y. C.

WARE, Eula and Katherine. Harmony singers, "Southern Sisters," WCKY, Cincinnati; Eula born Clay City, Ky., Nov. 21, 1915; Katherine born Knoxville, Tenn., Sept. 8, 1914; neither is married; debut over WCKY, 1933. Station WCKY, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WARNER, Don. Pianist, WMBG, Richmond, Va.; married; two sons. 3115 North Ave., Richmond, Va.

WATERHOUSE, Florence. Violinist, KHQ, Spokane, Wash.; born Spokane, Jan. 10, 1908; unmarried; debut over KHQ, 1930. Station KHQ, Spokane, Wash.

WATERS, Margaret Earle. Character actress, plays Sallie in "Sarie and Sallie" sketch, WSM, Nashville, Tenn.; born Nashville, March 14, 1906; married Fred Waters; one daughter; debut over WSM, 1934. 1221 Joseph Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

WEAVER, Ben T. Basso, WHAM, Rochester, N. Y.; born Kirksville, Mo., Feb. 17, 1896; married Gertrude Gentry; one son; debut 1922. Station WHAM, Rochester, N. Y.

WEEKS, Ranny. Orchestra leader, WBZ, Boston; born Everett, Mass., Feb. 25, 1907; married Elinor Newton; two sons; debut over WEEI, Boston, 1930. 100 Brackett Road, Newton, Mass.

WEEMS, Hester Ann. Radio gossip reporter, WWVA, Wheeling, W. Va.; born St. Clairsville, Ohio, March 27, 1909; unmarried; debut over WWVA, 1931. Station WWVA, Wheeling, W. Va.

WELLMAN, Charlie. Baritone and master of ceremonies, KFI, Los Angeles; born Masonville, Iowa, July 17, 1899; married; one son. Station KFI, Los Angeles.

WHEELAHAN, Edmond. Baritone, "Sweet and Low", WSMB, New Orleans; born New Orleans, Nov. 14, 1888; married Olivia Davidson; three sons; debut over WSMB, 1925. 219 S. St. Patrick St., New Orleans, La.

WILEY, Jimmie. Tenor, KTBS, Shreveport, La.; born Shreveport, 1920. Station KTBS, Shreveport, La.

WILLIAMS, Midge. Blues singer, "Salon Moderne", KFRC, San Francisco; born Portland, Ore., May 27, 1916; unmarried; debut over KFRC, 1932. 1801 Woolsey St., Berkeley, Calif.

WILLIAMS, Winthrop. Tenor and master of ceremonies, WDAF "Varieties", Kansas City; born Washington, D. C., Nov. 7, 1899. 3500 Gladstone Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

WILSON, Edna Earle. Character actress, plays Sallie in "Sarie and Sallie", WSM, Nashville, Tenn.; born Oct. 6, 1902; married John Wilson; one son; debut over WSM, 1934. 1221 Joseph Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

WOLF, John Allen. Announcer, WSFA, Montgomery, Ala.; born Louisville, Ky., Feb. 6, 1909; married Alva Craig Kendrick; debut over WIBZ, Montgomery, 1924. Station WSFA, Montgomery, Ala.

WOOD, Russell A. Pianist, WXYZ, Detroit; born Lansing, Mich., Sept. 9, 1912; unmarried; debut over WWJ, Detroit, 1931. 195 Winona Ave., Highland Park, Mich.

WRIGHT, Doris. Contralto, WMBR, Jacksonville, Fla.; born Jacksonville, Aug. 28, 1915; married I. W. Tyree; debut over WMBR, 1927. Magnolia Gardens, Jacksonville, Fla.

WYATT, Helen. "Brook's Mistress of Melody", WMBG, Richmond, Va.; unmarried; debut over WMBG, 1931. 2812 Monument Ave., Richmond, Va.

WYMER, Jack. Baritone and announcer, WSMK, Dayton, Ohio; born Ironton, Ohio, Oct. 7, 1909; married Martha Waymer; one son; debut over WBAV, Columbus, 1925. Station WSMK, Dayton, Ohio.

ZEMP, Russell. Singer, whistler, and pianist, "Kay Russell", Knoxville, Tenn.; born Knoxville, July 18; unmarried; debut over WNOX, 1927. Station WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 38)

instruments Hal Kemp plays when he is not flailing the air with a baton. From watching Hal himself, we find that he tootles on the saxophone and the clarinet, mostly on the latter. The low clarinet interludes you hear are usually done by him.

Incidentally, this conductor's name is really James Harold Kemp. He signs his contracts, which are not bad this year, James H., and so forth.

* * *

BY now you have learned that, after all these years, Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard have become man and wife. This takes care of the rumors you have been scouting ever since the two formed their engaging radio team.

This, then, is the time to add the information that Joe Reichman, whose orchestra is now heard from the Hotel Statler in Boston, Mass., has wed the socially prominent Elma Bennett.

And if you're really interested in romances, Maxine Gray of the Kemp group is going to professional football games with Buzz Borries, 1934 all-American quarterback of the Navy team. Also, while we're on the subject, we might mention that Bob Allen, the baritone you hear with Hal's orchestra, is very much interested in Miss Kathryn Burke of Yonkers, N. Y. We refuse, despite this information, to make any marriage predictions.

* * *

IF you are wondering why you can no longer hear Guy Lombardo over CBS on the late night broadcasts from New York's Place de l'Opera, we might explain. His sponsor felt that such sustaining programs detracted from his value on the Monday evening "Lombardo Road" hours. (Note to Helen Hayes Hemphill and the other members of the Carmen Lombardo Club of Los Angeles—We are sure you feel such action was quite unnecessary. Note to Jane Ross, Columbiana, Ohio, and to Bob Sherwood, Maplewood, Mo.—As a result of the agreement between Guy and his sponsor, the Lombardos have left the Place de l'Opera and are on tour during the winter season through the East and Middle West. Perhaps he will hit your city or one near enough for you to go to see him.)

* * *

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

Bulletin! Guy Lombardo has added a musician to his Royal Canadians orchestra, the first change in five years. The new member is Wayne Webb, trombonist, of the orchestra. The last change was made when Victor Lombardo, baritone saxophonist, was brought into the group. Webb is from Cleveland, Ohio, which means that now ten members of the band are from London, Ontario; two from Cleveland.

* * *

FOR smooth, blue rhythm, there is an orchestra now heard on the Columbia network Fridays at 5:00 P.M., E.S.T. It is under the leadership of Mark Warnow and has the same personnel as the band he conducts on the Evening In Paris programs over NBC. Hence, you'll get more than an even break on this instrumental breakdown:

Four violins, three saxophones, two trumpets, trombone, piano, harp, bass fiddle, guitar and drums. The vocalist goes under the name of Alice Blue on the Blue Rhythm programs.

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so gentle—so effective

YOU can, if you want to, swallow some nasty-tasting stuff while your whole self rebels against it. You can strain your system with some violent harsh cathartic. But . . . why?

Why—when you can take a laxative that tastes like a piece of delicious chocolate. And enjoy the mildest, most pleasant and painless relief from that dreaded old enemy to health and loveliness . . . *constipation*.

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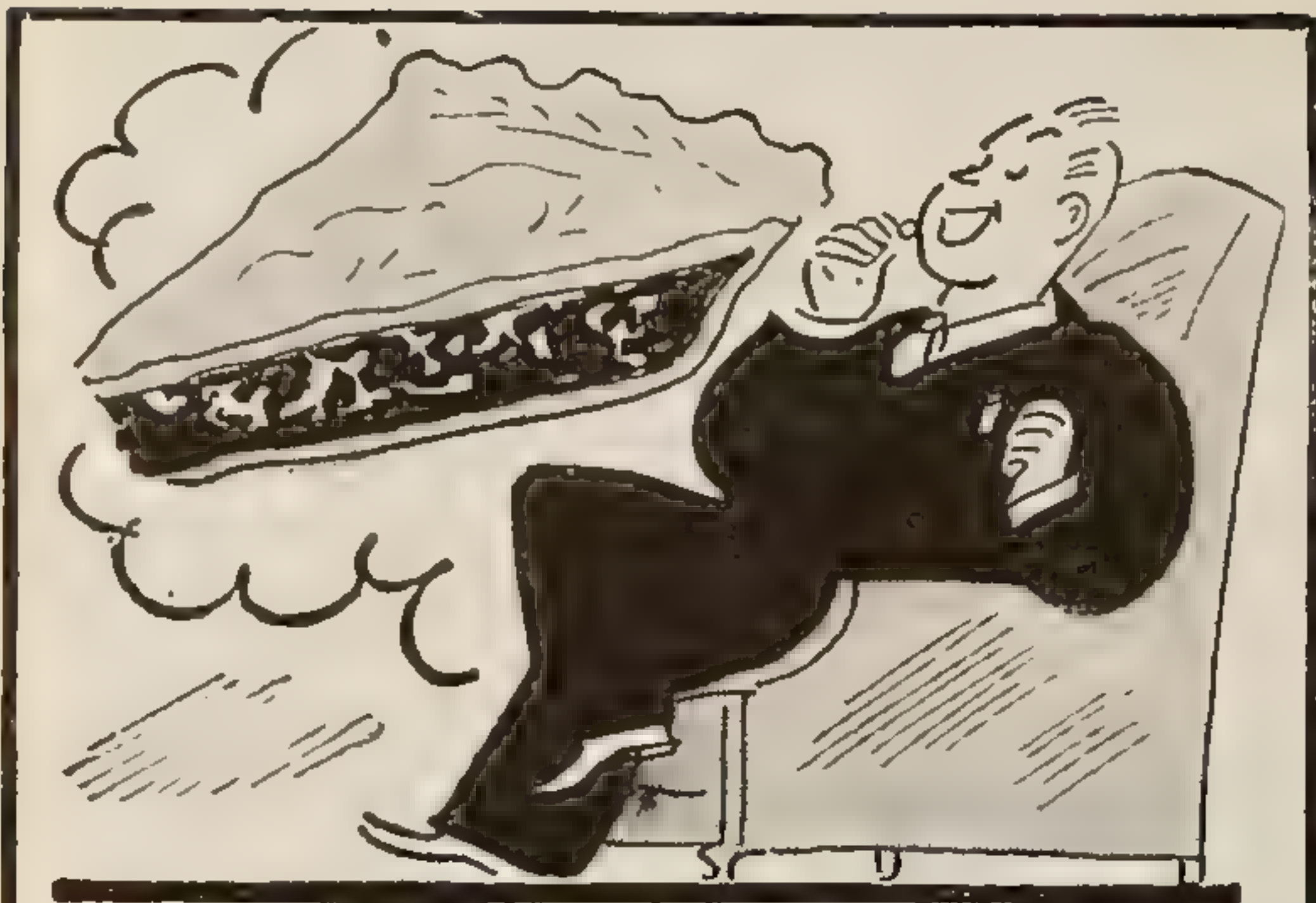
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LITTLE JACK HORNER
SAT IN A CORNER
AFTER EATING A LARGE PIECE OF PIE . . .
HE STUCK IN HIS THUMB,
AND PULLED OUT A TUM,
(WHICH HE ALWAYS KEPT IN HIS VEST)
(POCKET FOR JUST SUCH EMERGENCIES)

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MILLIONS now know the smart thing is to carry a roll of Tums, always. Heartburn, gas, and other symptoms of acid indigestion have a habit of occurring at unexpected times. You don't have to drench your stomach with harsh alkalies which physicians have long warned may make the tendency toward acid indigestion worse. Tums, a real scientific advancement, contain no soda or other alkalies, instead a wonderful antacid that simply neutralizes stomach acidity, the balance passing out of the body inert. Pleasant to eat as candy, only 10c a roll. Put a roll in your pocket now.



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Finished in 18 Kt. WHITE GOLD 15¢
To introduce our Beautiful Blue White Rainbow Flash Stones, we will send a 1 Kt. IMPORTED Simulated DIAMOND, mounted in Lovely 18 Kt. White-Gold Finish Ring as illustrated, for this ad, and 15c expense in coin. Address: National Jewelry Co., Dept. 2-E, Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25c.)
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THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

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THE "Seven G's", the group you hear singing that unique theme on the Phil Baker programs, is a mixed septet, organized by Ed Smalle, former director of the Revelers. It is made up of "The Leaders," radio and recording male quartet and "The Three Minutes," girls trio. The unusual effects achieved by the group are attributed to Smalle's system of orchestrating the voices.

THEME SONG SECTION

An ingenious person has discovered that a tenor signature songster who, though never identified on the air, is the world's highest paid singer—for the amount of time he sings. His name is Myron Niesley, and he is heard on the Jack Benny programs. The catch is that Niesley trills only the top and final note of the Benny signature. The first four letters of the signature—J-E-L-L—are sung by Johnny Green's players. The comedian decided that final "O" was so important, he must engage a special singer. For singing the "O" twice each Sunday night, Niesley gets \$50.00, or \$25.00 a note. The ingenious person calculated that were an opera star to be paid on such a basis, he would receive some \$18,000 a performance.

Top that, if you will.

THE signature Red Nichols uses on his College Prom programs, is his own composition, "Wail of the Wind." (For John Trainor, Waynesburg, Pa.)

SHORT, SWEET AND LOWDOWN

M. Jane Ross, Columbiana, Ohio—Watch the "Following the Leaders" section for your information on Guy Lombardo, and the note of explanation in the first part of this department. Sorry, we can't answer letters personally. Lottie Stokes, Albany, Ga.—The foregoing answer covers part of your question. We published the orchestral anatomy of the Lombardo group in the November issue of RADIO MIRROR. Jeanne Barrett, Wall, Pa.—We suggest you address Ted Fio Rito at the Netherlands-Plaza Hotel, N. Y. C. Janet Weber, Detroit, Mich.—Conrad Thibault is thirty-one years old. He married Eleanor Kendall, his second wife, September 17th of this year. His first wife died in the early part of his radio career. He is five feet eleven inches

tall and weighs 156 pounds. We will try to run a picture of him with his bride in the future. Jacob Hoffman, Reading, Pa. We could not make out which orchestra you mean. What is the hour and station of broadcast? Miss M. Brown, Washington, D. C. If the Musicians Union tax situation, as explained earlier in this article, is cleared up, you may hear Ted Fio Rito from the Netherlands-Plaza Hotel in New York.

FOLLOWING THE LEADERS

In the event you wish to see what you hear in the way of radio orchestras, we are listing the places in which many of them plan to appear during December. We hope with you that your favorite organization will be playing near enough to you that you may go to watch them in action or dance to their music. The orchestra booking business being what it is, you will find this list is subject to change after it has been made up.

Bergen, Freddie—Book-Cadillac Hotel, Detroit, Mich.

Boulanger, Charles—Oriental Gardens, Chicago, Ill.

Breeze, Louis—Weylin Hotel, N. Y. C.

Brooks, Billy—Gayoso Hotel, Memphis, Tenn.

Candullo, Joe—Rainbow Grill, Rockefeller Center, N. Y. C.

Childs, Reggie—Essex House, Newark, N. J.

Coakley, Tom—Netherlands - Plaza Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Coleman, Emil—St. Regis Hotel, N. Y. C.

Cugat, Xavier—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, N. Y. C.

Cummins, Bernie—Roosevelt Hotel, N. Y. C.

Denny, Jack—French Casino, N. Y. C.

Donahue, Al—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, N. Y. C.

Dorsey, Jimmy—The Grove, Houston, Texas. (After stay there, will continue tour of South and Southwest on way to Pacific Coast to join Bing Crosby for his new program the first part of December.)

Fio Rito, Ted—Netherlands - Plaza Hotel, N. Y. C.

Gasparre, Dick—Savoy-Plaza Hotel, N. Y. C.

Hall, George—Taft Hotel, N. Y. C.

Henderson, Fletcher—Roseland Ballroom, N. Y. C.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, OF RADIO MIRROR, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1935.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Ernest V. Heyn, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of RADIO MIRROR, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Editor, Ernest V. Heyn, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, Paul Keats, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Business Manager, none.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City. Stockholder: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc., Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom each trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) ERNEST V. HEYN, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1935, Wesley F. Pape, Notary Public, Nassau County, Cert. filed in New York County, No. 58, Registered No. 6P35. Commission Expires March 30th, 1936. (SEAL)

Hill, Teddy—Ubangi Club, N. Y. C.
 Hines, Earl—Grand Terrace Cafe, Chicago, Ill.
 Jelesnik, Eugene—Hollywood Restaurant, N. Y. C.
 Jones, Isham—Lincoln Hotel, N. Y. C.
 Keller, Leonard—Bismarck Hotel, Chicago, Ill.
 Kemp, Hal—Pennsylvania Hotel, N. Y. C.
 LaMarr, Frank—Nut Club, N. Y. C.
 Leafer, Allen—The Farms, White Plains, N. Y.
 Light, Enoch—McAlpin Hotel, N. Y. C.
 Little, Little Jack—St. Moritz Hotel, N. Y. C.
 Lombardo, Guy—On tour in Middle-West, playing for dances, college social affairs and in hotels.
 Madriguera, Enric—Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill.
 Meyer, Harry—Ausable Chasm, N. Y.
 Naylor, Ollie—On tour, playing principally at college dances.
 Nelson, Ozzie—Lexington Hotel, N. Y. C.
 Olsen, George—College Inn, Chicago, Ill.
 Reichman, Joe—Statler Hotel, Boston, Mass.
 Reser, Harry—Planning to change from Graystone Ballroom in Detroit to Gibson Hotel, Cincinnati, during December.
 Richards, Don—Montclair Hotel, N. Y. C.
 Rines, Joe—Mayfair Hotel, Boston, Mass.
 Romanelli, Luigi—King Edward Hotel, Toronto, Can.
 Stern, Harold—Fifth Avenue Hotel, N. Y. C.
 South, Eddie—Chez Paree, Chicago, Ill.
 Velas, Esther—Roosevelt Hotel, N. Y. C.
 Weeks, Ranny—Cocoanut Grove, N. Y. C.
 Whiteman, Paul—"Jumbo," Hippodrome, N. Y. C.
 Woodworth, Julian—Pavilion Royale, Merrick, L. I., N. Y.

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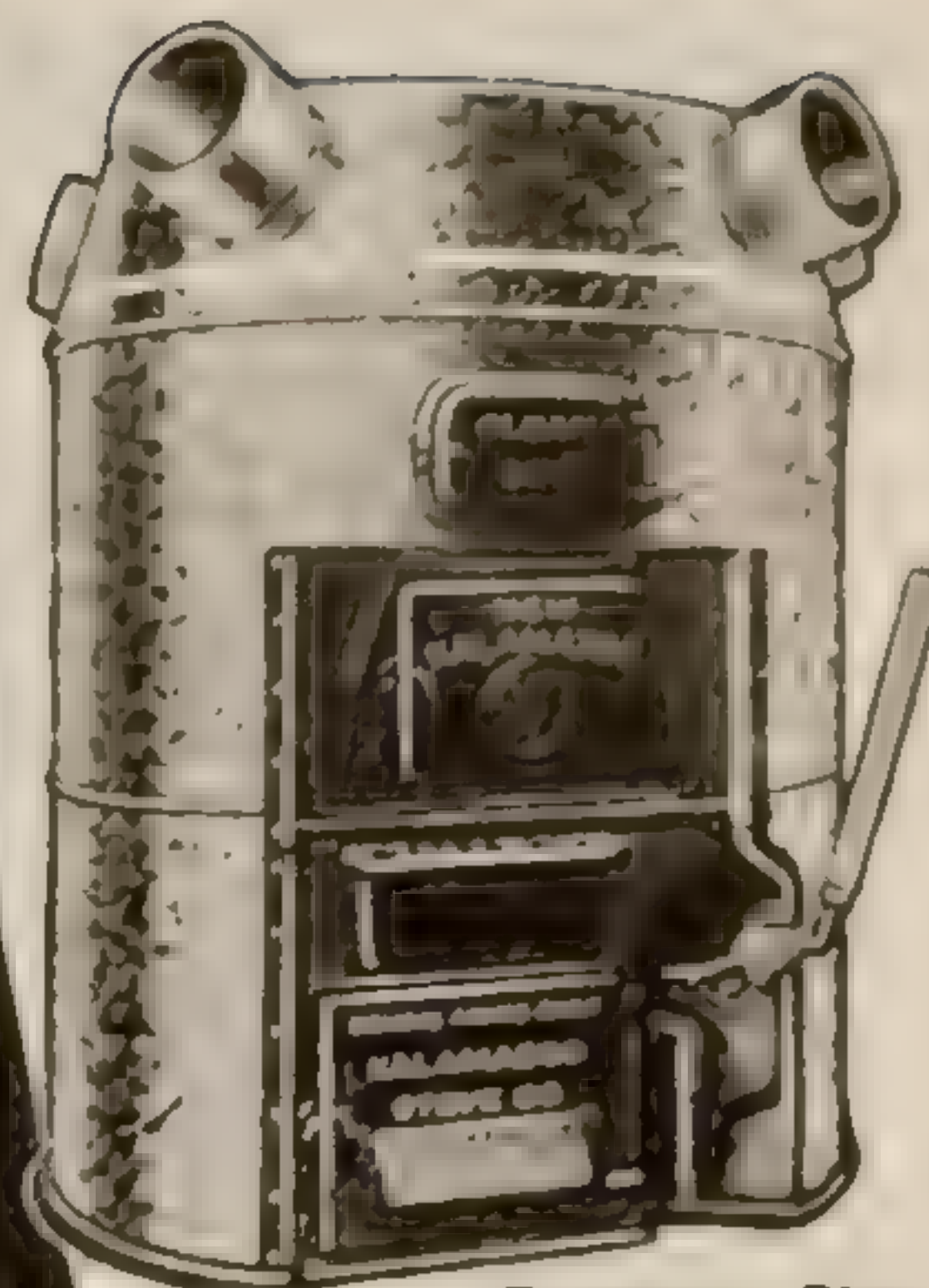
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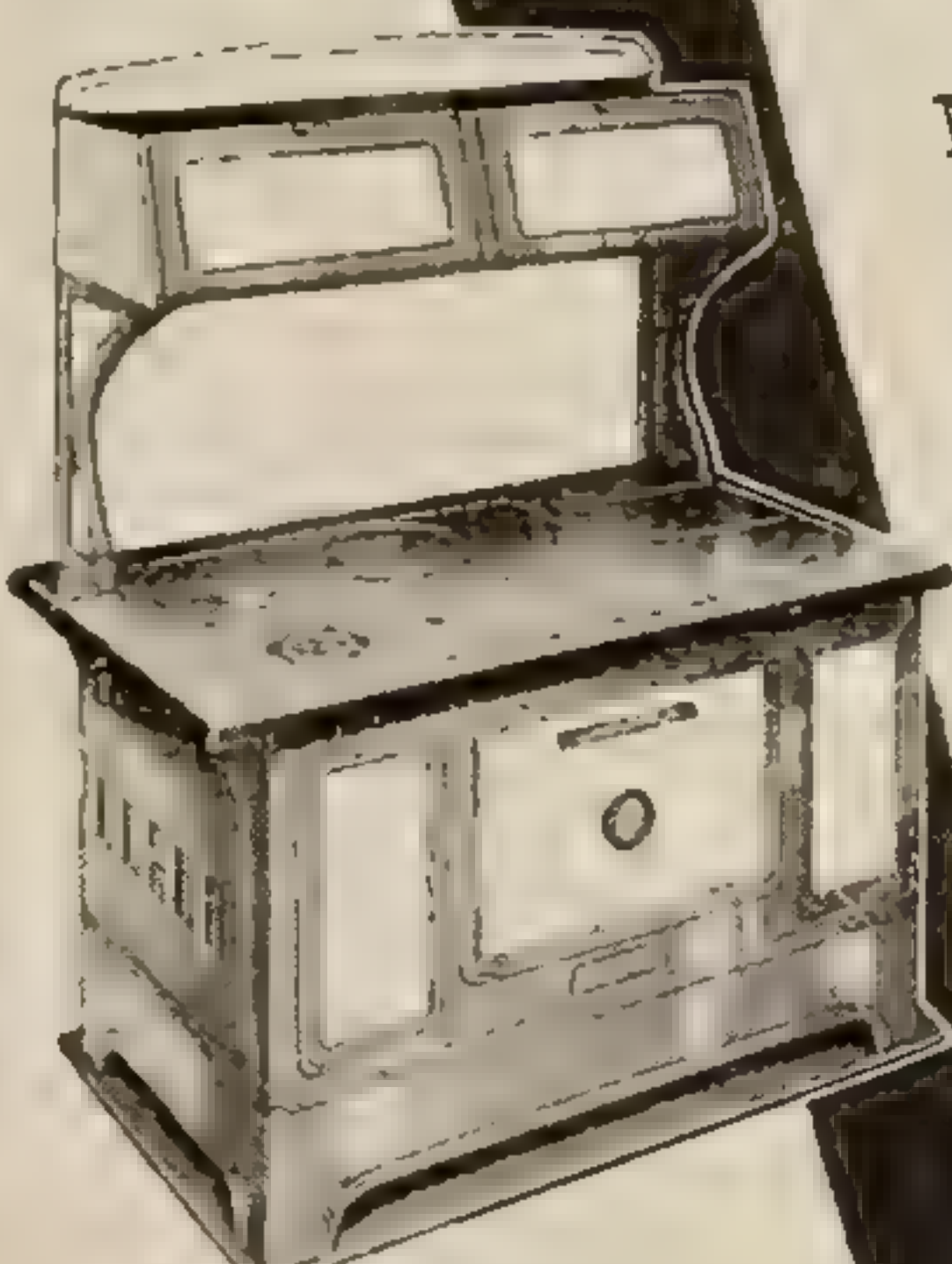
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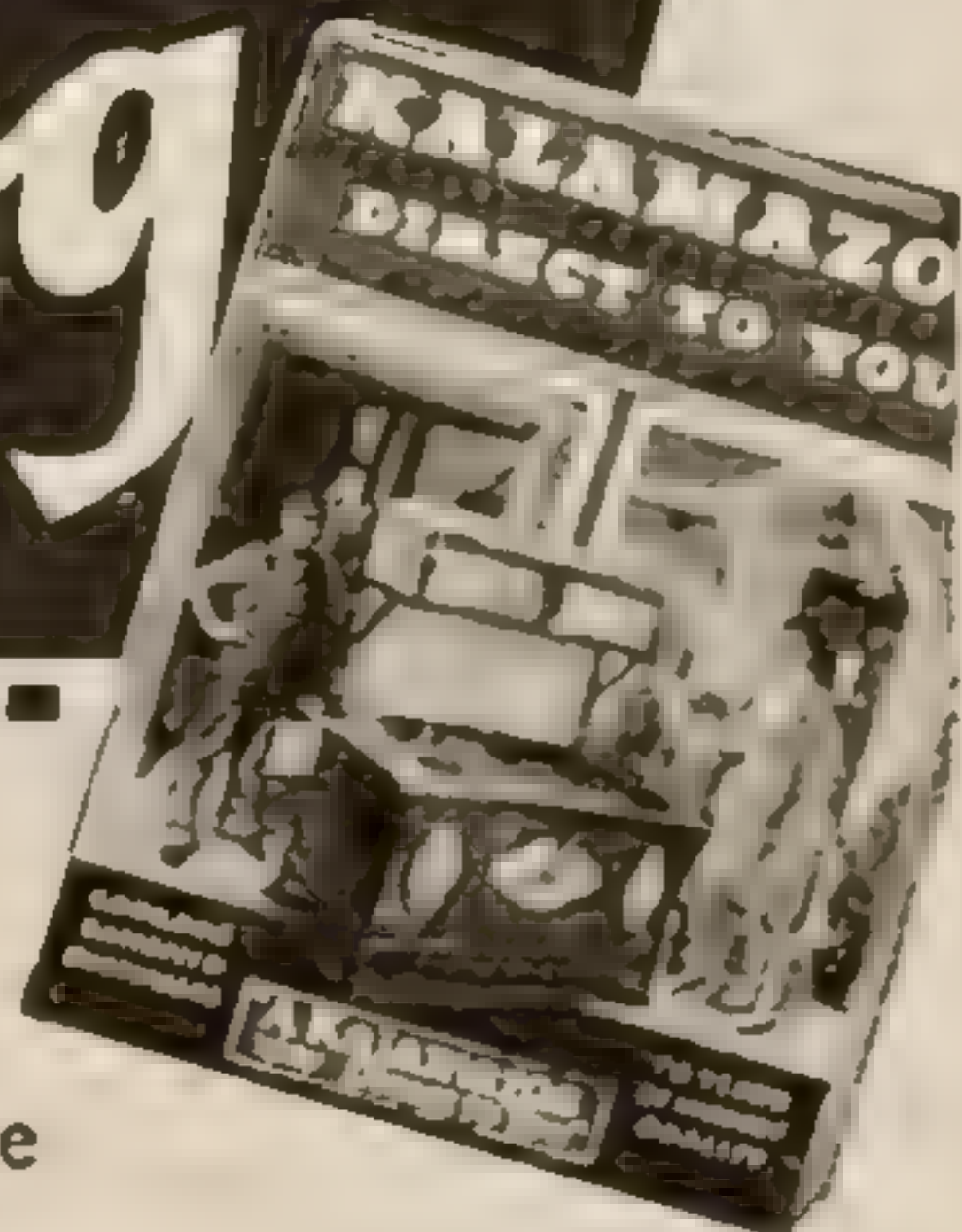
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Amateurs at Life

(Continued from page 47)

tiny studio barely large enough to accommodate the orchestra, the master of ceremonies and herself. Jan sat in the control room where she could just see his head and shoulders if she stood on tiptoe.

She tried not to be excited, telling herself that it would soon be all over. The smallness of the studio helped. Its air of careless intimacy, the impression it gave of not expecting too much of the performers it held, robbed Mickey, in the end, of her shakiness. She sang as Jan had told her to and was confident she had done well.

Jan confirmed her belief. "Swell," he told her. "You were even better than I had hoped." And Mickey's spirits rose. Jan was a wonderful antidote for the poison of Tad's not being around to see what she had been doing with herself.

He led her out to the street to a long, gleaming roadster that took Mickey's breath away. "I've never seen one like this except in show windows," she exclaimed.

"Get in and I'll drive you home."

It was almost a Roman procession, riding down Fifth Avenue. Radio City's publicity staff had not labored in vain. Mickey was sure that every other woman on the street turned and stared after them. Men stared too, but without the almost desperate curiosity the women showed.

COME to my broadcast tomorrow night," he said as they drove up in front of the broadcasting house. "It'll be good experience for you. I'd tell you again how good you were today, if I thought it wouldn't go to your head. Young lady, you're off to a flying start."

He left with the words ringing in her ears. Who knew, perhaps those two songs this afternoon were the spring board to a new career? If Tad weren't careful, he'd be wallowing behind, hopelessly lost in the dust of her passage towards stardom.

When she arrived at Radio City the following evening, a page led her to the front row that was marked off by a "reserved" sign. This, she decided, was much more fun than being one of the entertainers. Now she could sit back and watch. There was none of the strained seriousness at this broadcast that had blanketed Uncle Jim's program. The only note struck was one of gayety.

She had another ride in Jan's roadster after the Hour ended. "Up Riverside Drive, across the Washington Bridge?" he suggested.

Though she was alone Sunday, she didn't mind, for Jan called just before she went out to dinner.

"Great news, Mickey," he said. "You're singing again on the same program you were on Friday. You did it all yourself this time. The fan mail was so heavy, they want you for tomorrow afternoon's show!"

She hung up the receiver with trembling fingers. It was the beginning of a career! She had come to New York, had stayed in New York because of Tad. He had tried to send her away and she'd almost let him and—yet here she was making a success of herself!

Jan wasn't in the studio lending her encouragement at the second broadcast. It might have been that or it might have been the knowledge that everything was hinging on how well she did that made her hands damp with the sheer effort of trying as she stood at the microphone.

It was eons of time before she heard herself singing the last clear note, eons

more before the announcer signed off with his customary advice to listeners that the next day at the same time there would be another show.

Then, just as she turned to go, she caught sight of Jan peering through the round porthole of glass in the heavy, sound proof door. He pushed his way inside and ran to her.

"Mickey, you were great! I didn't dare tell you until now—I've had two of my sponsors in the audition room listening. I think it's all set for you to go on my Hour!"

Mickey didn't want to be flippant, not at the most exciting moment of her whole life. Yet she couldn't very well say, "I don't believe you. Why, it's impossible—me, Mickey Crail, appearing on the Jan Parrish program." All she could blurt out was, "Poughkeepsie girl makes good in big city."

Jan saw her look of incredulity. "It's true. I swear. I wouldn't tell you unless I were sure."

And so Mickey had to make herself believe it, though it was quite as though she were living one of Grimm's Fairy Tales. A make-believe princess wandering through the magic world of radio stardom. That night, stretched out in bed, she whispered into the pillow, "Mickey Crail, amateur extraordinary."

She was still pinching herself when she attended a rehearsal of Jan's program in the morning, the first of the week and more of a conference than anything else. It wasn't at all like the rehearsals Mickey had up to now attended. Everyone knew exactly what to do. There was no hesitation, no shouting over lost scripts or music. Jan introduced her to a vice-president of the Gable agency.

"I haven't heard you yet, myself," he said, "but Jan's told me enough to convince me you're good."

Then she met the production manager, the man who sat in the control room and decided whether things were being said with the right accent and whether the music was too soft or too loud. "You sing any way you like," he told her, "and we'll control the volume accordingly."

Mickey searched in her mind for a word that would describe this rehearsal. Swank, she decided, fitted perfectly. The atmosphere reeked of importance, of money, of assurance that this would be the best show the audience had yet heard.

"Jan," she said, "remind me that I'm not Broadway's most successful star."

"Nope," Jan refused, "because that's just what we're going to make you be."

I WONDER," she thought, "what the great Byron will have to say for himself when that happens."

She was afraid it wouldn't last, afraid even before she called Uncle Jim and made a date to see him the next morning. Not that he did anything to stop it. It was what he said. They were sitting in his office and he was carving a fresh green ink pad into shreds with an envelope opener while he talked.

"Mickey," he said, "you're doing exactly what other amateurs have tried to do and failed. You're going on the big time too soon. You get a taste of success and then plunge right into the biggest spot in radio—the Jan Parrish Hour."

"Why not?" Mickey answered.

"Because you haven't the training or the experience behind you for anything like that. You aren't ready for it, Mickey. In a year or maybe in six months. But not now."

"Perhaps," Mickey argued, "but I must have *something* to have them put me on the program."

"Sure. You have natural talent. It's good showmanship presenting an amateur like you. They don't care what happens to you afterwards. Go ahead, if you think you can do it."

"Uncle Jim, it isn't just my wanting to be a success. I came down here with Tad. He's gone now, and I just have to keep on going. It may sound funny to you, but I made myself a promise—that I'd stay and show him. I won't forget how swell you've been. Thanks—and goodbye."

She had to end it that way. She had been trying so hard not to think of the very things Uncle Jim said. If she did, she might lose the self-confidence she'd built up so carefully. Besides, if she were to run home now, Tad would never look at her again. "Of course, not that *that* makes any difference," she consoled herself.

Leaving Radio City, she remembered that this afternoon was to be Tad's debut on the novelty hour and decided she'd try to find him. She had something to tell him, something to show him. Wasn't she going on the Jan Parrish Hour?

They told her in the program department, "We haven't any record of a Mr. Tad Byron appearing on any program."

"He would!" she fumed. "Double cross me when I'm getting ahead by not showing up." Obviously, though, something more than that had happened, or he would have appeared. Nothing short of an earthquake could have kept him away. It worried and frightened her a little, thinking about it.

KILLING time that day, she blessed Jan more than once for his companionship. That night he was taking her dancing, "at a fancy place," and when he had come and they were sitting in his car, she almost forgot to worry about Tad.

"Tonight we celebrate," he said. "Tonight we go to the Rainbow Room."

And Mickey answered. "That makes my waiting all day worthwhile. Let's hurry. I can hardly wait to see such a famous place."

It was exactly as she hoped it would be. Waiting for Jan to check his hat, she recognized the soft, haunting strains of "The Very Thought of You," the theme song of Ray Noble's orchestra.

Arm in arm, they walked through the lounge that looked out over the entire upper half of Manhattan to the entrance of the dance floor. A headwaiter met them and led them down three steps, around tables gleaming white in their fresh linen, to a place directly next to the band.

Without trying to hide what she was doing, Mickey stared around her. Not all the formality—men in tail coats, women in expensive gowns—nor the obvious wealth to which the menu prices testified could make her feel out of place. Not with Jan sitting across the table from her, watching her as she drank in one of the most glamorous scenes of these post-prohibition days.

"You're beautiful tonight," he said, bringing her gaze back to him.

"If I am, it's because you've taken me here."

She turned to watch more people file in, talking and laughing. And then she saw him—coming towards her, in the middle of a large party. "Tad!" she breathed and prayed that he would notice her while he sat down and turned to the girl on his left—Marion Van Biddle, of course.

Color seeped up her neck, spread into her cheeks, as her heart doubled its beat.

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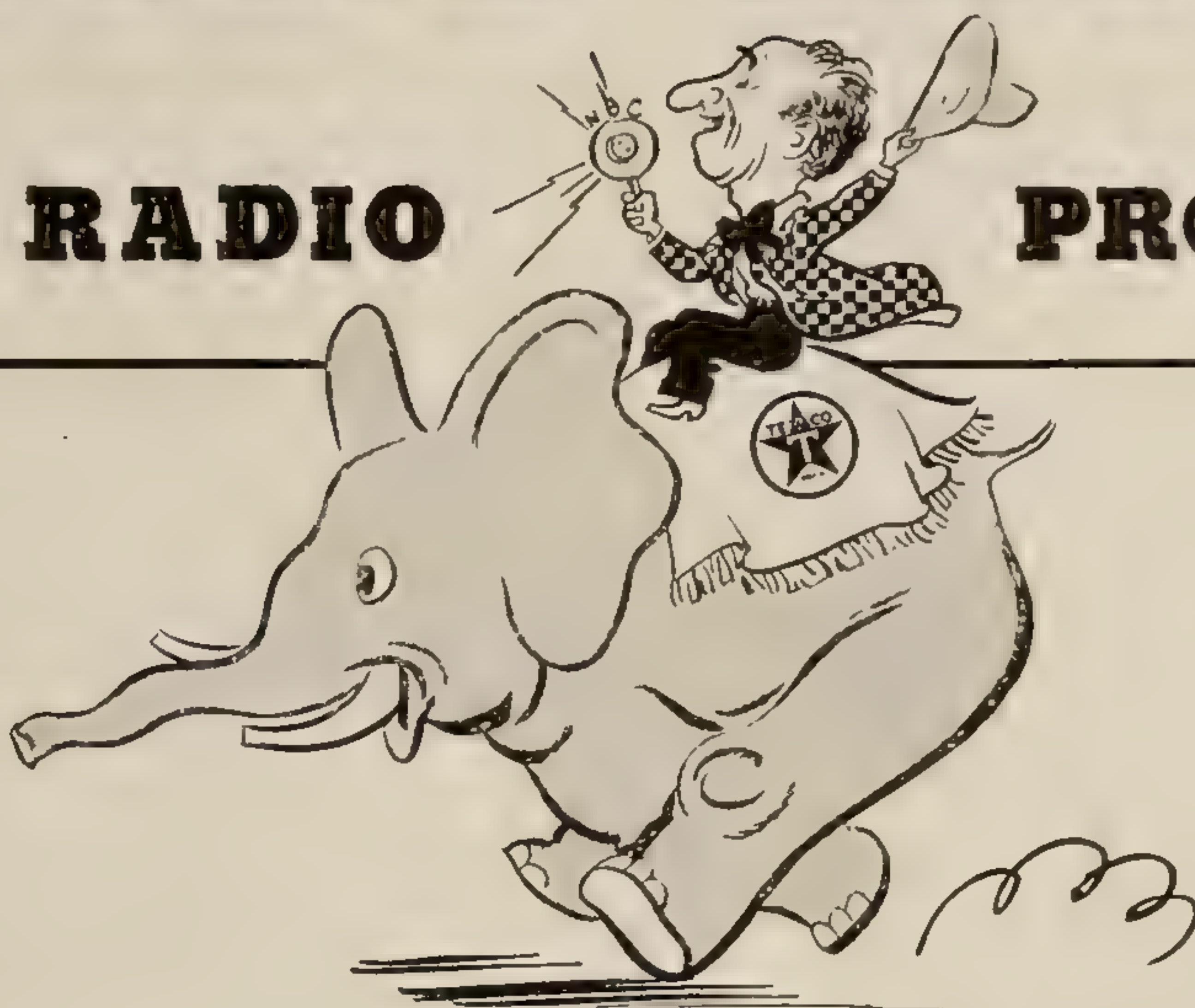
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What would he say when he saw her here; recognized the man she was with? It didn't really matter, she had so much to tell him and it was such joy to look at him again.

Jan stirred restlessly. "What's so special," he asked.

Mickey came back to earth with a start. "Nothing," she said and managed to keep looking at Jan instead of behind her.

She was powdering her nose when she felt him standing beside her. "Mickey!" She whirled to face Tad, her lips parted in breathless expectation.

"Hello, Tad," she half-whispered, smiling, and as Jan stood up, "Tad, this is Jan Parrish. Jan, Tad Byron."

"Weren't you Miss Crail's partner at the Century?" Jan asked politely.

Tad nodded brusquely. He was frowning when he said to Mickey,

"I can't believe my eyes! I thought you were in Poughkeepsie."

"I know. I changed my mind the morning you moved."

"Why didn't you let me in on it?" Tad growled. "You shouldn't be staying here alone. I'd have been worried sick if I'd known. A swell way to treat me when I promised your dad I'd look out for you."

MICKEY wasn't sure whether he was joking or not. She hoped so when she said:

"How could I tell you if you moved without leaving any address? And besides aren't you taking quite a sudden interest in my affairs?"

She knew the minute she had spoken that Tad had been serious, that he was really angry with her. She wished she'd said anything else, but it was too late, the damage was done. Without another word, he turned on his heel and left.

"Well, well," Jan laughed, "I thought for a minute he was going to spank you."

"He certainly acted that way," Mickey said, indignant and hurt. "You'd think I was a naughty girl caught in the act." She glared after Tad and bit her lip to stop its trembling. After waiting so long to see him and then to have it work out this way!

"But cheer up," Jan replied, "I'm glad he's gone. We have more important things at stake right now. I want you to meet an old friend of mine."

Standing, he took her arm and they walked to the band stand, where Ray Noble was sitting.

"Hi!" Jan greeted, shaking hands with the orchestra leader. "How are things going?" He pulled Mickey forward. "Ray, this is my new find, Miss Mickey Crail." Noble bowed and murmured, "How do you do?" then stepped out in a small circle of light in front of the stand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "we have with us tonight a talented young radio star—Jan Parrish!" To the accompaniment of applause, he motioned Jan to his side. "How about a song?" he asked. But Jan shook his head.

"Not tonight," he replied, "but if you people say so, I'd like to introduce my newest protegee, Mickey Crail, a recent winner on the Uncle Jim Riley Amateur Hour."

Noble nudged Jan. "Then have her sing," he urged.

Mickey gasped, "Jan, no! Not me!" but Jan paid no attention. "Would you like to hear her sing?" he asked the audience, and waited a minute for the clapping. "Okay," he said, and Noble signaled to the band, picking up his baton.

It was only because she didn't have to move that she was able to begin. The spotlight swung around, picked her out, and stayed there. In the blinding glare she felt a complete isolation that put

her out of reach of those who were watching her. The orchestra beat out the steady throb of a popular tune and without effort, knowing that Tad was part of the crowd, she picked up the melody.

The applause was wonderful, any way you looked at it, for it was whole-hearted, spontaneous, warming. Jan helped her back to her seat.

"Didn't I tell you? They were crazy about you."

While smiling her appreciation, her eyes were seeking out Tad. To make her triumph at all complete she must have his approval. He must say okay. And he wasn't applauding!

At least his hands barely came together and he was looking over her head, no recognition in his stare. How was Mickey to know that he was thinking: "Not bad, little one, but why leave me out of it?" And how could she guess that her sudden rise to fame without his help or knowledge of it worried him? "Behind my back," he muttered, "when she should have been home."

"I've got to get away," Mickey whispered, appealing to Jan. "Would you mind terribly if we left now?" And Jan shook his head, "Of course not. After the way you sang tonight, anything you want is all right with me."

If Mickey had looked back when she reached the exit, she would have seen Tad get to his feet, excuse himself from the others, and follow her. But an elevator was waiting for them and its door clanged shut before Tad could catch up.

Jan sensed something of the turmoil inside Mickey. "Let's ride for awhile, before going home."

"Yes, let's" Mickey agreed. They drove in silence most of the time, neither willing to make more than half-hearted attempts at conversation. It was nearly two when he turned back.

By then, the pain in Mickey's heart had eased a little. "Thanks, mister, for a very comfortable ride," she said.

Jan noticed a light in the downstairs parlor.

"One if by land—" they must be expecting the British. Maybe I'd better come in with you."

Together they made their way up the worn stone steps. As Mickey reached to put her key in the lock, the door swung open. Standing in the hall, arms akimbo, was the militant figure of the landlady.

"Fine goings on," she muttered. "You got a caller in the living room. I wouldn't of let him in, only I knew who he was." She pointed a gaunt finger at the parlor.

With Jan close at her heels, Mickey hurried into the waiting room. "Who is it?" Jan whispered.

"Tad Byron!" Mickey exclaimed.

TAD jumped to his feet. He had been here since midnight, and the long wait had put his temper on short leash. It had never been his role before to do the sitting, wondering where Mickey was and why she didn't come.

"What are you doing here?" Mickey asked.

The directness of the question startled Tad. He hesitated, then blurted out, "I want to find out just why you stayed. After all, it was my fault you came to New York."

Mickey couldn't believe this was really happening. She said, "Thank you very much, but I really don't need anyone to police me."

Stung, Tad snapped, "I mean—you're all alone here—if anything happened, it would be my fault. I'd get the blame."

Jan stepped forward. "Wait a minute. Aren't you just a bit cockeyed? What makes you think Mickey's all alone?"

"You keep out of this, this is my affair," Tad snarled.

"Sorry, but I'm making it mine, too," Jan retorted.

"Wait!" Mickey said slowly, "Tad, you must be crazy. First you try to send me home and now when you find out I didn't go, you follow me all over town."

"Say listen," Tad shouted, "I brought you here and I'm looking out for you as long as you stay."

"Why waste time arguing?" Jan said. "Send him away."

Tad's mouth clamped shut. He took Jan by the coat lapel and said, "I told you to keep out of this."

Instinctively, Jan pushed Tad away, not too gently. It was the last straw. Tad's fist curved in a short arc, caught Jan flush on the jaw, and sent him sprawling to the floor.

Mickey stared down, horrified.

"That settles it," Tad barked. "You're going home if I have to take you myself. You're taking the six o'clock train and you're packing right now."

"Home?" Mickey repeated. "You say I'm going home? When I really wanted to go back, when there was some sense in it, you were so wrapped up in yourself and your career, you couldn't hear me. Now, when it's too late, you tell me to pack."

SHE knelt on the floor beside Jan and held his head.

"Aren't you coming?" Tad asked, trying to make Mickey look at him.

Without moving, she shook her head. She heard Tad turn and run, heard the door slam behind him as Jan groaned and sat up, rubbing a fast discoloring chin.

"I didn't know what I was getting into when I became interested in you," he said. "Look at me, I'm a mess."

He stood, picked up his hat from the chair, and walked with an unsteady gait into the hall. Mickey ran after him.

"Jan, I'm terribly sorry."

"Forget it," he replied. "It's my fault. I should have known better."

Just as he opened the front door, she called,

"What time should I report tomorrow for rehearsal?"

Her answer was the door slamming a second time. She started after him, then checked herself. What was the use? And there, alone in the dark hallway without Tad or Jan, all her dreams crumbled down about her ears.

Does Jan's departure mean that Mickey's job on his Hour is lost? And Tad has gone—back to Marion? Read the thrilling climax of *Amateurs At Life* in the concluding installment in the February issue of *RADIO MIRROR*, on sale December 24th.

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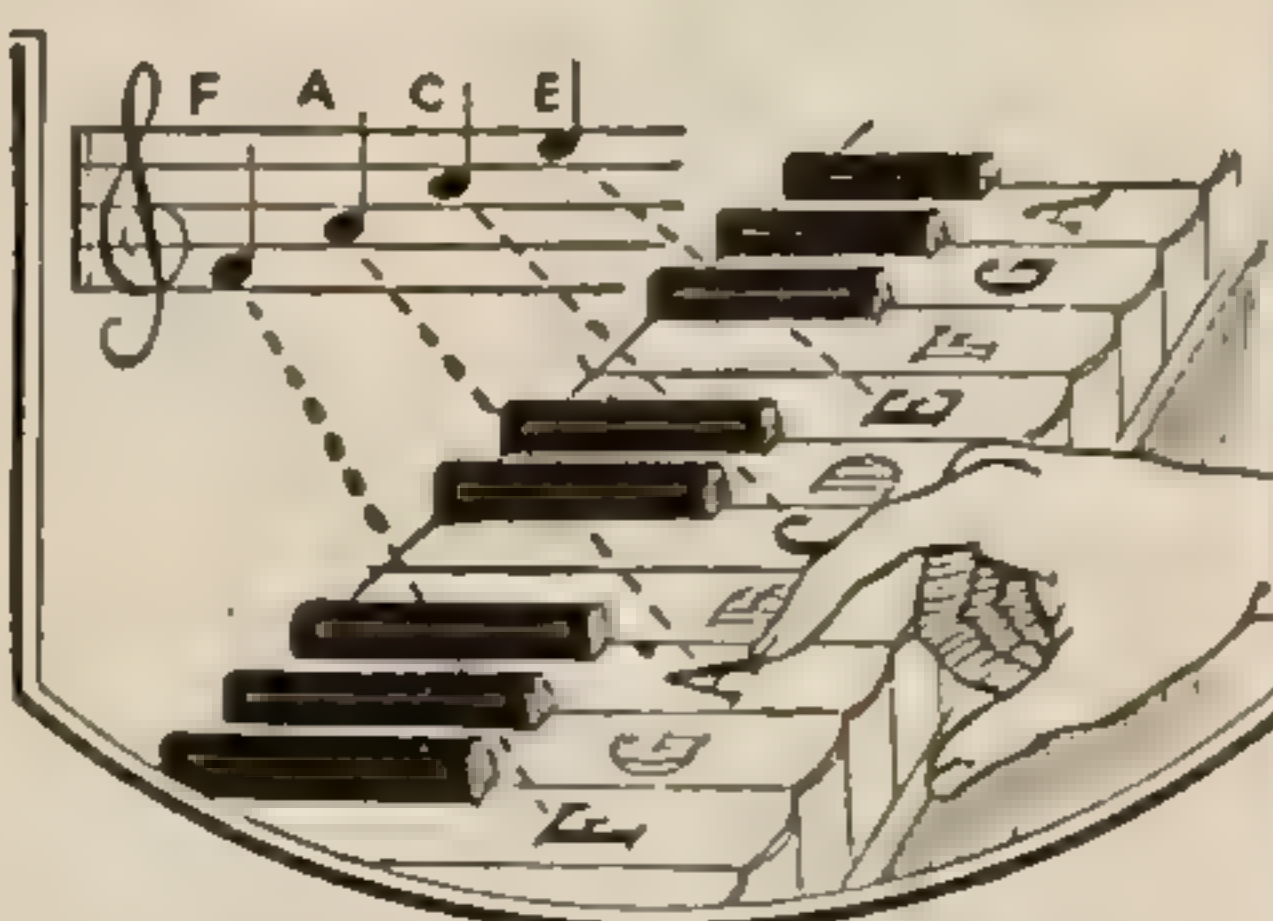
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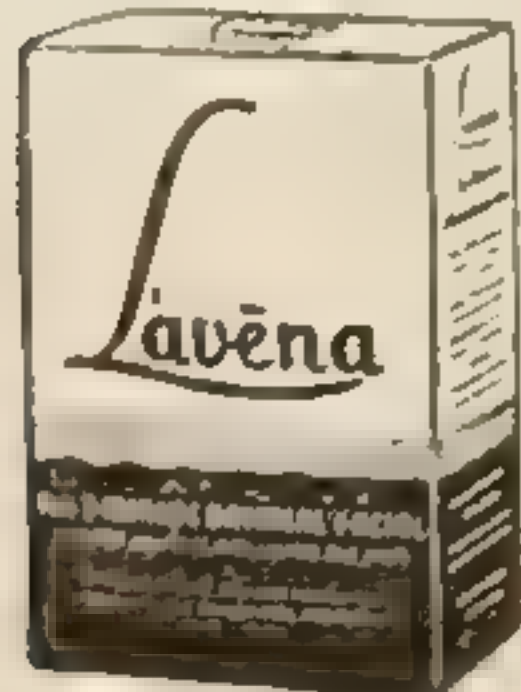
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Secrets About Radio Marriages

(Continued from page 29)

Jack has another important person on his payroll at equally generous terms. Her name is Mary Livingstone.

Not many husbands pay their wives a salary, do they? The fact that Jack does is a two-edged sword that cuts through all the webs of gossip the grass widows of radio have spun. It means that Jack values his marriage so highly that he has done everything he can to make it endure for its own precious sake, even making Mary Livingstone so financially independent that she could walk out on him tomorrow if she desired.

But she doesn't desire. The evidence is available every Sunday night from Hollywood, or any time anyone wants to look into their eyes as they walk together.

A THIRD marriage I have in mind is one that almost no one knows about. Certainly the public has never been permitted to hear of it. I mention it now because the peacocky princesses of the bar-rails are beginning to talk.

The girl is Annette Hanshaw and the boy is Wally Rose.

It is a Broadway legend that Wally's car broke down in front of the Hanshaw home in the days when Victrola records sold by the millions. Entering the house to borrow the use of the Hanshaw phone, he heard a teen-age girl singing at a piano. It was Annette. In no time at all, he had signed her up to make records for his own company. And had married her.

But the world at large didn't learn. Particularly, the collegiate world which took Annette to its heart and made her Campus Queen No. 1. I've seen Annette and Wally come and go through the studios for four years, ever since she took her first assignment on Show Boat. In all that time, I've never seen any man who showed as much devotion to his wife and protegee.

Wally Rose is Annette's manager—but he is more than that. This girl has been the head of her house since she was eighteen, is supporting her family and putting a younger brother through college. Annette is very sensitive. She is excessively, by all normal standards, timid.

She loved radio in the early days when she sang all alone into the mike. The advent of the big invited audiences began her period of torture. I've seen her walk onto a platform and sing with her back turned to fifteen hundred people. I've seen her refuse to get up on a stage and sing, causing engineers to restring their mikes so she could broadcast from an inconspicuous corner.

What I'm pointing out is this: the girl Wally Rose married has needed much more than an average husband. How much more than even that Wally Rose has been only he and a few friends know. Every broadcast finds him on hand, a glass of water in his hand, a soothing word for any emergency. His job has been to shield and protect; he has often been misunderstood, even ridiculed. But he has taken the raps, doing what he knows is best for Annette. Once, when a certain radio magazine printed Annette's picture on its cover, and made her hair red instead of its natural, dark blonde color, he hid that magazine for months, buying copies off the newsstands she passed so she wouldn't see it.

Well, the vultures can talk all they want about creaky marriages, but I know what I know. And one fact is this: the Hanshaw career is one that wouldn't have lasted so long if her marriage hadn't lasted. But it has, and she has, too.

ONE of the tightest little knots in all radio is that which binds together Little Jack Little and the girl Broadway knows as Tea. I was introduced to her several years ago. It wasn't until much later that I learned she was Jack's wife.

Tea Little married Jack on a lark. It was one of those love-at-first-sight surprises that stampede young girls and boys into solemn vows. They had known each other an hour or so, I believe, before they heard the pastor's "I pronounce thee."

And then, ironically, Little Jack became the housewives' delight. Remember the years he spent as a daytime radio singer, the months on end his solo sessions at the piano tinkled into almost every home in America? His fan mail in those days became terrific, and passionate, and tender. The Little voice and the Little piano technique, it seemed, induced emotional flare-ups along almost every maple-lined avenue in America.

Purposely, the public never heard about Tea Little then, nor did it hear about her when Jack abandoned his daily stint to maestro a gaudy thirteen-piece dance band. I watched Jack at the Hotel Lexington's Silver Grill in New York. The debs and sub-debs from all over town hung onto his coat-tails, swarmed around his piano when he played, and begged for his autographs.

A little of that and the radio grass widows got busy again, predicting that another shipment of hitherto unruffled connubial bliss was headed for the rocks.

They reckoned without Tea Little. She sat at a corner table when Jack led his orchestra, watching the moon-struck females who surrounded her husband. She sat there, I can tell you, without a spark of envy or jealousy in her heart because the thing she was seeing was the thing she had planned and desired.

You see, Tea Little is a heady young lady with a way of her own. Actually, she is Jack Little's partner and manager. When he makes an important business move, she directs it.

So you see why Tea likes to remain in the shadows behind Jack. Let the world think him as romantic as it will. Let them send him flowers and mash notes. It means that she is doing a good job.

Can all that adulation threaten the happiness she and Jack have found together? Both of them will tell you, "Not in a million years."

Can secret radio marriages last? Let the Littles answer that for you.

SOMETIMES, one runs into marriages that even outlive radio careers. For instance, remember the baby voice of cute Jeannie Lang?

She trotted about town like a gaga, Wellesley girl escorted by a handsome lad she always introduced as her brother. I took it all in for too many months. Finally, the news broke that Brother Lang was really Husband Lang. Also, he held a responsible job as director of the choir of New York's Calvary Baptist Church.

Somehow, after that news story, Jeannie dropped out of the Manhattan radio picture. She and Buddy Rogers did a series from Chicago and then the networks lost track of her. So did I. Old friends in radio wondered what had become of her.

Several months ago, I happened to go to a service at the Calvary Baptist Church. That morning, I found the answer to all our questions. For there was Jeannie Lang, former hotcha spellbinder of the kilocycles, singing in the choir.

Christmas Shopping with Kate Smith

(Continued from page 40)

for instance, with its little dark stand, holds one of the most exquisite Oriental floral fragrances you've ever had a whiff of and would make a beautiful gift for the one girl—or the sweetest mother—in all the world. And that tapering black glass bottle, with its stylized flower stopper, contains an unusual and intriguing scent: water lily! Then that package which holds a large flask of skin perfume with its own attachable atomizer bulb, is redolent of lilacs. Complete descriptions and prices of these, as well as a still larger selection of perfumes, will be found in the list I'll send you if you just send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your enquiry.

And compacts, that most feminine of all frivolities! Both Kate and I were fascinated by one that you'll see in the illustration, the big flat one with its alternate bars of black and white enamel (or cream and midnight blue, if you prefer); the unusual case in which it comes is white and silver kid, and the vanity itself holds just enough cigarettes, compact rouge and loose powder for evening festivities. You'll also see a handsome box (though you can't see the crimson and gold of its coloring) which presents a double compact and matching lipstick in black enamel and gold, in strikingly simple modernistic design. There are others, too, on our list, though we didn't have room to illustrate them all.

ONE should buy cosmetics and perfumes only for people one knows very, very well," Kate advises. "I would never get powders or rouges haphazardly, without knowing what brand is that girl's particular favorite." But when one does know a girl's favorite, nothing is nicer than giving matched sets—particularly if the girl doesn't feel she can afford such luxurious extravagance herself. We've pictured a few of these beauty kits and ensembles for you. Of these, one is a simple but delightful set containing harmonizing face powder, rouge and lipstick; this set can be had, very reasonably, in two sizes. Another (the oddly shaped, rather triangular one) opens on a hinge at the top to disclose matching face powder, talcum bottle, perfume flacon and single compact; photographs, of course, can't do justice to the lovely blue and silver of both case and contents. The little white simulated leather kit, believe it or not, contains powder, rouge, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, eyeshadow, two lotions and three creams, all stowed away cunningly in this special case for the traveler! And it comes wrapped in shining satin ribbon, decorated with a little sprig of holly. Again, there are others on our complete shopping list which we haven't space for here.

I could hardly get Miss Kate Smith away from the counters of bath preparations; they're her particular weakness—and I couldn't blame her when I saw the charming gift packages and sniffed the exquisite scents that are available this Christmas. We only had space to illustrate two of the many about which we made notes. One of these, especially suitable for remembering a gracious hostess of the past months (or someone on your

Christmas list who loves to entertain), is the oblong box containing a "drum" of cereal water softener, two charming little jars of cream, a flask of famous English lavender water and a cake of harmonizing soap; this is known as the "Guest Box" and is perfect for any hostess's guest room. The other bath ensemble, posed atop its own lid, includes dusting powder, complexion soap and bath essence (or bath salts, whichever you want) and is sponsored by one of the leading beauty products firms.

IN case you think we forgot the men, I just send for that list I've been telling you about and you'll find a number of suggestions for this hardest of all Christmas problems. Two of the handsome sets which took our eye might be just what you'd like. One of these is a traveling kit of genuine leather which holds shaving cream, after-shaving lotion and talcum, with extra loops to accommodate a man's own favorite razor and brush; these preparations are delicately scented with one of the oldest and most popular of perfumes for men. And if you really want to give a swanky present to your fiance, husband, or rich uncle, there's a swell looking humidior set. The humidior is made of burl-walnut and has a polo scene panel across the top in inlay effect, as well as a cedar lining and partitions for cigarettes. It comes as a gift outfitted with two good-sized decanters of after-shaving lotion and eau de cologne and matching ivory square shaving bowl and powder shaker.

And a final hint on Christmas gifts from Kate Smith. Kate loves gadgets, particularly electrical gadgets; last Christmas she gave twenty or thirty special coffee percolators and the Christmas before she gave away as many hospitality trays with deluxe toasters. Take a tip from Kate, and look around your favorite department stores to see what specials they are featuring in electrically lighted make-up mirrors and similar accessories for the boudoir which make suitable presents. The make-up mirrors which also have magnifying mirror attachments are particularly practical, and there are convenient make-up trays which can be attached to the bath tub and used while milady is soaking luxuriously in a tepid bath (this is a favorite Hollywood trick when one hasn't much time to dress and make up). Not to mention the unusual roll-top powder boxes now on sale. But these are things you can shop for in your own community and know the joy of discovering something none of your friends has seen yet.

I have a very complete Christmas shopping list, giving all the details about the products I've described—and many, many, many more—which I'll send you promptly upon receipt of your stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your query to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City. And don't forget that I'm always glad to give you advice about your own special beauty problems if you'll write and tell me your troubles!

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The Lowdown on Don Ameche's Romance

(Continued from page 23)



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process, and the handsome young Don was no millionaire's son; he merely looked like one.

He was a star in that small firmament immediately, playing leading roles in "Liliom," "Cradle Song," "Outward Bound" and other college productions with such success that his ability made itself known even outside of the Wisconsin campus. When the juvenile lead of a stock company playing in Madison ran into a street car and came out second best, the company's manager phoned Don's fraternity house and had him summoned from the classroom to see what he could do with the role that evening.

There were twenty sides to the part, but Don hadn't learned to study for nothing. After a few hours of feverish application he made his professional debut—and was offered a twenty weeks' contract with the stock company on the spot. Of course he took it.

Honore knew what Don was doing, but only because of what she read in the papers. He wrote her just once, while she was working in a hospital in Knoxville, Tennessee. She answered, but it was no Romeo and Juliet correspondence.

THAT spring Honore went back to Dubuque, to the Mercy Hospital, and Don Ameche went to Broadway. He played the juvenile lead in "Jerry for Short" with Fiske O'Hara, and that summer he appeared in various barn dramas in the wilds of Connecticut. In the winter of 1931 he played in "Illegal Practice" at the Playhouse in Chicago.

One night just before curtain time a friend of Don's called him on his dressing room phone. An old schoolmate of Don's was in town, he said. We would like to bring her back stage.

"Make it after the show," Don said recklessly, "and we'll go out somewhere for a dance."

To this day he doesn't know what made him say it. He'd never liked blind dates, and this was practically the same thing. An old friend. Well, this time he might get a break—he'd known a few cute kids at school. Perhaps a voice in the back of his mind, that part which had never forgotten, murmured "Honore." He did actually think of her that night, and resolved he would write her a letter the very next day.

And he did, too. Because the girl the couple brought back after the show was Honore Prendergast. The foursome went to the Edgewater Beach to dance, and a very gay time was had by all. It might have been because Honore was so different, so soft and feminine by contrast with the women of the theater, or it might have been a warm spring moon. Certainly some blend of magic was at work that night. It wasn't that they fell in love exactly, but before they parted they realized that actually they had been in love always.

And so the next day, when Honore returned to Dubuque, Don wrote to her—and for many days thereafter. He had to leave Chicago now, just when he would have liked most to stay. But he was booked to tour in vaudeville with Texas Guinan and her Girls. Suddenly this trip, to which he had been looking forward for weeks, was the last thing he desired. He felt he was ready to settle down.

But how could a young man who had chosen a theatrical career settle down? Perhaps he should have stuck to the law, so that he could stay in one spot and have a home. A spot just big enough for

him and Honore—by now he was including her in all his nebulous plans. And by long distance phone calls, special delivery letters and telegrams he had managed to get Honore in the same state of mind.

When the Guinan tour returned to Chicago, Don poured out his troubles to a very dear friend. She was Miss Bernardine Flynn, who had also graduated from the University of Wisconsin to Broadway. But Bernardine had gone one step further—into radio.

It didn't take Bernardine long to persuade Don to try radio. After a short vacation with his parents, he went straight to NBC for an audition, and was given his chance on "The Empire Builders."

This was in June. It had been three months since he had known he was in love with Honore, and he had seen her only briefly and occasionally several times since. Now he was terribly tempted to send for her at once and make it a June wedding. But he wanted to know that his position on radio was secure.

The First Nighter had been on the air for several months. Don tried out for the leading role—or rather for the various roles, for a First Nighter hero as you know, may be anything from a Spanish caballero to a bond salesman. Again he won acclaim. He has missed but four performances in five years as leading man of that popular feature.

By November he was firmly established in radio. When he asked Honore to name the day she said, "Any day." But it took a little time for Don to arrange a little surprise he had for her in connection with the wedding.

They were to be married in Dubuque, at the home of Honore's parents. He wrote them that he would take care of the personnel for the ceremony, that they needn't worry about a clergyman. It seemed a little odd to them, but they knew Don must have a reason.

HE did. It was one which proves that at heart he is just as romantic as the roles he plays. On the morning of the great day, there was a distinguished caller at the Prendergast home. He was the very priest who had introduced Dominick Felix Ameche to his make-believe princess, nearly eight years before. He had become assistant rector of Catholic University in Washington, D. C., and had come all the way to Dubuque at Don's request, to perform the ceremony.

His career, though not the one he planned as a boy, is still very important to Don Ameche. He now plays the lead in Grand Hotel as well as First Nighter. He wants always to improve in his work, and hopes he can be in radio forever. Not even the movies; which seem a distinct possibility at the moment, because Don recently returned from Hollywood where he made a series of tests, will ever woo him entirely away from radio.

It's all right with him that he has lots of feminine fans, but they don't give him much of a flutter emotionally. He is distinctly a one-woman man, and he doesn't mean one woman at a time, either. He wants fame, and fortune, and fun—to pile at Honore's feet.

In spite of all this devotion, Don has a rival—Dominick Felix Ameche, Junior, age two. That isn't all. We don't think Don meant to tell, but he couldn't help it, he's that proud. Little Don will probably have a sister before long.

I guess that'll fix you gals who think an Adonis cannot possibly be thoroughly domesticated!

Jack Benny's Father Tells All!

(Continued from page 14)

his anger mounted. At last he said, all the bitterness and pain in his heart spilling over into his voice:

"All right, then, go on the stage! But remember this. You are leaving your home behind you. You can never come back to it—never again! When this show business has made a bum out of you living in some cheap room, hungry, lonesome, maybe you'll think about the home you could have had, if you'd had the sense to keep it!"

Jack accepted the ultimatum. Only one who knows the solidarity of true family life can realize what it cost him to defy his father and leave him in anger.

"All right, Father," he said quietly. "But that isn't what I'll think about. If I get to be like you say—a bum—it won't be because I went on the stage. It'll be because I haven't any home!"

THE anger drained out of Kubelsky's heart. He had a swift, terrible vision of what Jack's life might be. Not the physical and financial hardships, they didn't matter. He'd had to endure them himself, when, a boy in his teens, he had left his native Russia and come to America, to escape the long period of compulsory military service forced on everyone by the Czar's government. But he had not left his parents in anger. That made all the difference. Through all the hardships of starting life in Chicago as a peddler, he had been conscious of his parents' love, even though they were thousands of miles away. He had not been so alone, somehow, not alone and embittered, as Jack would be if he sent him away now. He realized that knowing he had a home, filled with sympathy and understanding, to return to if all did not go well, might spell the difference between success and failure for his boy.

"You are right, son," he said. "I can't say anything more. I wish you luck, but—but you will always be welcome, whatever happens, here with your mother and me."

So Jack took the surname of Benny and in company with another boy, a pianist, formed the vaudeville team of Benny and Woods. Success came slowly at first, of course. Jack Benny was not a comedian in those days—that came later, during the war, after he had made a totally unexpected hit as an "orderly to the Admiral" in a Navy comic skit. The Benny and Woods act was straight music, but it was good, and gradually bookings became better and more plentiful.

Every week Jack sent a good part of his pay envelope home to his father. If he did not send as much as usual, he wrote and explained why the amount was short. Kubelsky did not use the money for himself; the understanding was that it was Jack's money, to be saved and invested for him by his father.

Only once did Kubelsky draw upon the sum. That was in 1915, when he was forced into bankruptcy and lost his store in Waukegan. A week later, Jack began an engagement in Chicago. With shocked amazement, he learned of the disaster.

"But why didn't you take my money?" he cried. "Or wire and ask me for it, if you didn't want to take it?"

"I wouldn't take it without asking you," his father said. "And I knew if I asked you, you would say 'Yes' without hesitating, but I would not know if you meant it."

"Well, you'll take it now," Jack insisted; and Kubelsky did, using it to establish himself in a new store in Lake

Forest, where he is now.

"Tears came to my eyes," he confessed to me. "Yes I cried, a grown man. I could not help it."

The financial arrangement between father and son endured even after success had come to Jack, even until six years ago, three years after Jack's marriage to Mary Livingstone. Not until then did he write and say that now, he thought, he could take care of his own finances!

Jack and Mary were married in January of 1927, just two weeks after Jack's sister, Florence, had become the bride of Leonard Fenchel. Florence's wedding had been timed to occur when Jack was working in Chicago. A few days after his arrival, he told his father that he wanted to be married, too. There was a girl he'd met in Los Angeles.

Kubelsky said nothing for a day or two. Then, "I want you to ask this girl to come to Chicago in time for Florence's wedding. And for Sunday dinner with us."

The arrangements were made. Mary gave up her job in Los Angeles, came out to Chicago, was present at the wedding. The Sunday dinner, a ceremonial Sunday dinner, was accomplished. And Jack took Mary back to her hotel in Chicago.

When he returned to Lake Forest, his father said gravely, "Jack, I want you to do me a favor."

"What is it, Father?" asked Jack nervously.

"I want you to get married before we go to Florida next week," Kubelsky said, letting drop the mask of solemnity he had worn, and grinning broadly.

When he had finished telling me this, Kubelsky smiled and reached for a slip of yellow paper lying on his desk. "I was made so happy yesterday," he said. "Look." It was a telegram, printed on a special Jewish New Year blank: "Happy New Year to Grandfather from his loving granddaughter Joan."

Joan is the baby girl Jack and Mary adopted a year ago, already as dear to them as their own child. Since she is still several years short of being able to write telegrams herself, the source of the New Years greeting was obvious.

As we sat there, Kubelsky and I, his eyes grew misty with memories—memories of Jack's childhood and maturity, incidents which vividly revealed the man as only his father knows him.

HE began to take music lessons when he was only six years old," Kubelsky said, chuckling. "His violin teacher wouldn't let him play anything but scales for three years—scales and 'Home Sweet Home.' He said to Jack, 'When you get tired of scales you can play "Home Sweet Home," but nothing else.'

"He wouldn't practice unless his mother and I would listen—no! And when his grandfather and grandmother came to visit us, then is when he was happy! He would line up a row of chairs in the parlor, and we would all sit and listen while he played his scales and 'Home Sweet Home!'

"He was always so generous, just like he is now. Once when he was a little boy he asked us for a dime to go to a movie. We gave it to him, and he went away, but in a few minutes he was back. 'Didn't you go to the movie?' I asked him.

"No," he said. 'A man asked me for a dime to get something to eat, so I gave my money to him.'

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PAYS AGENTS UP TO \$15 IN A DAY
Sensational earnings easy for Diamond agents. Wynne made \$16—Jamison \$15 in one day. Write TODAY! Sure for amazing big money plans. **WORKS LIKE MAGIC**

"He never used to be riding his own bicycle, always he would have loaned it to some other boy. And once—you know, they say beggars make marks on houses to show which ones they can get food at? I believe it, because always beggars would turn in at our gate. One time Mrs. Kubelsky told a man who came to the door to wait a minute, but when she came back with some food he was gone.

"He must have misunderstood me and thought I said no," she said; and Jack was so angry with her! 'Now, Mother, see what you've done!' he said, and went running down the street to catch the man and bring him back!"

By the time you read this, Mayer Kubelsky will be with Jack, either in Hollywood or Florida. For years Jack has given his father several weeks in Florida every winter, as a Christmas present. "Often Jack is there, too," Kubelsky told me, "and every morning, before he leaves the hotel, he comes into my room and kisses me good morning."

But if Jack remains in Hollywood, and his father joins him there, I hope he doesn't go to too many of Jack's broadcasts. They tell a story in New York of the time he attended a broadcast there, and was so nervous, for Jack's sake, that he couldn't sit still.

Just one more incident, told as Kubelsky told it to me. More than anything else, it seems to illustrate the beautiful relationship between these two men:

"When Jack left home to go on the stage, I asked of him one thing. I told him he must go every New Year's Day, at least, and every Sabbath that he could, to a synagogue. But I had forgotten all about telling him this, it was so long ago, when one day came a letter from him saying, 'Father, I am so sorry, but I could not go to a synagogue last New Year's Day. I was working all day long, and couldn't get away. I hope you will forgive me.'

"I had forgotten," said Kubelsky, "but he had not."

What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 10)

The Monitor Man Says

A COSMETIC concern got the idea Count and Countess Covendaga of Spain would be a great radio attraction. And offered them \$40,000 for a series of thirteen broadcasts. The Prince of Asturias and his bride who are visiting in this country politely rejected the proposition. They thought their appearance on the air under commercial auspices undignified, a stand applauded by deserving and talented entertainers unable to find sponsors.

Another sponsor sought the services of little Shirley Temple, offering the sum of \$3,500 per broadcast. It, too, was promptly declined but for different reasons. Shirley can't read and it would require days for her to memorize the lines of a radio script. With her movie work it would be a physical impossibility for the child to undertake a radio series besides.

The Mutual Broadcasting System is a very elastic network. An advertiser may take only two of the stations if he likes or a hook-up of fifty, or more stations. WOR, the Eastern outlet of the system, by the way, has developed a new microphone. It resembles a billiard ball in size and shape, the head being "shaved." It is mounted on a long, slender stand similar to a billiard cue. Because of these resemblances radio technicians call it the "Eight Ball Mike."

After a certain Thursday night show in Studio 8 A in Radio City a check-up revealed three microphones of the ribbon velocity type missing. Souvenir-minded members of the audience, it is suspected, walked off with them. Since then detectives stand at the exits examining departing spectators with a fine tooth comb—or whatever it is sleuths use under such circumstances.

As predicted here last month Paul Whiteman returns to the air lines shortly after January 1st with the best contract of his career. A soap company will pay him in a period of three years over a \$1,000,000—and he is given absolute control over his program having final say not only to the type of music to be presented but also the other entertainers on the period with him.

Harry Engman Charlot, creator of "The Shadow," sinister figure of the radio and printed pages, was found dead in a cheap Bowery hotel under circumstances as

mysterious to the police as any strange deaths he concocted for his fiction characters. An autopsy revealed poison, after heart failure was first ascribed as the cause of his demise. Detectives were still trying to solve the mystery when we went to press. Charlot was 31 years old.

Burgess Meredith, last winter a big favorite with the dialists as "Red Davis," is a big hit in the Broadway drama, "Winterset." The popular juvenile stole the show away from the veteran star, Richard Bennett, daddy of the three gorgeous Bennett girls.

"Why isn't Roxy on the air any more?" is a question frequently asked of the Monitor Man. I dunno unless it is because maybe he doesn't have to work. Recently Roxy received \$179,000, settlement from the RKO-Rockefeller interests for being tossed out of the Radio City theaters despite a long-term contract. That sum ought to keep the wolf away from Roxy's door—for a time, any way.

Eleven radio scripts a week are the output of (Miss) Irna Phillips, of Chicago. She concocts "Today's Children," "Welcome Valley" and "Masquerade" programs, all heard on NBC network. "Today's Children" and "Masquerade" each appear five times weekly and "Welcome Valley," starring Edgar A. Guest, once a week. She also plays the dual roles of "Mother Moran" and "Katherine Crane" in "Today's Children," so you see Miss Phillips keeps very busy.

Oscar Shaw, star of "Broadway Varieties," is never seen without what appears to be a red carnation in his coat lapel. For 20 years it was the real thing but recently the singer substituted a rubber boutonniere. It is proving satisfactory to everybody but Shaw's florist... 1697 are the numerals on Fred Waring's automobile license plates. That's the number on Broadway where his offices are located.

No one dare accuse Jane Froman of being promiscuous with her kisses. During the shooting of "Stars Over Broadway" she refused to meet lips with Jimmy Melton on the grounds she never kissed any man but her husband, meaning Don Ross, of course.

You might doff your chapeau to "Jumbo," the musical circus at the New York Hippodrome, now being etherized every Tuesday night by Ed Wynn's former sponsor. It costs \$12,500 to broadcast it each week—the most costly program on the air.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 7)

HONORABLE MENTION

"Banish repetition, Mr. Sponsor, that sameness that relates one program so closely to another and give us variety if you would have our dials turned to your program at the appointed hour."—MRS. BERYL B. UPSHAW, Atlanta, Ga.

"My faith in contests has been firmly established; I recently won a two dollar prize—my first, after numerous attempts."—NANCY McCROCKLIN, Louisville, Kentucky.

"In my opinion, one has to see 'Pop-Eye' to enjoy him."—KINGSLEY O. SHIEBLER, Babylon, New York.

"Here's a vote for good old straight from the shoulder, snappy, state-the-facts advertising."—MARVIN BRITTON, El Paso, Texas.

"I dislike to see the season for baseball and football come around. If you are not an ardent sport fan you might as well disconnect the radio."—PAULINE THOMPSON, Phila., Pa.

"I think a radio program, 'Hints for Housekeeping,' would be ideal."—MRS. CARL FACK, Le Claire, Iowa.

"Why must some of the best opera singers and others famed for their classical music include Tin-Pan-Alley songs in their programs?"—ETHEL SOLOMON, Newark, N. J.

"It seems a pity that the lesser stars of radio—the ones who keep us amused in the mornings—go through life unheralded and unpraised."—JUDY DAVID, Jersey City, New Jersey.

Cooking With Gadgets

(Continued from page 41)

Two cutters now on the market will cut your string beans into long narrow strips and one of them, which clamps onto the table edge, will also shell peas and lima beans. Incidentally, a hard rubber clamp which fits on the edge of the table helps greatly to hold this cutter, or a regular food chopper secure and saves scarring a porcelain table top. A set of kitchen knives which should delight any householder is of stainless steel with handles of green, red or ivory and consists of long and medium length butcher knives, notched-blade slicing knife, paring-knife, pie server, grapefruit knife and utility fork. A knife for cutting potato and melon balls now appears as a double edged instrument, small and large sized spoonlike blades connected by a long wooden handle.

Several gadgets have appeared to make life easier for those who bake. The one illustrated, which looks like a small bird cage mounted on tongs, is really a flour sifter. Spread open, it is plunged into the flour container and filled with flour, then it is allowed to contract slowly while shaken over the mixing bowl, sifting the flour slowly and leaving the other hand free for stirring. A wire mixer with a wooden handle cuts shortening into the flour, as does an aluminum fork with heavy blade-like tines. A mixing cup with a wooden handle set at right angles will be found much easier for measuring hot liquids, since the wooden handle does not heat up as a metal handle does. A cake tester, a long wire with looped handle, mounted on a card giving baking measurements, is a great improvement over a straw or toothpick for cake testing, and for recipes which call for one egg a miniature egg beater is just the thing. A monel metal rolling pin with colored composition handles will dress up any kitchen, and an oven thermometer is useful not only for baking but for any sort of oven cooking, since most recipes these days stipulate the cooking temperature. Incidentally, while on the subject of thermometers, the one for fat and candy temperatures is practically indispensable.

Three items illustrated which will move from the kitchen to the dining room are the individual wooden salad fork and spoon, the amusing salt and pepper shaker which comes with a black or white base, with black and white plungers to regulate the flow of the condiments, and the shovel like instrument which is a sardine server and key, the slotted end of the key fitted

into the handle of the server.

Cleaning equipment, and parking space for it, may not sound very Christmas-like, but anyone with inadequate closet space is sure to be interested in a rack made to fit a standard-size door which will provide a home for these essentials. The metal shelf illustrated will care for soap powders and such above the sink, or serve as a holder for flower pots, milk bottles, etc. It comes in several colors. If you have been afraid to trust your finest china and glassware to metal dish drainers, take heart, for they are now dipped in a rubber composition which prevents chipping; the colors, again, are green and red. A combination broom and mop, which works on the principal of a window washer with a rubber sponge blade fitted between two metal clamps, can be used as a wet or dust mop, the metal slabs serving to squeeze the rubber dry so that the hands do not get into the water. Slightly damp, it makes an excellent broom for your finest rugs. Rubber sponge refills are also available.

ITEMS made from paper and aids to informal late night snacks while not strictly cooking gadgets are so fascinating that a couple have to be included—the water-proof paper doily illustrated and the wire bottle rest, which turns a bottle into a pitcher and keeps it from marring the table. I have lists of other late entertainment and paper suggestions which I'll be glad to send you if you will write me for them.

If you are tired of sewing the holiday turkey with a needle and thread, you will like the small aluminum skewers which pin across his bosom and are laced together with cord. And while on the subject of skewers, heavy metal ones with decorative knobs are just the thing for cooking and serving Bobby Benson's sashlik which was described here some time ago.

Most of these gadgets will be found at your local stores in prices ranging from a quarter to a couple of dollars, but if you have any difficulty in finding them, or want to know the exact prices of any, just let me know and I shall be glad to give you the information.

If you are interested in more expensive items, stainless steel cooking utensils are certainly to be recommended. Mixing bowls in this ware are so lovely that they are likely to appear in the living room, filled with flowers or holiday nuts and

COUGH STOPPED quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method

DID you know that when you catch cold the thousands of tiny moisture glands in your throat and wind-pipe dry or clog? Thick phlegm irritates your throat, making you cough.

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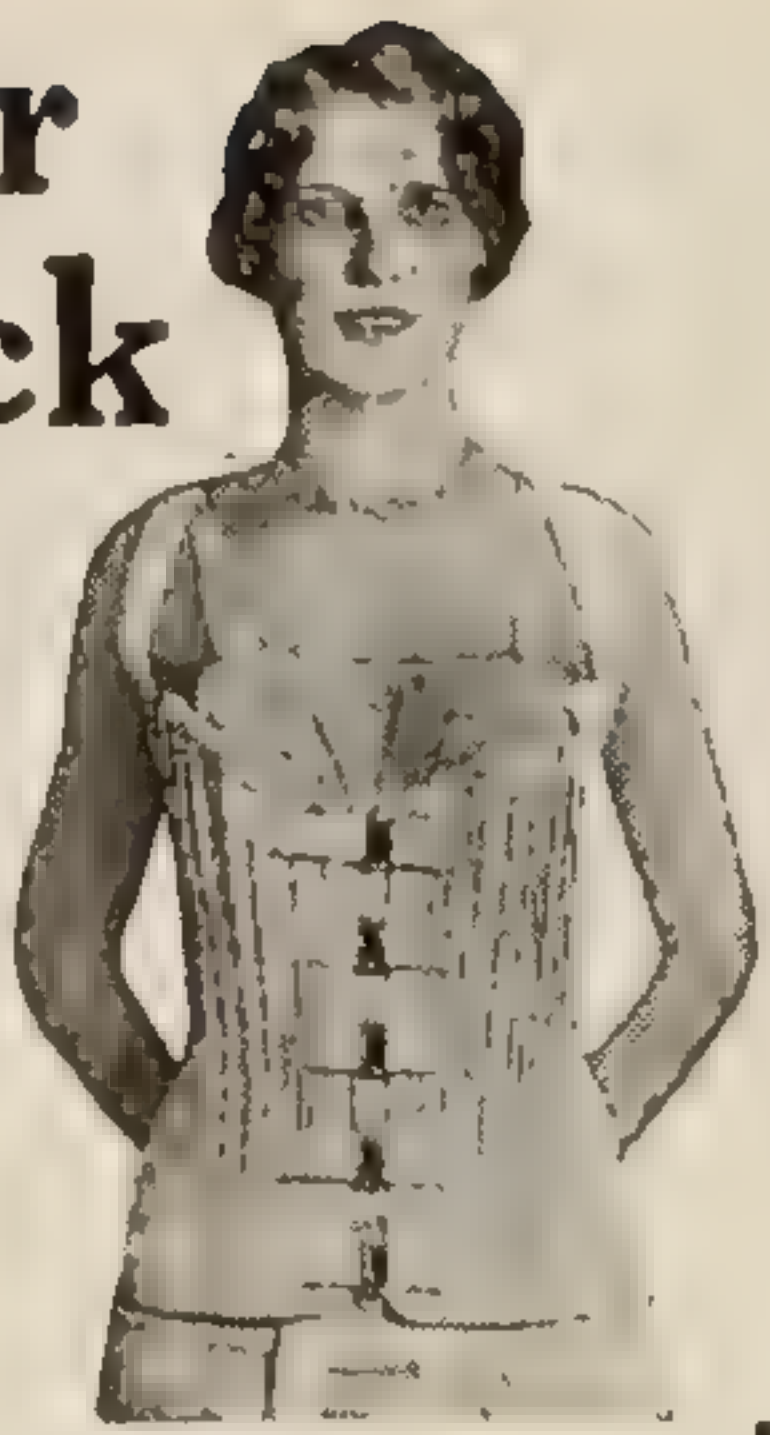
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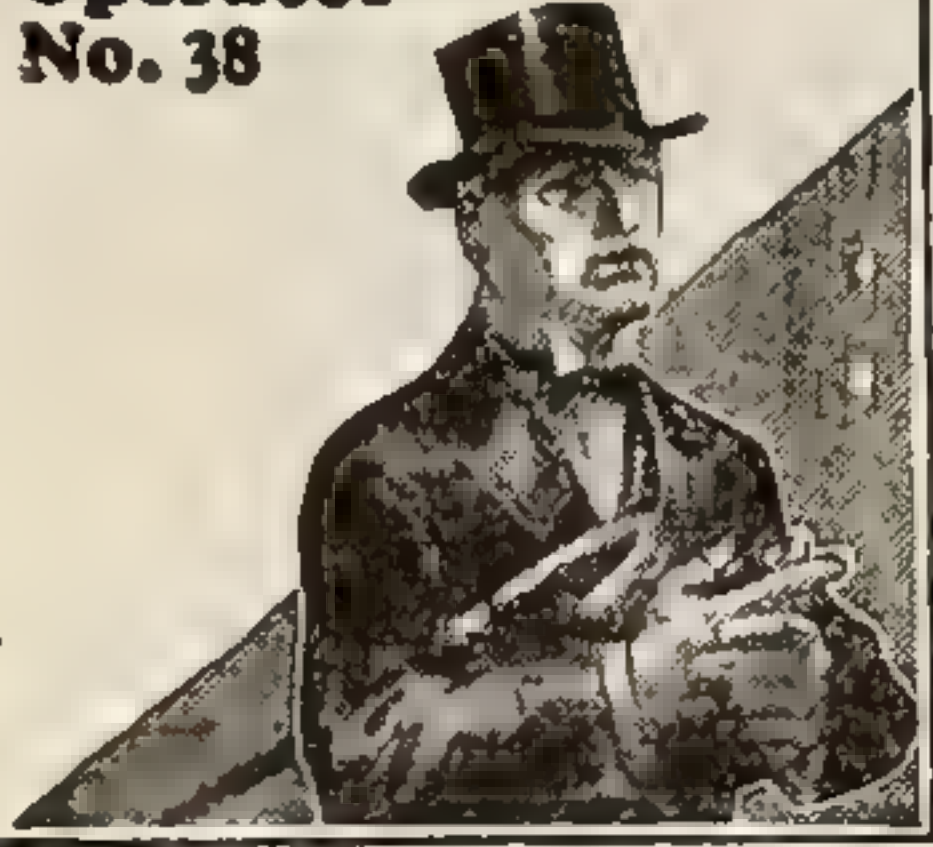


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for last minute Christmas preparations, I have a list of holiday desserts and candies which I am sure will appeal to you. Address Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. And please don't forget to send that stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Nino Martini's Hidden Sacrifices

(Continued from page 27)

themselves sacrificed their lives to artistic achievement? Besides, Nino was in a partnership, now. The Zenatellos had given up everything for him. He could not let them down.

For four long years he underwent a gruelling preparation. Language lessons—Spanish, French, and Italian. Scales, scales, and more scales. Dramatics. Musical history. And above all, voice control, that long-drawn, tedious and uninspiring exercise which now makes it possible for Nino to sing with equal success for the sensitive microphone of radio or pictures, or in the vast vault of the Metropolitan.

Then came his first professional engagements and with them the new problem of overcoming that first night fright, for Nino was very shy.

All this time he was straining at the bit to get to making money so that he could help his mother with the family. So when Jesse Lasky heard him sing at a party in Paris and offered him what seemed to him fabulous money to go to Hollywood, he was in a quandary.

It would mean going where he would not be able to see his mother and his sisters for long months. It would even mean parting from his adopted parents, the Zenatellos. On the other hand, it would mean having money to send home for the first time in his life. He took the offer.

For the next few months Nino was a pretty miserable boy. He was homesick. His schedule denied him even the companionship he might have found at parties. Everything was strange to him, the language, the customs, the studios. He understood so little of it, except the essential fact that after one picture the great promise of a career on the screen failed to materialize and he was on his way back to New York, disappointed, bewildered, and lonelier than ever.

The Zenatellos came over. There was an audition for the Columbia Broadcasting System and presently Nino had found the way again.

Now there was radio with its long grinding hours of rehearsal, not substituted for his other routine, for a singer's preparation never ends. He must train like an athlete. He must study like a scientist.

Then came the Metropolitan, and Nino's debut. It was a great triumph for him, this singer who had worked his way up doggedly through motion pictures and radio to the Golden Horseshoe. But for Nino the triumph was dimmed by the fact that his mother, his sisters could only learn of it second hand, when he had dreamed of having them present, so they could hear.

By now he had his hands full. Even the few precious hours he had once had to himself were gone, given over to the

million and one odd details of an artist's career—interviews, photographs, contracts.

Occasionally he found time to go to parties. Nino loves parties. He loves people, laughter, gayety. But when he was offered cigarettes, he must smile and shake his head. When he was offered a drink, he must smile and shake his head. He must decline invitations to sing lest he strain his voice. And no matter how merry the gathering, promptly at eleven-thirty he must say good night. For a singer must have all the sleep he can manage, eight, nine, ten hours.

It was hard to make people understand. Nino could not bear not to be thought a good sport. So except for special occasions, he gave up parties altogether.

Only in summers did he for a brief period break his rigid routine. Then he would cancel all engagements and go back to Italy for a visit with his family. Whenever possible he would give a concert in Verona so that his mother and sisters could hear him sing.

But always, after a few weeks, he must leave to come back to America where his future was, where he could earn the money to give his mother the comforts she had so richly earned.

IN the years since Nino had first gone out to Hollywood, the movie people had learned how to make singing pictures. And they had learned to appreciate Martini. He went out this second time a conqueror. He was given a star's dressing room. The best talent available was commandeered for his picture, "Here's to Romance."

It was a great triumph, this Hollywood success, even to one to whom triumph had become a familiar experience.

He arranged to go home for one of his visits as soon as the picture was over. He'd have something to tell them this time! Perhaps, before long, they might even see the picture for themselves.

He engaged passage. Then he learned that his mother was seriously ill. The day before he was to sing his great *Pagliacci* aria, he received word that she had died.

Production had to go on. He sang *Pagliacci* as scheduled. Into it he poured all his sorrow.

In addition to his other achievements, Martini is now being hailed as a great singing star of motion pictures. He is being rewarded for his years of self-denial with critical and popular acclaim, with the reassuring knowledge that his growth as an artist is consistent, steady and normal.

No one could be more appreciative of these rewards than Martini. But no one knows better that success too has its price. For he has paid it.

COMING SOON! The untold story of Helen Hayes and her marriage to that legendary figure, Charles MacArthur. Read all about their amazing relationship that has brought them so much happiness.

Meet the Folks!

(Continued from page 43)

the people who take part didn't feel just as friendly toward you, the radio audience, as you do toward them, it would fall flat.

That's why the Barn Dance gets the sort of response for sponsors that makes sales managers smile right out loud—that terrific sincerity, that unswerving loyalty to an idea. Don't think they don't know it. George Biggar, WLS program director, has had plenty of tempting offers to change the routine and spirit of the Barn Dance in order to sell still more time on it for commercial purposes. But unless a prospective customer wants genuine Barn Dance, he quickly realizes he will have to look elsewhere.

We know they are sincere, because we watched them rehearsing all of one day. They called it a rehearsal, anyway. We never saw one like it—nor, for that matter, a radio station like WLS. We climbed the stairs in the modest Prairie Farmer Building out on Washington Boulevard and finally found the young man who was to take us around. He wasn't much like the usual radio executive. He sat in a little box of an office which looked as though it was really worked in, with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up. He didn't apologize, either, but shook hands and we went to work.

HERE was no black and chromium elegance, no buzzers and no minions to answer them. The studio walls were bare, the rooms small and full of people. When we met them we discovered they were radio stars, but they looked more like folks, visiting around, working on musical arrangements, or tuning up, getting ready to practice. (We can't say rehearse.)

This is one big reason the Barn Dance programs have that fresh, extemporaneous feeling—the fact that there has never been a formal dress rehearsal. The gang just meets there to practice.

In one corner Verne, Lee and Mary, (Lee and Verne Hassell and Evelyn Wood), as cute a trio as we've seen in a year of radio interviews, were crooning "Girl of My Dreams" for Ladies' Night in the Old Hayloft. Uncle Ezra, sans beard, with a complexion that looked as though he had just come in from plowing all day, shook hands with us. (Everyone shakes hands at WLS.) Ralph Waldo Emerson towered over his little Haywire Organ. John Brown fingered over a piano passage, mopping his brow and frowning.

The harmonious Hilltoppers tried out a new-old song as we sat in the control room listening. Suddenly from behind us came a burst of crazy rhythm. It was from the newest studio, so new it had no glass at the window. We turned to behold the Hoosier Hotshots in full swing, a performance every bit as startling to the eye as to the ear. We couldn't decide which ring to watch.

We shook hands with all four Hotshots, captivated by the naïve charm of Hezzie, a tall, lanky chap whose real name is Kenneth Trietsch. Perhaps it was his "zither," that remarkable instrument which looks like your washboard with Rolls-Royce accessories. We counted five kinds of horns, a cowbell and a bicycle bell, two green lights and a flashing cymbal.

Hezzie plays the zither with a small silver thimble on the end of each finger; on this weird gadget he gets as many effects as a Wurlitzer organ, plus a few Wurlitzer never thought of. There is something about this native Indianian

music which no one can resist.

We met Henry Burr, dean of ballad singers, whose melting tenor voice, in the old gramophone days, sold 3,000,000 cylindrical records of "Good Night, Little Girl, Good Night." We enjoyed talking with John Lair, and inspecting his fine library of music. It's no wonder the Barn Dance is so appealing, when one who loves folk music as John Lair does is largely responsible for it.

After meeting the personnel of WLS, it is easy to understand why the Barn Dance has such a pull on the heartstrings of so many people. One can almost believe the claim they make, which we know is true and yet is so fantastically unbelievable: *Every thirty seconds somebody writes a letter to WLS!*

It may be a hick station, but it is the giant of the airwaves when it comes to mail. If it offers a photograph of a popular act or a much loved personality, from ten to 25,000 fans get out their pens and pencils to send that post card or letter. One evening an announcer wondered into a mike "whether older people stayed up after ten thirty to listen to the Barn Dance." Exactly 10,483 replies of "You bet we do!" bounced in within a week. So mail doesn't go to their heads—they're used to it.

But back in 1924, the tremendous response which came in after the first Barn Dance was broadcast from the old Sears Roebuck station in the Sherman Hotel did get them excited. They realized they had something, and have proceeded to keep that something very close to their hearts throughout the years.

The station changed headquarters and ownership, now being owned and operated, as you know, by the *Prairie Farmer*. But the formula, the feel of the Barn Dance has never changed. It is still as simple as ABC, and this blessed simplicity is what makes it impossible to imitate. It has been tried with bigger and better stations, but nary a single imitation has the genuine, homely flavor or sincerity of the one and only original.

People have always liked to attend the Barn Dance in person. The tiny Sherman Hotel studios were always stuffed on Saturday nights. When they moved to the Prairie Farmer Building it was the same. WLS wanted to be hospitable, but when they realized that tickets were reserved for seven months ahead they knew something must be done. So they rented a theater, thinking that even if there was a charge, those who really wanted to see the show could manage to do so.

APPARENTLY everyone and his uncle, his sisters and his cousins and his aunts really wanted to come and could scrape up the necessary capital. They could have given three shows at the Eighth Street Theater that first night, for over a thousand people were turned away. The press has never got over it. People from all over these Delighted States and Canada came, and plenty more still make the quaint old theater south of the Loop their first port of call in Chicago. And WLS studio moguls thought of it as a way of keeping crowds down!

When one tries to mention the people who have helped to build the success of the Barn Dance, he gets into deep water. There are so many. George Dewey Hay, the Solemn Old Judge, was the first master of ceremonies to gain national popularity; Hal O'Halloran and Harold Safford are a pair of veterans at the job, and Jolly Joe Kelly is the present introducer.

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Ford and Glenn were once an act on the Barn Dance. Tony Wons wandered in soon after WLS started, begging for a chance to read Shakespeare. A lovely blonde girl who sang in the College Inn came upstairs one night to sing a song. Her name was Ruth Etting.

Bradley Kincaid and Gene Autrey, since graduated to Radio City, first sang their sweet-sad cowboy and mountain ballads against the backdrop of the Old Hayloft. The original Maple City Four, who are also the Sinclair Quartette, still lend their harmonies to the Saturday night festivities.

Lulu Belle, that red-headed rowdy in calico dress and hightop shoes, with braids down her back, is close to the top in a popularity contest in a weekly radio sheet. Lulu Belle sings as sweetly as any bird—old songs you wouldn't know unless your memory stretches back much farther than hers. She was born in Kentucky, and inherited from her native hills many old melodies which were popular in the faintly purple nineties. Then there's Skyland Scotty Wiseman, sort of going with Lulu Belle—or is it just that she's always going for him?

WE must make special mention of John Lair, director of the Ridge Runners, who is really a top authority on early American tunes. He also makes the sound you think is a bass viol. But (secret) that sound is really made by blowing across the mouth of an empty jug, a trick he learned some fifteen years ago in his native hills. John Lair comes from the real Renfro Valley in Kentucky, the very valley from which the imaginary scene of the Old Hayloft takes its name.

All of the Ridge Runners are authentic mountaineers, in or out of costume—including Homer "Slim" Miller, the champion old-time fiddler of the South. "Swing'er, Slim!" Hugh Cross writes many of the songs the Runners sing. He is a Columbia recording star, but around the studios he's "the boy from Smoky Mountain." Hartford Connecticut Taylor is an authority on railroad music, and strums the guitar, while Carl Davis is the lad with the peculiar quaver in his voice.

They're some of the swellest people in the world. Someway that is the quality they manage to send out over the air. That's why, as one enthusiastic listener wrote in, "The Barn Dance is great! It's better than sulphur and molasses after a hard winter."

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The moral to the story, if any, is Morse's own explanation that it is one thing to boost a program to the pinnacle, and quite another to keep it there. But judging from America's response to *One Man's Family*, he's doing a good job of keeping it at the top.



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You May Win as Much as \$2500 for a Few Hours Work. Prepare Now to Take Advantage of this Splendid Opportunity

In accordance with our usual procedure there will be no Manuscript contest during December. But as you will have noted by the headlines of this page, a great new \$25,000 Manuscript Contest begins in January.

There will be dozens of prizes ranging downward from a magnificent first prize of \$2500 to the substantial sum of \$250, which is the smallest amount that will be awarded to any winning story in this contest. In addition, in all probability we will purchase at regular word rates many other stories which, although acceptable for publishing, fall slightly below prize winning quality.

Get Your Share of This Money

Already we have paid upwards of a quarter of a million dollars for stories, for the most part to people who theretofore had never written a word for publication. The chances are that the major portion of the new \$25,000 appropriation will also be paid to persons who have never before written for publication.

So, if you have lived one or more dramatic stories or if you know stories of this kind that have been lived by friends, relatives or acquaintances, by all means prepare now to submit them as early in January as possible and get your share of this money. In order to take fullest advantage of this opportunity your first step should be to sign and mail the coupon provided for your convenience at the bottom of this page. Immediately upon receipt we will send you a copy of a booklet which explains in detail the simple technique which in former contests has proved to be most effective in writing true stories. By acting at once you will be able to have your story well along or completely finished for submittal early in January.

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Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled—"What You Should Know About Writing True Stories".

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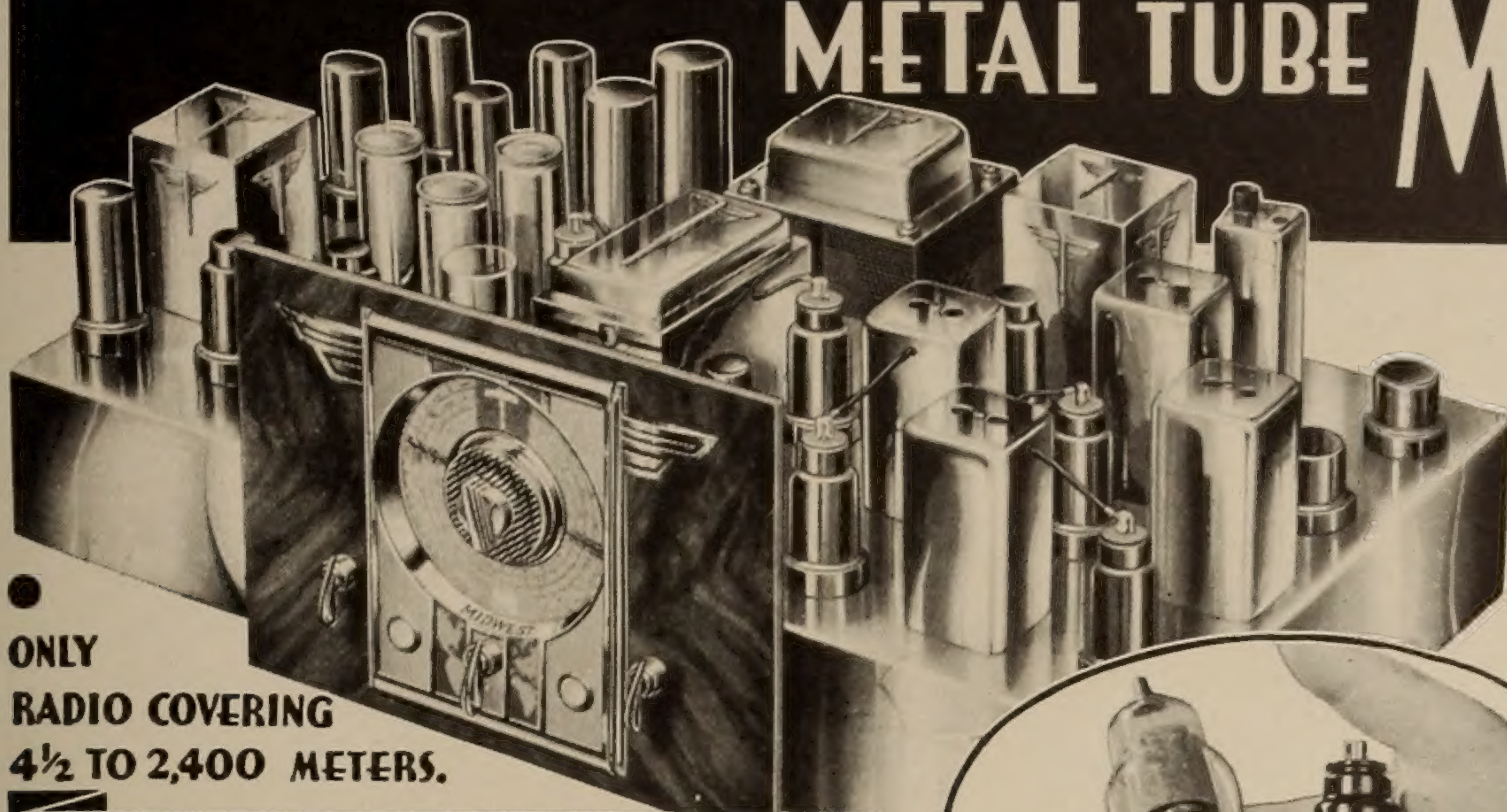
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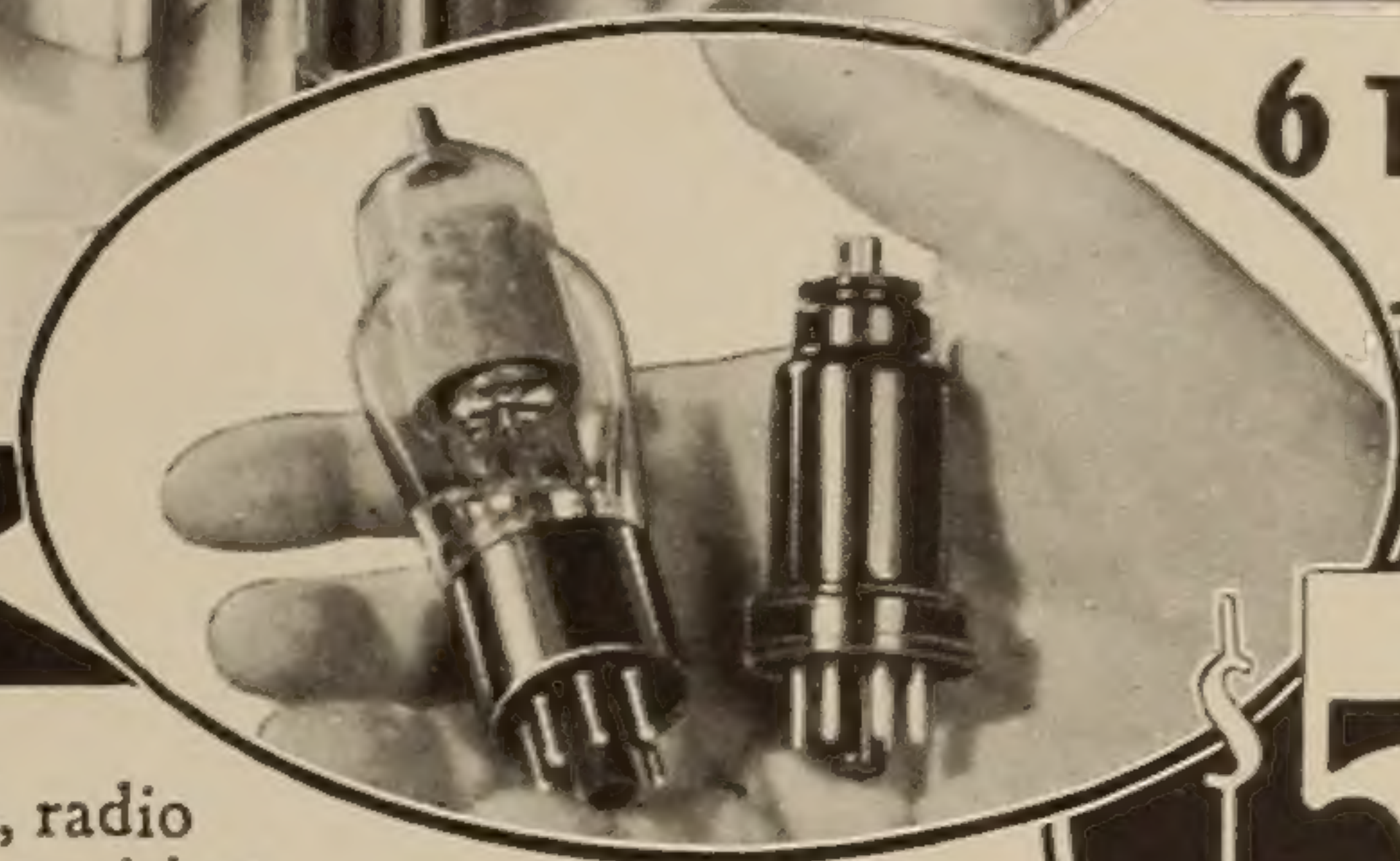
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Now, Push Button Silent Tuning is offered for first time! Simply pushing Silencer Button hushes set between stations . . . suppresses noises. Pressing Station Finder Button automatically indicates proper dial position for bringing in extremely weak stations.

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...Establishes new radio style overnight! The V-Front Dispersing Vanes were developed by Midwest engineers as a result of a study of directional effect of the Midwest Full Scope High Fidelity Speaker. These Vanes spread the beautiful lacework of the "highs" throughout the entire room in a scientific manner... directing the High Fidelity waves uniformly to the ear. Send for new FREE 40-page catalog. It pictures the complete line of beautiful 1936 Acousti-Tone V-Spread consoles . . . and chassis . . . in four colors.

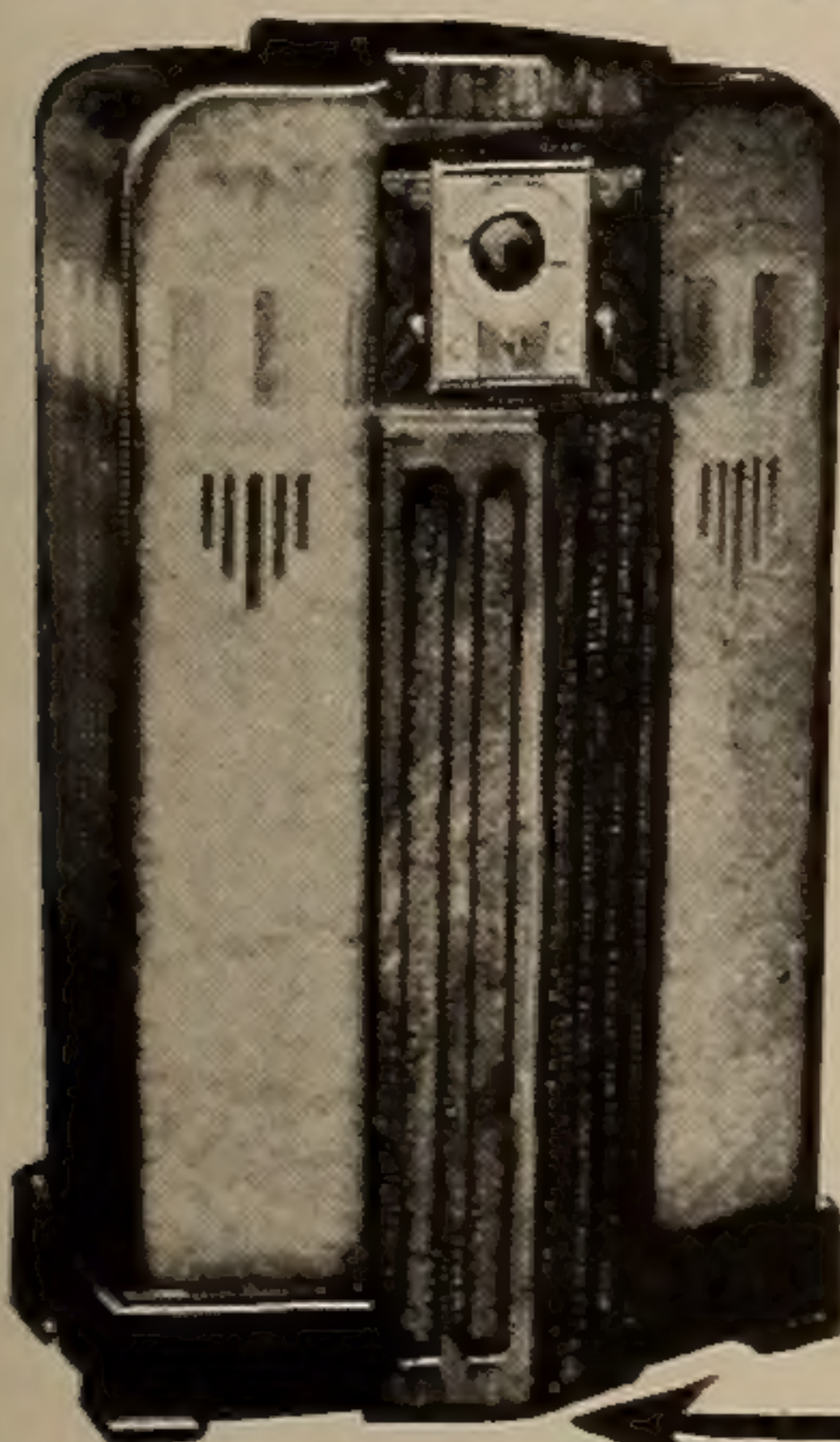
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EVERYWHERE, radio enthusiasts are praising this amazingly beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, super selective, 18-tube 6-tuning range radio. They say it is a tremendous improvement over Midwest's 16-tube set, so popular last season. It is sold direct to you from Midwest Laboratories at a positive saving of 30% to 50%. (This statement has been verified by a Certified Public Accountant who conducted an impartial survey among representative Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana radio retailers.) Before you buy any radio, write for FREE 40-page 1936 catalog. Never before so much radio for so little money. Why pay more? You are triple-protected with: One Year Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee and Money-Back Guarantees! This super Midwest will out-perform \$200 to \$300 sets on a point-for-point comparison. That is why nationally known orchestra leaders like Fred Waring, George Olsen, Jack Denny, Ted Fio Rito, and others use Midwest sets to study types of harmony and rhythmic beats followed by leading American and Foreign orchestras.

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Of course you'll give cigarettes for Christmas. They're such an *acceptable* gift—such an easy solution of your problem. And Camels fill the bill so perfectly. They're made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS** than any other popular brand. They are the accepted cigarette of the social, business, and athletic worlds. Their finer tobaccos give that pleasant "lift"—that sense of well-being so appropriate to the spirit of Christmas.



A Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in a gay package.

At your nearest dealer's—the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes.

A full pound of Prince Albert in an attractive gift package.



A full pound of Prince Albert packed in a real glass humidor.

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Fine tobacco for Christmas. For more than a quarter of a century, the mellow fragrance of Prince Albert has been as much a part of Christmas as mistletoe and holly. So to the pipe smokers on your Christmas list give Prince Albert, "The National Joy Smoke." It's the *welcome* gift. For more men choose Prince Albert for *themselves* than any other pipe tobacco. Let every pipeful of Prince Albert repeat "Merry Christmas" for you.